

**THE
PLATTSBURGER**

1917

THE PLATTSBURGER



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TO Colonel Paul A. Wolf, Inf.,
U. S. A., Commandant of the
Plattsburg Training Camp, officer
and maker of officers, this book,
a record of the Second Camp, is
respectfully dedicated by its members.



PAUL A. WOLF
COLONEL INFANTRY, U. S. A., COMMANDANT

COL. WOLF—MAKER OF OFFICERS

A Glimpse at a Man Who Hates a Quitter, and His Methods

TO his alumni, he refers proudly as "his boys," this man who has made and is making officers at Plattsburg for the United States army—Colonel Paul A. Wolf—and "his boys" are making good for America.

On April 29, 1917, Colonel Wolf was ordered to the post as commandant by the War Department, and, about two weeks later, 5,800 men stampeded into Plattsburg, the majority of them not knowing the difference between a rifle and a broom. They constituted "Wolf's mob." Many of the "mob" are now serving in France, and doing their jobs to the admiration of all our Allies, and the satisfaction of the regular army officers.

Colonel Wolf, one of the best rifle shots in the world, a tennis player of the first rank, and an all-round athlete, is constantly in condition. He never has drank or smoked. Early last May he took off his coat and went to work. He still has it off.

The War Department laid out a schedule of study for the camps—a skeleton on which to build—and Colonel Wolf, ably assisted by his officers, builded so well that many of his recommendations have been adopted for the other similar camps, and Plattsburg has now become the model, rating next to West Point.

Colonel Wolf works on two principles. If there is a way to accomplish a thing he finds it, and, if there is not a way he hews one. The other is simplicity itself. It is summed up in the phrase "God hates a quitter." So does Colonel Wolf. His theory is to turn out practical officers who can handle the job to be done.

Of the Plattsburger, he says: "If I were a captain, I would want an officer from this camp in my company, because I would believe he could do whatever job came up, and would not be tied down by regulations."

Colonel Wolf has fought his way up all the way. Through a competitive examination in the little town of

Kewanee, Ill., where he was born December 23, 1868, he won his appointment to West Point, and he received his commission from the Military Academy in 1890—the youngest man in his class in the infantry.

He was ordered to the 3d Infantry, Company F, at Fort Meade, South Dakota, and went immediately into the field, his company having been sent out against hostile Indians. The campaign was a trying one, lasting from October to February, through a cold Dakota winter.

His next move was to Fort Snelling, Minn., where he served as second lieutenant in the 3d U. S. Infantry for four years. From 1895 to 1897 he attended the Infantry and Cavalry School at Fort Leavenworth, and was rated a distinguished graduate.

Colonel Wolf was in charge of the public works in Vera Cruz when our forces landed there in 1915, and did a tremendous job in cleaning up that town, and maintaining and protecting the water supply.

Colonel Wolf has always been one of the famous rifle shots of the world, and once made a trip to the Philippines, only to be ordered back upon his arrival in Manila Harbor, to shoot in the national matches. In 1913, he was again ordered into the national and international matches at Camp Perry, Ohio. He hadn't had a rifle in his hand for five years before he began to practice for these matches, but he came within one point of being the champion long distance shot of the world. His partner and he were the only regular army men to represent America on the champion Palma team (it is still champion team), and he made the highest score of any American in the classic Palma individual match for the long distance championship of the world.

To-day Colonel Wolf is shaping soldiers for the great new army as a business, and he is attending strictly to business, as the Plattsburg products show.

MAJOR BAER—EFFICIENCY EXPERT

The Soldier Professor Who Excels the Prussians at Their Own Game

WHEN, out of the confusion and rush following the break with Germany on Good Friday during those stormy days of debate last April, plans for Uncle Sam's new army to take part in the Big Effort and final Big Push were being developed, the eyes of the general staff looked toward a little town near the northern boundary of New York State, just shaking off its blanket of snow.

The officers form the skeleton of an army; and the training of men to lead those to make up the vast forces to be flung out abroad for Democracy was one of the first problems. The little town was Plattsburg, a name that will probably go down in American history alongside West Point for generations to come.

As Washington looked toward this post and then consulted the records, it found that the then Captain Baer, of the Second United States Cavalry, was in charge. Major Baer briefly and graphically accounts for his presence in Plattsburg in April, 1917.

"You see," he explains modestly, "I had been at the two previous camps held at Plattsburg in 1915 and 1916 as cavalry instructor—the short camps before the war. I was left here with my troop to hold down Plattsburg during the winter of 1916 and 1917 and keep the snow shovelled."

However, when the order came through providing for the first camp to take civilians and make them fit their

uniforms and their commissions in three months, Major Baer had to set the stage for one of the biggest jobs Uncle Sam ever undertook.

More than five thousand men were to be assigned to the post for training, and cantonments had to be built and all the other preparations made for the reception of the "first five thousand." The job had to be done in about three weeks. Plattsburg is a small, cramped town for big building operations of a sudden sort. Major Baer was setting the stage for the first act of Uncle Sam's Big Show. Lieutenant Colonel Wolf had not yet taken charge at the post as commandant.

Major Baer did the job without frills, without fuss, without lost motion, and with more than the boasted Prussian efficiency, for, when the five thousand actors began to detrain, the work was practically done and well done, and done after the fashion of the Service. The Service works silently. A big job had been completed without the tooting of a single trumpet.

Major Baer's first thought is the Service, with which word he expresses his politics, his creed, and his religion. All the way through he is a soldier—an American soldier with the ideals of one, a soldier to command and be obeyed, stripped of any frills or autocracy, a strange contrast to the efficient Prussian these American soldiers are going to fight.



JOSEPH A. BAER
MAJOR CAVALRY, U. S. A., ADJUTANT

THE SERVICE



THOSE who play the military game to the limit, those who run true to form, do not call their profession the "profession of arms," nor do they refer to their position of leadership. They honor their life work and themselves by calling it "The Service."

The pageantry of The Service quickens the pulse of every normal man. The cavalry galloping past, the artillery swinging into action front, and the long drab infantry column rouse in him something that is part of his virility. But to the men of the Plattsburg Camp there has been extended a greater privilege. They have been taken into the inner shrine of The Service, and have been shown the secret symbols, earnestness, fidelity and discipline. On serving a brief novitiate, those who are found worthy will be permitted to become members of The Service. And only when they realize that it is a Service will they ring true.

This book is intended as a testimonial of appreciation to the Service, from the members of the Plattsburg Training Camp. The profits will be used as the foundation of a new fund, patterned upon the French Hero Fund. The latter, started by Americans previous to the entrance of the United States into the war, is being devoted to the education of the children of French officers killed in action. The American Hero Fund will perform a similar service for the children of American officers.

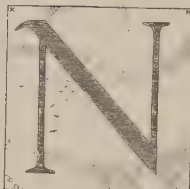
The Plattsburger profits will of course be small, comparatively speaking, but they should afford sufficient impetus to the wide national support which this great purpose deserves.



REVEILLE

By

ARISTIDES E. PHOUTRIDES



OW when the sacred fires of the autumn burn,
Filling the forests with reveling flames of gold,
Now when the migrant birds from their wanderings turn,
Seeking a homeland far from the winter's hold,

Tell me, ye legions of men in battle array,
Waves of the men whom the winds of the morning have freed,
Clad in the silver green of the olive gray,
Whither the path that ye tread ere nightfall will lead?

There are myrtle boughs
For your youthful brows!
And the blush of the rose and the source
Of the gladdening visions is yours!
And the amber wine of your morning dreams
Is seething with life's unlimited gleams
In the banquet halls of action and thought
That the makers and masters of ages have wrought!

Yet your temples adorn
The sad crowns of thorn!
For the blush of the rose you will light
The red altars of blood with your might!
And the amber wine of your morning dreams
Will be crimson red with the sunset gleams
Of a sun that dies in the dark and a day
That is spent like a candle and flickers away!

"Sons of a country mighty in freedom are we,
Risen to battle for her at the break of day,
When, in the midst of the calm on the world's great sea,
Driven by winds that blew in a maddened fray,

"Races and nations lifted the sword of blood,
Filled with the vengeance and wrath of the ages past;
Yet we have risen to battle for light that will last,
Light that will raise into life a world from the flood!

“There are laurel boughs
For our youthful brows!
And the victor's flush in the hours
Of triumphant songs shall be ours!
And the amber wine of our morning dreams
Will be crimson red with the quickening gleams
Of a fire that burns in a maker's thought
Whom the hammers of struggle have taught!

“Let our temples adorn
The sad crowns of thorn!
At America's Reveille Song,
We will march with the tramp of the strong
To the saddened fields of a bleeding land
Where red altars high with their hecatombs stand;
And to them, the children of France, we will bring
The blossoming joy of a new-born spring.

“What if the sacred fires of the autumn burn,
Filling the forests with flames of decaying gold?
What if the falling leaves with their whispers turn
Deathward our thoughts to graves that are nameless and cold?

“Over the purple deep and in battle array.
Waves of the men whom the winds of the morning have freed,
Clad in the silver green of the olive gray,
Far to some eastern land our way we will lead!

“There were myrtle boughs
For our youthful brows!
And the gladness of youth and the flush
Of the fragrant rose and the blush
Of a maiden's love on a maiden's cheek!
But the hour has come when our eyes must seek
For a victor's wreath or a victor's grave
On the wind-swept fields of the battling brave!

“Let our temples adorn
The sad crowns of thorn!
At America's Reveille Song,
We will march with the tramp of the strong!
Let the amber wine of our morning dreams
Become crimson red with the sunset gleams!
Yet the sun will live that will bring the new day,
Though our lives like candles flicker away!”





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"Come Unto Me"

FROM THE PAINTING BY
CANDIDATE C. ARNOLD SLADE



PLATTSBURG IDEALS AND ACHIEVEMENTS

THE historian of the future who undertakes accurately and adequately to set forth the achievements of the army of the United States in the world-war must give to Plattsburg an important and unique place in his compilation.

To-day the world pronounces Plattsburg, as a training camp for officers, a success. It is the American Aldershot, the American Neuilly.

Overseas men of Plattsburg mold are doing their full share of the work that is soon to be crowned by the spectacle of the Stars and Stripes cleaving the battle winds of Europe; in other training camps they are helping to make still more officers; in the great cantonments they are bent upon the magic task of transforming the drafted mass into able men of arms.

Four years ago, Major-General Leonard Wood planted the seed of a national military institution. Seriously conceived, with prophetic foresight, still the first Plattsburg camp was a gentle experiment, a summer pastime designed to give college men a taste of army life.

The War Department became mildly interested in the project and, in the words of the Department, endeavored to select posts "located in a region in each section offering advantages desirable from the summer outing standpoint."

At the close of these first camps, President Wilson remarked that they would be enormously beneficial to the United States because of the physical upbuilding and habits of discipline that would accrue to the attendants.

Former President Taft agreed that the Plattsburg training would be a splendid preparation for men to enter the militia in their various states. Surely the Plattsburg seed was taking root.

The next step was the organization of the Association of National Reserve Corps of the United States. The body was composed mainly of college presidents, who opened recruiting stations and urged their students to enlist.

August of 1914 saw a maddened Europe in death grips. The cry of "Preparedness" went up in America. It was a loud, insistent cry, but little heeded. The possibility of the United States becoming embroiled in the conflict was so remote as to be almost absurd!

Whatever their views of the war, however, the regular army officers who were responsible for Plattsburg in the beginning now quietly developed a complete system of training camps with courses of more intensified instruction. Soldiering at Plattsburg became a strenuous form of recreation in 1915. A year later the United States had been drawn immeasurably nearer the brink of the European cataclysm. We were still at peace with a warring world, but an emergency might come. Now preparation became more definite, a reality.

The United States with its tremendous resources and its potential strength could and would if needs be cast a great and perhaps deciding weight into the European balance. An unlimited supply of man power could be drawn upon, but who was going to train them? There were regular



army officers, man for man the best corps in the world, but not enough of them.

At this point a great military truism began to be understood where it had never penetrated before, the simple fact that OFFICERS CANNOT BE BOUGHT.

Thus the War Department evolved the scheme of the Officers' Reserve Corps, and it was adopted by Congress. The entry of the United States into the war sent the country plunging into war plans and Plattsburg came into its own. Similar camps were hastened into being in various parts of the country, and the amateurish play camp of 1913 had become the military hope of the nation.

The second camp of this year is not yet closed as this is written. The bulk of the work has been done, but there are still a few weeks in which the budding brigadiers of the early days may prove their fitness for civil life and in which those who registered an initial incorrigibility of hands and feet and mind may yet win their stripes by mental agility and physical grace.

In other words, the "Who's Who" is still in the making, and it is anybody's race.

For the individual, nothing is certain as yet but the fact that he is doing the hardest work of his life and the conviction that Plattsburg is an inexorable crucible wherein his body, soul and mind are being tried to the utmost in the search for military fibre.

Military service was a matter of choice with the majority of the men enrolled for the second camp. The statistics showed many men over the draft age. For the greater part of these men the military in itself holds no attractions of glamour or romance or profit. They are becoming soldiers to perform a definite task, they are learning the business of soldiery because they detest the soldiery of another nation and what it stands for. At heart, it is a matter of service rather than stripes, of duty to conscience as well as to country.

Considering the foregoing, we come very close to the germ of the Plattsburg idea and the spirit that has grown out of the idea.

If the world is to be made safe for democracy, it is the Plattsburg idea that a democratic army must do it. Likewise it is the Plattsburg spirit that a democratic army WILL do it.

It is this spirit, fostered and directed by officers

who are as thoroughly able as they are thoroughly American, which is the driving force of the institution, the battery of human energy which could not and would not meet the demands of the course if actuated by a lesser ideal.

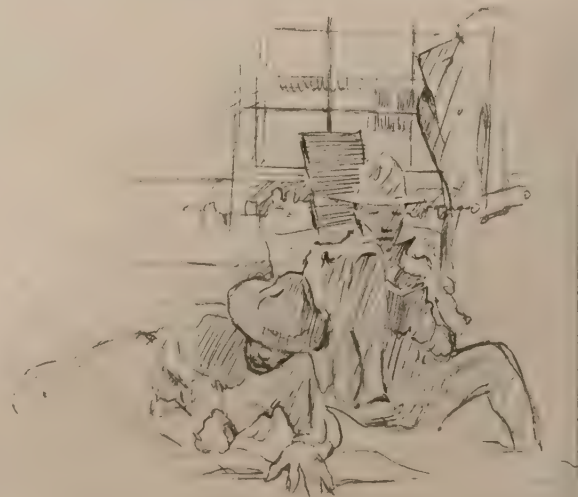
Many of the candidates for commissions came to Plattsburg already imbued with this spirit. The others soon acquired it. In all, it has daily and hourly became intensified. Just now, it is in full swing. There is warmth in the smile that reveals chattering teeth at reveille; there is a conquering faith and hope in the man who can view the misfortunes of his awkward efforts with complacency, call himself "out of luck" and try again.

In spite of this will to work, Colonel Wolf and his aides faced a herculean task. Probably for the first time in history, an attempt was to be made to crowd into three months the training essential to a full-fledged and competent officer of the line. Not the training required in our own wars, but the training of the battlefields of Europe, where war has become the most exact science of modern times.

Trench warfare, with its thousand devices and innovations, must be taught; the new science of artillery must be imparted; but withal the methods of open warfare must not be neglected. Surely the aim of this intensive training is to break through the enemy's lines, and, last the war one year or ten, it is the Plattsburg idea that the break must come.

When the break does come, it will mean the warfare of the old days, the warfare of our own West and South, when sabres flashed to the beats of galloping horses, and men went miles over the top instead of yards.

To complete such a course in three months means a pace which only the fittest can survive. Out of the twenty-four hours of the day it leaves a scant eight for sleep and no time for recreation if the candidate is to keep up in the branches in which he finds himself deficient. A rest period of fifteen minutes is welcomed as an opportunity to practice the semaphore; an hour between formations is a holiday to be enjoyed to the full, cleaning guns.



If the task is hard for the men, it is not less exacting for the instructors.

No man is spared in the calculations of "Headquarters." At Plattsburg Headquarters means Colonel Wolf, and his staff, the men upon whom rest more than upon any others the responsibility of training men competent to lead the way in the nation's battles, and to them more than any other must go the credit for what Plattsburg is achieving.

The writer once heard Lord Kitchener say that five months was entirely too short a period for the training of a modern soldier, considering the fact that it took three months to teach him to keep his head below the top of a trench.

If Plattsburgers encounter this difficulty, it will be because they have forgotten their lessons. It is the basic theory at Plattsburg Headquarters that the man who can not execute an about face with exactness could not be trusted on a battle front where exactness and precision constitute the quintessence of this theory which, when ignored, has invariably resulted in wanton and unnecessary sacrifices of men.

No detail is too small to receive the attention of the Plattsburg commander. Frequent trips to the parade ground by this official afford ample proof of his methods. If the pivot man of a squad allows his feet to stray a hair's breadth outside the bounds of regulation, the instructor may see it, but the colonel is sure to. Then frequently to the candidate is revealed what might be termed the keynote to Colonel Wolf's success, in the latter's own words:

"If you don't do the small things right, you will never master the big things."

This position of the regular army officers in the estimation of the candidates has undoubtedly been a strong factor in the camp life. They have given an impetus to the work which is always imparted by the personality of an officer who has the unqualified respect and admiration of his men.

To inculcate the habit of discipline in the candidates without sacrificing the spirit of democracy in which the camp was conceived has not been the least of the instructors' work. Judging from the attitude of both officers and candidates in the second camp, this combination of virtues is to become traditional in the new army. The effort seems to have been entirely successful and one of the finest lessons of Plattsburg will have been taught in vain if the newly commissioned men fail to carry this ideal into the cantonments.

One of the few true of the many dubious stories emanating from Germany early in the war told of the shooting of German officers by their own men and later the transfer of hundreds of officers from the forces which they had trained in barracks to commands which did not know them and where they could start anew. This was the result of the Prussian demi-God system of officers—one of the many German miscalculations of human psychology.

Any doubt in the minds of the candidates as to whether

it is really possible to train a competent officer in three months has been dispelled by the fact that their own instructors are products of the same training as their own. The work of these reserve officers in the second camp has been a splendid tribute to the efficiency of the whole scheme. They have comforted themselves in a manner heretofore believed possible only after much longer training and, what is more important, they have demonstrated that they "know their business."

Whether or not this consideration was a factor in the assignment of these officers to the second camp as instructors, their presence has had a marked effect on the attitude of the men toward their work.

The task of the reserve instructors has been peculiarly difficult, even with the most expert of regular army knowledge and experience to fall back upon in the persons of the higher in command. It is they who must gain the first-hand impressions of the men in their command, and it is upon their judgment that the higher officers must largely rely in the recommendations for commissions. Rating according to written tests has been relatively simple but rating according to military proficiency has been an entirely different matter. Each rating counts fifty in the summary of a man's fitness, and it is not a light responsibility for the officer who must with justice estimate a man's military capabilities from what he shows in training.

These officers keep the hours of their men, and they subject their men to no physical exertions which they do not themselves undergo. They too must be forever "up and at it." Each man must be trained in the duties of every position in company or battery, each man must be trained in every duty of captain, lieutenants and non-commissioned officers. The instructor can assign work to his assistants, but if he is to form a just impression of every man in his command, he must be on hand continually to see and

know what each man is doing.

Thus from Colonel Wolf down to the most unlikely candidate in the camp, Plattsburg has meant work and work and still more work. An almost vicious concentration has been required to keep up with the procession. A physical hardihood far beyond the demands of the most vigorous civil life has been necessary to the man who would succeed.

To most of the candidates, discouragement in the work has been but a passing cloud. There have been disagreeable doses to swallow—there always are, in any army—but few troubles of the day, if they do not succumb sooner, can withstand the enspiriting spectacle of retreat at night.

Tired minds and aching limbs, all but spent perhaps in the final work of "shining up" for the event, are dragged to the parade ground and there revived and recharged for whatever tribulations are to come on the morrow. There is no elixir like the Stars and Stripes and no man can pay homage to his colors at a Plattsburg retreat without adding a feeling of reverence to his positions of "parade rest" and "attention," and being glad down to the depths of his heart that he is there.



Thus does Plattsburg meet the military emergency of the nation and thus does Plattsburg take rank as a military institution.

Tremendous as is this emergency, however, and supremely important as is the Plattsburg military task there is yet another and perhaps deeper phase of Plattsburg that must be considered and understood if the camp is to be appraised to the full of its merits.

This is the Plattsburg lesson in American citizenship. Bare of its possibilities Plattsburg stands for the purest conception of American democracy; in its intensified development it is a living and visible token of the spirit on which the United States was founded, it is proud proof that if this spirit has seemed to be lacking in the country at times it is only because it has been dormant and not lost.

When the war is done it is the Plattsburg idea that, no matter what its military achievements, the camp's inception and maintenance will not have been fully justified if its work does not go on and on, ever building up a more tangible national solidarity and a clearer realization of individual obligation for service to the nation in war and in peace.

Plattsburg in this sense is, of course, a generic term. Similar camps have been instituted throughout the country according to the same precepts and with the same ideals and aims. Still Plattsburg was the precursor of them all and it is neither selfish nor provincial to presume that Plattsburg must and will continue to lead the way.

We at Plattsburg are of all kinds and all creeds. We are rich and we are poor. We came from the fashionable avenues of the great cities. We have come even from overseas. The four winds of the earth sent us together, practically every vocational pursuit has its candidate. Into the melting-pot we went. There were no formalities. Colonel Wolf immediately began the stirring of the ingredients. He stirred them with the motto of camp and commander. In the Colonel's words:

"At Plattsburg we have lost partisanship in patriotism."

We brought with us prejudices, antipathies, misconceptions. They went the way of the civilian garb. We have heard no more of them. We have not been troubled by traditions; it has been rather a task of moulding tradition than upholding tradition.

The groups in which we came were scattered. Extremes met and worked together with mutual benefit. Comradeship grew where under no other conditions could a speaking acquaintance have been possible. The millionaire discovered that after all he stood for only one in the general scheme, the poor man discovered that he too was one and nobody counted more than one. The work was evenly distributed, the rewards went the way of merit. The only Blue Book on the reservation was the Infantry Drill Regulations.

We were being taught to command; therefore we had to learn to obey. We acquired a wholesome respect

for authority. We already knew that loyalty was a sovereign virtue, here we learned why. We knew our American history, most of us, here we learned it under a new light. The foreign born among us gathered much from the native born, the latter learned that there were foreign born so willing at heart that they could become thorough Americans by the simple process of rubbing elbows.

Man will find for himself an example in the flesh under any and all circumstances. He found his example at Plattsburg—also a new point of view. The bank account disappeared as a goal, comfort and ease were no longer to be sought. Of a sudden it seemed best of all things to be right living, right thinking, efficient, able physically and mentally, capable of giving service, desirable to the man's country only if he could give service, not desirable for the legion of the Stars and Stripes if he could not give service.

Men in this manner desirable were the examples, the ones to emulate. Some three thousand additional men are thus adjudged fit by these same standards and they are going forth not only to rid the world of its imperial ulcer but to disseminate among their own kind the gospel of being fit and ready.

Likewise will they help to lay the stalking ghost of unpreparedness, most dangerous of all enemies. Unpreparedness is usually due to ignorance of some sort or another. The citizen who opposed preparedness because of his own ostrich-like security must have had his illusion dispelled by this time.

The Kaiser did that. Many citizens who were against preparedness because in an emergency preparedness was a status easily and quickly achieved, are still to have their awakening. The Plattsburger will do that.

The Plattsburger has learned by dint of unceasing toil the folly of the creed that it is time enough to prepare when danger comes. He has learned that an untrained man in battle is not worth as a fighting unit the cost of the army blanket in which, be he lucky, he is buried.

The Plattsburger started the business of soldiering with a heart of purpose and little else. He grasped his gun or approached his field piece with about the same measure of deft familiarity as the hulking but inspired farmer lad when for the first time he spread his great calloused hands over the delicate keys of the piano upon which he ultimately was to win fame. For a week his shoulders ached from trying to stand erect. New movements brought pain to old and forgotten muscles. His mind, grooved in the civil pursuit of his choice, was with difficulty brought to concentrate on the mental requirements of soldiering.

The business of fighting after all was not a question of cocking your gun and giving it to them. It was exact. It was a profession for colleges to teach, for incisive minds to master. The bravery and courage were taken for granted, but that was the least part of it.



But the Plattsburger learned the way, step by step. In time his body straightened and hardened in the mould of the military. His hands learned the manual of the gun, his back to bear the pack, his feet to snap to place and his heart, the while, to sing. Days and weeks saw him carrying on more easily the farther he went. Finally he emerged, not a finished soldier, not a veteran of wars and West Point, but an able man of arms capable of an intelligent fight and a living lie to the criminal fallacy of men springing over night to the defense of their country.

Illusions have had no place in the Plattsburg scheme. The future officer with a laudable ambition to wear his country's uniform has by no means been started a knowledge of what suffering may lie before him. Otherwise his training could not have been thorough or adequate.

As nearly as possible the grim realities of blood-soaked France have been simulated on the ranges and in the fields. The Plattsburger has dug trenches as the heroic French so successfully dug them to resist the foe that would devour them—and him. He has learned to live in the trenches of his making, to sleep in the rain, to subsist on cold and uncertain rations. He has learned what it means to crawl through the mud and mire of No Man's Land, to keep vigil during the long watches of the night when scurrying snow and pelting rain are the only music to quicken his pulse, when there is no retreat at sun down to stir his soul and the only flag to lead him on through the sordidness of it all is the faith of his heart.

The Plattsburger has not felt lead or steel but it can be truthfully said that that is about all he has missed. His "sentry go" has not always been a lonely occupation nor have his snatches of sleep always been undisturbed. Colonel Wolf attended to that. Signal bombs have cracked above him and high explosives have been hurtled sufficiently close to his muddy habitat to bring him to an instantaneous and palpitating "stand to"—all sufficiently realistic, by his own testimony, to set him jabbing with his bayonet at the first doubtful stranger. He has learned to keep his head down and his pluck up.

Conditions will no doubt change before the Plattsburger reaches France but fundamentally he will find himself amazingly well equipped for his task. It is half the battle in this war to know what to expect and how to meet it and in that respect the Plattsburger has been fully and thoroughly trained.

The initial dose of German frightfulness will have a degree of effect on the newcomer among the Kaiser's foes, but the newcomer will have profited by the mis-

takes of those who went before him and is therefore better steelled for the ordeal. The Germans will know of his coming. It will be a deeply secret venture, but the Germans will know. No doubt they will welcome him with a sign hoisted above their trenches bearing the inscription, "Welcome, First New York," as they have so often welcomed the Canadians. Then they will try his soul, as a German staff officer once told the writer it was their devilish habit of doing whenever they found themselves facing a new and untried force.

Perhaps for a week they will daily practice their artillery upon him in a manner supposed invariably to presage an attack. Then they will fail to attack. They will send over some gas but fail to

follow it. They will shake the newcomer by day and startle him by night, keep him constantly jumping to be ready for the first combat.

All this is yet to come to the Plattsburger but he knows it is coming. Also he knows that probably he will experience the same frightfulness which in the last analysis is his sole reason for becoming a soldier at all.

Summed up, Plattsburg means national service and all that it entails. At Plattsburg men have learned the meaning of national service, they have made the sacrifices that must come with national service and they hope that in the end the entire citizenry of the land will be brought to an appreciation of the blessings of national service.

Wives and children and fathers and mothers have come to Plattsburg to encourage this idea of service and their presence has often seemed to personify all that is best in the Plattsburg hopes and aims. Many a mother has stood retreat with her son at Plattsburg her tears paying tribute to the flag which he has sworn to defend. We who have striven to probe the heart of Plattsburg have often found mute revelations of it all in the barrack highways and byways, even more faithful perhaps than the blare of the band and the anthem itself. We have seen framed in the softening shades of twilight the silhouette of the man of affairs and family greet a smiling wife at the edge of the parade ground, his gun for the moment in a perilous but proud position on the shoulder of a khaki-clad baby son, and afterwards we have seen him jump to the evening mess formation with a snap and a smile that betokens a deeper justification of himself, of Plattsburg and of his country. If in the final reckoning Plattsburg has been a success, the son of this Plattsburger will likewise have become a Plattsburger, national service will have become synonymous with national existence and we shall be a hundredfold nearer our goal of lasting peace by reason thereof.





HEADQUARTERS STAFF

Sitting, Left to Right—Major Baer Col. Wolf Col. Williams
 Standing, Left to Right—Lieut. Fulcher Lieut. Brown Capt. Lawes Capt. Waterman
 Lieut. Dyar Major Long Lieut. McCatty Capt. Bull

HOW THE CAMP WAS RUN

Interesting Facts About the Administration Department and the Men Who Made the Wheels Go Round

TO the casual observer the administration of a training camp, such as Plattsburg, presents little more than a commonplace military problem in the housing, feeding, clothing and drilling of 3,000 odd men. If army corps can be tossed around the military chess-boards of Europe like so many pawns, it must be a relatively simple matter to care for a few regiments of embryo officers in a semi-permanent camp.

The comparison breaks down, however, because Plattsburg, or any officers' training camp, for the matter of that, is much more than merely a soldiers' camp. It is a military tutoring and cramming establishment in the fundamentals of the science of war. In size it is five or six West Points rolled into one, with the curriculum squeezed into an irreducible minimum of three months! And the men who direct such an organization must be natural teachers as well as trained officers and thoroughly practical business executives.

It took a group of officers of this type to get this camp under way—to accomplish the actual physical work of building a couple of miles of barracks, with labor at a premium and lumber at a distance, and with less than three weeks' notice from Washington that 5,000 men were to arrive on a given date. But the work was done; the first camp got under way in some fashion despite lack of supplies, material, clothing and equipment. Red tape

was cut. Things were done and permissions asked afterward. And the result is, that so far as administrative detail and organization routine are concerned, the present camp was able to go ahead almost from where the first one left off. It is this factor which accounts largely for the greater progress in instruction which this camp has made, and which now renders it probable that much more instruction can be given in the same training period.

The headquarters staff (see chart on another page), consists of a group of department heads and senior military instructors, directly responsible to the commanding officer, Colonel P. A. Wolf, Inf. U. S. A., or to his adjutant, assistant and personal representative, Major J. A. Baer, 2d Cavalry. It is through the adjutant's office—as through a railroad switch-town—that the great bulk of the routine and executive detail of the camp is moved.

The commanding officer is the president of the corporation, so to speak, and the adjutant is the business manager. Or the commanding officer is the admiral while the adjutant is the navigating officer. Colonel Wolf concerns himself with this or that given detail as much or as little as he chooses; when occasion demands, he acts directly through the department chiefs, but in all routine matters it is customary to have the orders of the commanding officer come through the adjutant. It is the policy of the

commanding officer to tell a subordinate to do a thing but not to tell him how to do it. Broadly speaking, the commanding officer says what shall be done, leaving it to his various subordinates to say how it shall be done.

Major Baer, the adjutant, has in turn a personal assistant in Captain H. J. Lawes, 59th Infantry, who is, in a manner of speaking, the "Adjutant's Adjutant," especially in charge of routine correspondence, and generally in charge of any odd thing that turns up in the office. Lieutenant Warren Dyar, A. G. Dept. N. A., statistical officer, is another member of the central office group, as is Lieutenant M. L. Fulcher, Q. M. C. N. A., the officer in charge of the very important and very successful program of entertainments and plays.

From this inner group of the commanding officers and the adjutant's office, the wires of authority reach in every direction. The first great subdivision (see chart) under the commanding officer occurs between the practically co-ordinate branches of administration and instruction. Virtually all administration functions through the adjutant's office. Instruction is in one sense a co-ordinate department responsible only to the commanding officer, at the same time inter-related with, and dependent upon, the adjutant's office in matters of correspondence, routine, etc.

All activities having to do with the military and academic instruction of candidates are grouped under the department of instruction. Here again there is an administrative sub-division, which includes the not inconsiderable task of the preparation of weekly schedules, the collection, classification and segregation of reports, and the maintenance of records. Captain H. R. Bull, 30th Infantry, heads the Department of Records, also being in charge of all musters, pay-rolls and the like. Captain K. P. Lord, 19th Cavalry, is the casual officer in charge of all unattached men at the camp, cross-functions with the Record Department in his capacity as recorder of the Elimination Board which includes, besides himself Captain G. W. Ewell, 3d Infantry, and Major R. W. Andrews, M. R. C.

The actual military instruction is in charge of a group of officers known as senior instructors. There are three Provisional Training Regiments, two of infantry and one of artillery.

Captain G. E. Goodrich, 30th Infantry, is the senior instructor of the 17th Provisional Training Regiment (New England Division), and has as his adjutant Major Wm. Kirby, U. S. R.

Captain G. C. Shaw, 38th Infantry, is the senior instructor of the 18th Provisional Training Regiment (New York Division) and has as his assistant and adjutant, Captain G. W. Ewell, 3rd Infantry.

Lieutenant-Colonel Danforth, F. A. N. A., commands the 1st Field Artillery Training Regiment, with Major M. Hadley, U. S. R., as adjutant.

Captain H. N. Groninger, 5th Cavalry, is the senior instructor in musketry, pistol and bombing.

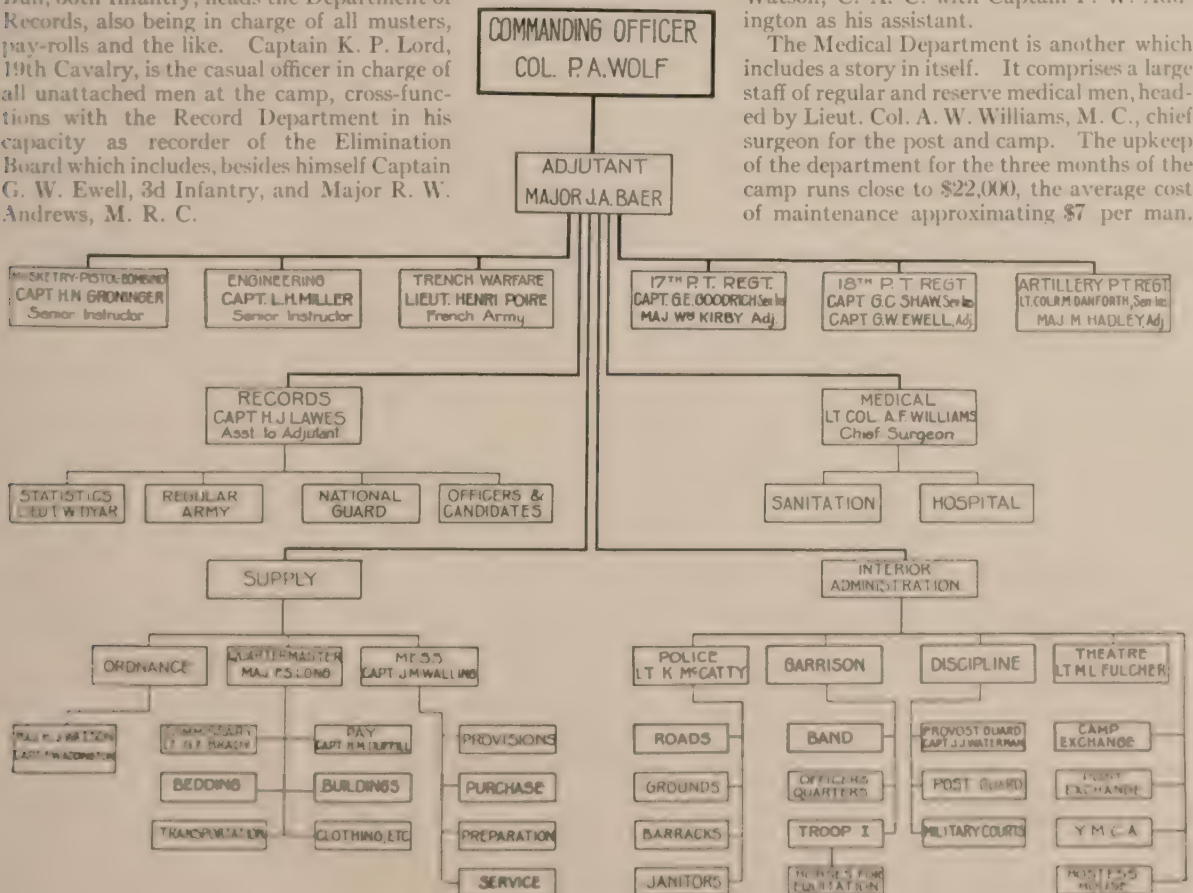
Captain L. H. Miller, engineer, is senior instructor in engineering.

Lieutenant Henri Poire of the French army is the senior instructor in trench warfare.

The great supply departments include quartermaster, mess, and ordnance—each a small business in itself. Major F. S. Long, C. A. C., is the quartermaster, while Lieutenant G. F. Brady, retired, and Captain H. M. Duffill, Q. M. C. U. S. R., head, respectively, the commissary and the pay branches of the quartermaster's department.

The Mess Department, which is a story by itself, is in charge of Captain J. M. Walling, Q. M. C., who in turn has several assistants under him. The Ordnance Department is administered by Major H. J. Watson, C. A. C. with Captain F. W. Addington as his assistant.

The Medical Department is another which includes a story in itself. It comprises a large staff of regular and reserve medical men, headed by Lieut. Col. A. W. Williams, M. C., chief surgeon for the post and camp. The upkeep of the department for the three months of the camp runs close to \$22,000, the average cost of maintenance approximating \$7 per man.



ADMINISTRATION CHART

THE DIARY OF CANDIDATE USELESS

Like General Grant He Offers His Memoirs to an Eagerly Expectant Nation

SATURDAY—I have decided to keep a diary of my military career to help me with my memoirs when I become a major general. Grant and Sherman wrote memoirs and there is no reason why the Memoirs of Major General Useless should not be in great demand when this war is over. I will write down everything of interest from the time I enter Plattsburg until I march into Berlin at the head of my troops.

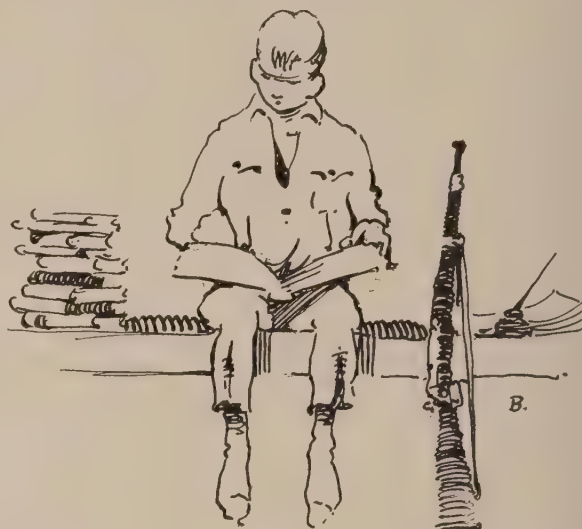
Of course they may make me a mere major or even an insignificant lieutenant colonel here; but it will not be long before I will be Colonel Useless and the rest will follow. I have read the Plattsburg manual all through and I guess that is about all one has to know to be an officer. I have read right up to the school of the regiment so I am ready to become a colonel as soon as they want.

SUNDAY—I am afraid that the reserve captain in charge here did not get my name right. I told him I was Mr. Useless. He said, "All right. Next time come to attention and salute. Go with Sergeant Whoosis and draw clothes and ordnance." I thought he should have saluted me first, because he is only a captain, and I am going to be a lieutenant colonel in three months.

At the Quartermaster's Department they started by giving me two left shoes. I went back and they gave me two rights. When I went back again, they told me to trade with somebody who had two lefts and not to be fussy. They were out of six and a quarter hats so I had to take a seven and a half. The quartermaster's clerk told me to stuff paper in the band till my head swelled to that size. The blouse I got was made for Jess Willard. The pants were made for a bantam.

MONDAY—They called the roll for the first time this morning. When they addressed me as Candidate Useless I declined to answer. I'm no candidate. I did not come here to go into politics. Of course I may run for something after the war. I said, "Major Useless is present or accounted for—that's the military way." But the captain

We drilled this morning and I am in the hospital. I dropped the rifle on my toe coming to the order. Strange how that happened. I read the manual of arms over but it did not seem to work out in practice.



TUESDAY—I got called down terribly by the major to-day. I had my bed made up nicely only I forgot to put away my purple pajamas. "Whose junk is this?" the major said. "They're mine," I said. "Gun rags must be kept out of sight," he said. And he wrote my name down in a little book. I got called down by the captain at the mess formation for having a button loose on my coat. Then the lieutenant called me down for being out of step though I wasn't—the others were. The first sergeant called me down at the next formation for having my belt too loose and the corporal called me down for being late. Everybody in the camp has called me something to-day. I am beginning to think that I am an insect.

WEDNESDAY—They gave us another physical examination to-day. I am afraid that I will never live to reach France. I've got D tonsils, W in both ears, F feet and I am nutty.

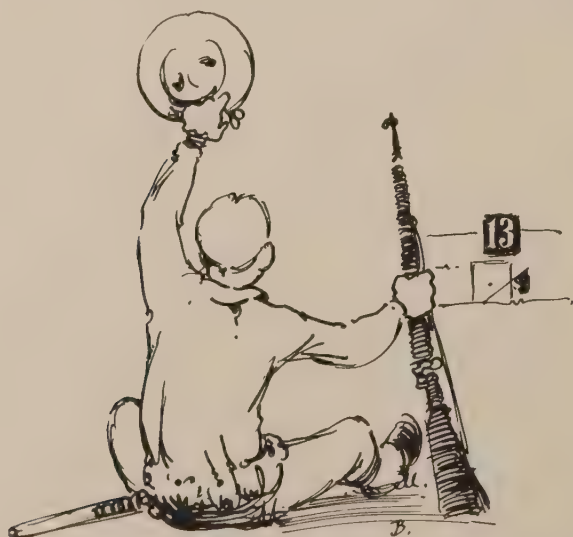
It seems that we are all more or less bugs. They have an alienist here and he puts a light in your eyes. If you blink, you're bugs; and if you don't blink, you're bugs. I blinked the first time and didn't blink the second, so I am nutty on both counts.

Then the alienist asks you, "Has anybody in your family ever been nutty; if not, why not? Why are you so stupid, and, if you are not as stupid as you look, what do you mean by coming here under cover?"

It's all off. I must be daffy as a toad.

THURSDAY—Well, I'm glad I'm not in the artillery anyhow. I saw some of them on the parade ground this morning. They had them all tied together with pieces of string. I guess that was so that they would not be lost. They can trust the infantry without ropes anyhow.

We had some very interesting lectures to-day. In the morning one instructor told us that the cavalry was one of the most important branches of the service. At the next period another instructor told us that infantry was the branch of the service that won the battles while the silly



said that the articles of war would not permit him to call me major until after the camp. This is very humiliating, of course. A candidate is a terrible thing to be. His status is six degrees below that of the assistant janitor.

cavalrymen sat on picket fences like a lot of crows and smoked cigarettes. Later our other instructor told us that this was an artillery war and that cavalry and infantry were practically obsolete. In the evening a French lieutenant said that it was a war of grenades and machine guns. There seems to be a difference of opinion as to the importance of the different branches of the service.

FRIDAY—As a company commander I fear that I am an onion. The captain called me out of ranks to drill the company this afternoon and I got them so twisted that a couple of platoons were seen passing the Salmon River at retreat. I shunted the first platoon into the lake and the second platoon got tangled with a flock of mules from the second field artillery. It wasn't my fault. I gave a lot of commands right out of the book but I guess I must have shot them too fast.

The captain shouted for me to get them together. That put me in the hole. There isn't anything in the book that gets a company together. So I said, "Get together by the numbers in cadence and stay where you belong. March!" Evidently the man who got up the book didn't have much experience with companies that wandered all over the landscape.

I guess that I will have to study a little more before I become a major general or even a brigadier.

SATURDAY—We took up map-making to-day. I didn't quite get the hang of it. The first thing is to buy a compass at the canteen. None of the compasses point in the same direction, so that gives each man a chance to do some original and individual mapping. Also you have a thing called an Adelaide. I guess the inventor must have been a mushy chap to name it after a girl. Anyhow, it gives you as many bum steers as a girl from the Midnight Frolic. You fasten the compass to the board and when it points to the north you guess where the north is and start out.

When you come to a hill you search for contours. If you see any you shoot them on sight. The best way to get them is to lie down in the road in front of an automobile. When they pull the car off your neck you feel relieved. I couldn't find any contours on the trip so I drew a lot in when I got back to barracks.

I. and F. S. M. to glance over and memorize, then a few hours of semaphore and Morse and two or three hours of bayonet and trench manual. After all of this is memorized, one can write his letters and lay around. Nothing to do till to-morrow.



MONDAY—Made up a full pack to-day according to the diagram and went on a hike. The pack got loose somehow and my equipment was scattered from the post to the Hotel Champlain. I guess that diagram must have been wrong.

Had pistol practice in the afternoon. These pistols are awfully tricky. I was looking at mine when it went off, and the bullet went through my hat. The captain seemed peeved about it. I told him that it was all right because I had another hat. He said that wasn't the point—that the bullet might have hit me in the head and glanced off and killed somebody. Also that one should never look into the barrel to see if the bullet was coming out straight. He said that many men had got astigmatism and other defects of the sight from doing that very thing.

TUESDAY—Had rifle practice on the range this morning. I felt that I was doing fine at first because, right after I shot, the man at my target waved a flag back and forth. This, I took it, was his way of signaling congratulations. I was about to semaphore back, "Thank you," when the captain came up and asked me, "What sight are you using?"

I said, "I don't know, sir. Does it make any difference?" He looked kind of sad. "No, I guess it doesn't with your shooting," he said. I was glad he had so much confidence in my marksmanship. So I kept on shooting. Sometimes I peeped through the little round hole and sometimes I shot through the triangle thing. I wanted to give a variety of my shots to baffle the enemy in case there was one in front of me.

WEDNESDAY—To-day we started to dig trenches. I find that I am a fair shoveler but I am afraid that I will never be a fancy one. I wonder how many points Grant and Lee made in shoveling when they were cadets. I fear that I can never tunnel my way into the army if I have to do it with the regulation shovel. I had a lovely looking ditch all ready but just as the captain came to look it over the bank came down. It took them two hours to dig me out but they said it was only ten minutes. What Sherman said about war must have been applied to war with shovels.

THURSDAY—Dug all day again, I think I reached Pekin but I am not certain. It may have been some town in Australia. After noon mess Lieutenant Poire came along. He said it was a nice ditch but that it would have to be dug in another place. So I had to fill it in and start all over again. I learned to-night that the American army introduced the shovel into the war game. It put an awful dent in my patriotism.

FRIDAY—I am on my way back to New York. The colonel was very sweet about it. He said that my record showed that I was too efficient to be offered one of the minor commissions and that the major generalships were all taken. He advised me to remain at home until there were some vacancies in this rank.

Does anybody want to buy a pair of silver oak leaves that have never been worn?



SUNDAY—This is the day of rest. Nothing to do but clean a rifle, a bayonet, a pistol, a bolo and to sew buttons on blouses, overcoats and breeches. Then there are four or five hundred pages of I. D. R., S. A. F., M., S. P.



Illustration for "Worlds at War" by Hansen Booth

"FROM EVERY OCEAN, FROM EVERY TRIBE AND STATE
UPROSE TO THE STARS THE FETID ODOR OF HATE"

WORLDS AT WAR

By Robert Haven Schauffler

*In the uproar and stench of a Serbian trench
In the tortured bed of the great war's birth,
I slept, and beheld this vision of Earth:*

Out of the bosom of Europe the slaughter had spread
Till the waves of the far-off Yang-tse-kiang flowed red;
Red were Columbia, Amazon, Ganges, Nile;
Red were the uttermost peak and the outermost isle.
No part of the planet, from shore to remotest shore,
But agonized now in the bestial clutch of war.
From every ocean, from every tribe and state,
Uprose to the stars the fetid odor of hate.

Then I saw in my dream how the sun was suddenly veiled
By the wings of a monstrous, ghoulish fleet of the air,
Unhuman ships of another world, that hailed
From none knew where;
Fantastic hulls that never had birth
In the dreams of the boldest brain of Earth.
Downward in terrible power they came.
Armored with plates of smouldering flame,
Armed with might in the smithies of night,
Guided by beings merciless, wise,
Veterans drilled in the outer skies.

Now a purple ray from the nethermost vessel shot.
Earthward it turned, judicial, unflickering, slow,
Till it looked on a fortress beset by the hosts of the foe.
One glance of its eye, and fortress and foe were not!

Something gave way in my brain
With a fierce revealing pain;
And I knew that, across the abysses of air,
After aeons of human imaginings,
Creatures from some dread otherwhere
Had launched on miraculous wings
To abolish the near and the far.
I knew that beings from some strange star
Hitherto out of the reach of our ken,
With resolute pinions unfurled,
And weapons undreamed of till then,
Downward had swooped to erase
From the otherwise lovely face
Of the flower of a neighboring world,
Those poisonous vermin—men.

I saw all human eyes
In terror fixed on the skies.
And I felt how one thought, like a signal, ran
Through the trenches of Earth from man to man,
Then leaped from the mire and forth
To the east and the west, to the south and the north,
Where the human enemies lay;
And it met with this self-same thought half-way:

"Let there be peace!

*We are faced by a common foe; let the quarrels of earth-men
cease!*

*Shall brother and brother fight with the day of doom in
sight?"*

Mute thought became vocal then
In the cry of a world distraught,
"Peace among men!"
And, hard on the heels of thought,
From their trenches poured the embattled folk of the
world,
With battle-flags furled,
And, with shouts of fraternal good will, sprang forth
to embrace
The men whom, a moment before, in that charnel-like
place,
They had lusted to kill.

And I felt the deep thrill
Of the throe of an earth in rebirth,
That moment while hand sought hand
Betwixt the unspeakable trenches of every land,
While foe clasped foe to his heart, and, never to part,
Turned shoulder by shoulder to parry the blow
Of the grim Earth-foe.

Then first, since the bulk of the dripping sphere
Heaved shuddering out of the slime
Of chaos and night and old time,
Were the hearts of all earth-men strung
In harmony one with the other.
Then faded and vanished the last frontier
Of hate, when the soul's universal tongue
Uttered the great word: "Brother!"

There, in that infinite spark of time,
Despite the ghoul-fleets veiling the sky,
Was my heart lifted high;
For I heard a mighty resurgent chime,
And I knew Earth's death-in-life was done,
And I saw, from its grave-like trench humanity climb
Into the light of a common sun.

* * * * *

Out of that dream I awoke.
On the borders of night, serenely far,
Unmenacing glimmered the evening star.
No ghoulish air-fleets blotted the blue.
The dew of the dusk was sweet.
But the voice of an enemy mortar spoke.
And my comrade fell dead at my feet
With his skull split through. . . .



Capt. G. C. Shaw
18th P. T. R., *Senior Instructor*



Major G. E. Goodrich
17th P. T. R., *Senior Instructor*



Lieut. Col. R. M. Danforth, N. A., P. F. A.
Training Reg., *Senior Instructor*



Lieut. Col. J. S. Hammond, N. A., P. F. A.
Formerly *Senior Instructor*



Lieut. Col. A. W. Williams
Medical Corps



Major F. S. Long
C. A. C., *Quartermaster*



Major William Kirby, U. S. R.
17th P. T. R., *Adjutant*



Capt. Herbert J. Lawes
Asst. Adjutant, Headquarters



Capt. G. W. Ewell
18th P. T. R., *Adjutant*

REGULAR ARMY OFFICERS AT PLATTSBURG

What Veterans of the Service Aimed at in Training Candidates. Their Ideals and the Methods Used in Working Them Out

IF one thing more than another is true about the Plattsburg idea, it is that it has been initiated, developed, and carried through, often over heart-breaking delays and difficulties, by men in the service of the regular army of the United States. This is not to depreciate in the slightest degree the enthusiasm and patriotic services of the volunteers from civil life and from the National Guard that created and made nation-wide the big idea of the Military Training Camps Association and other kindred bodies.

But the determination of General Wood and his brother officers, who first made Plattsburg a movement and a fighting cause in the half-awakened America before the war, provided the great push that made the idea an actuality. And their spirit laid forever low the ghost of civilian prejudice that initiative and generous enterprise lapse with service in the American army.

As a cross-section of that army, the regular service personnel of this camp provided one of the most profound lessons the candidate encountered at Plattsburg. Not only in themselves a picked and extraordinary group of men, leaders, fighters, and originators, they im-

pressed vividly upon the minds of the men under them, reserve officers and candidates alike, that universal military training can be, and indeed already is, a genuine American idea. Under such leadership it is universal efficiency training, naturally adaptable to and sure to count fundamentally in the great incentives of American life.

The regular army men detailed to Plattsburg brought to the camp two sharp and unmistakable guiding principles—discipline and service. These ideas had been more than once side-tracked, notably among our allies, for what seemed to be modern short cuts to mastery in this weirdest and most unprecedented of all wars. Each time, as especially in the gallant and imperishable record of the First Canadian Expeditionary Force, the ensuing tragedy has thrust drill and discipline, iron subservience to the service of the whole, once more vividly to the foreground. As vigilant observers of this experience, and with the responsibility of leading the manhood of a great nation, American army officers

made up their minds long ago that the new armies of America should start right.

This "spirit of the origins" Plattsburg owes to regular army leadership, and to regular army leadership alone. This spirit consists, primarily, in unceasing and remorseless attention to detail, subject only to the qualifications of good judgment in applying it and the need for effective leadership in making it productive psychologically among self-respecting American soldiers.

After a series of interviews among these officers as extended as the time detailed for The Plattsburger allowed, the writer of this brief sketch feels that this idea can not be too emphatically stated as the most fundamental conception in the whole idea behind the camp, on the part of the regular army instruction and executive staff. That is why, though drill is not so obvious a feature of this camp as of the preceding one, drill and the disciplinary idea have still been absolutely paramount.

The only reason why these did not take so large a place at the beginning was that between eighty-five and ninety per cent. of the second camp candidates had had some sort of previous military experience, thus allowing the labor over squad and even platoon drill to be just that much less intense and less elementary. The better aptitude of the second camp only exposed them to the same inoculating doses of discipline in a little more concentrated form.

There are two sides to this disciplinary question which regular army officers clearly distinguish—the leadership side and the obedience side. Captain Ware, who has been superintending infantry instruction in the Tenth and Eleventh Companies at the present camp, has probably had as broad and practical training in the Plattsburg idea



as any officer in camp. He has attended every one of the accelerating camps at Plattsburg, as well as the officers' training camps also held at Gettysburg and at Asheville, N. C.

"Outside of horse sense and the ability to obey yourself," he put it, "leadership as we try to inculcate it at Plattsburg consists in the kind of psychological insight and subconscious control of your men that will keep them under your moral authority as well when you are not present as when you are there to enforce it. Furthermore, it consists in conveying your ideas to a body of men, small or large, so forcefully that they are absolutely unmistakable."

Colonel Wolf's generous principle on the same head has been familiar to every one in camp: "We treat every one here as a gentleman until he proves himself otherwise." Not until he leads us to suspect that he may be otherwise, but until he *proves* himself otherwise—that is the honorable tradition of the American army. As expressed by the commanding officer, who has grown gray in its service, this expression has caught and phrased the Plattsburg idea, wherever practised, as trenchantly as it has ever been put.

Officers at Plattsburg believe in explaining the reason for a command or for a regulation, but the necessity for obedience is paramount, whether the command be understood or not, to the minutest detail. They insist on this axiom narrowly and minutely, not because they themselves are narrow and minute, but because they themselves have vividly experienced the narrow and minute distance between life and death, between victory and defeat, which arises in the every-day life of the army under field conditions out of exactly such petty disobediences. They know, as Captain Fleet, instructor of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Companies, has so often explained, that a soldier who slacks on sentry duty in peace time may imperil a whole regiment in war by the immutable habit he has formed of inattention to duty. They know that the laying out of a blanket so that its folds can be seen

may save a soldier from having a bulging pack, from becoming a straggler, and from infecting others with straggling, to the serious loss of morale throughout a whole regiment. They know what men fresh from civil life take much time to learn—that the army is a mathematical as well as a moral proposition; and the slightest deviation from any one of its intensively thought-out exactitudes may spread the error to the demoralization of headquarters plans at a crucial time.

Counteracting the necessary rigidity of this discipline is the conception of service; the common service of the nation, which in democratic America officers and men come sooner to understand as an honor and a privilege than in any other army in the world. As Major Baer put it, "It is by no accident that the armed forces of the nation have come to be known as the Service. Unless they consider their chief aim that of service, with no ulterior motive of ambition or reward, candidates for officers' commissions are out of tune with the whole tradition of the ranks they hope to deserve. To guard American life against its enemies is the highest honor and privilege in itself a man can win. He gets security and detachment (for he is a subsidized man) only that he may better consecrate himself to that service, only that he may do the job well enough to suit the man who should be his most exacting critic—himself."

It is in line with this idea that Captain Lang, instructor for the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Companies, added, "The big job of an American officer is not to teach his men so much as to learn them." That is the whole spirit of the regular army officer as represented in the exceptionally able contingent at Plattsburg. And in our scheme of social life, it is inevitable that American officers in the new army, as well as in the old, shall learn from their men, as well as learn about them. That is the greatest hope for the co-ordination of the new American army, and for its achievement in the name of the American people in the terrible untried fields ahead which already make Plattsburg seem almost playtime.



REVEILLE—IF OVERCOATS WERE MADE OF GLASS

RESERVE OFFICERS SCORE A TRIUMPH

Sixty of Them at Plattsburg Camp Prove Premier Teachers of the Military Art

OBEDIENCE is one of the most desirable qualifications of a good soldier, and it does not take the man at Plattsburg long to find that out. He is at Plattsburg because he has hopes of developing into a good soldier and is working his hardest toward that end. Hence, when an order comes along, he loses no time in obeying it, even if the order happens to be: "Write a story about the reserve officer instructors in the camp, their work and what they have accomplished."

If that order had been to write about the officers who are giving the instruction in one's own company it would be easier. Two reserve officers are attached to each company as regular instructors; others on special detail raise the total to sixty reserve officer instructors in the camp; and any candidate who has observed the work of more than a dozen of them, throughout the course, evidently has not learned that the position of a soldier calls for "head and eyes straight to the front."

The one best method of finding out what the instructors in other companies are doing is to talk to the men under them and get their impressions. The writer being of an inquisitive turn of mind started to do that long before he ever heard that there was to be such a thing as "The Plattsburger," so he had a pretty fair idea to begin with. Then when the order came along, he had the opportunity of getting around and talking to a number of the officers. While he kept the officers busy talking about their fellow instructors, he made the most of the chance to size up the man who was doing the talking.

It did not surprise the writer to find that what was true of the officers in one company was true of all the others. Incidentally, it is only fair that the writer (a candidate) give his before-and-after impressions of the reserve officer instructor. He is frank to confess that on hearing that all of the instruction at this camp was to be given by reserve officers, he was somewhat disappointed. And he was not alone in this frame of mind. There was a feeling of apprehension that the last camp should have had the benefit of instruction by regular army officers which was to be denied the present camp.

It was only natural that such a feeling should exist because in the ordinary process of reasoning (not always the correct process) the man would ask himself: "How is it possible that a man who was a proverbial butcher, baker or candlestick maker, five or six months ago, can learn in three months and then teach, what it took the regular army officer, four years at West Point and many years in the field to learn?" On the face of it it seemed about like expecting a young man who has just learned to drive nails, to get out and teach carpentry. And this was the way many a man who came to camp felt.

However, it did not take the candidate very long to lose any such ideas. In his ordinary process of reasoning, he did not take into consideration the fact that all of the men who were to take up the work of instruction in this camp, had wide experience in many walks of life denied to the

man who is a soldier by profession. He also forgot to take into consideration the fact that these were men who had come into the army, much the same as he himself had come in, only to help along the great cause.

These were men who for the most part had no thought of making military work a calling and who entertained no idea of remaining in the service after the end of the war. They had offered their services at a time when their services were needed. Moreover, the very fact that these men, the bankers, the brokers, the newspaper men, the manufacturers of yesterday, had been out in the business and professional world rubbing shoulders with business men really gave them special qualifications to instruct and deal with the men who have had all of their experience in the business world and who came to the camp, prompted by the same motives as actuated their instructors.



It has turned out that the business man of a few months ago now a reserve officer instructor, furnishes a connecting link between the regular army officer and the candidate. From his own personal experience, the instructor knows the mental attitude of the candidate. Having been in the same boat, he knows what shortcomings to look for and how they can best be overcome. He knows from his own experience that the machine is seldom a success in business and that what is true of business is also true of military affairs.

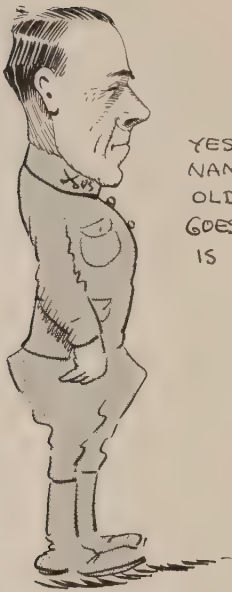
The mere fact that these instructors have been out in the world, is by no means the reason why they have so agreeably surprised so many of us by their ability to teach. It is of course a very big factor, but greater still is the fact that they have taken their work seriously. They came to the camp originally to learn military affairs and how to impart them to others. One marvels at the manner in which the instructors have buried the past under the enormous task of the present. The answer comes from the candidates' own experience. A few weeks at Plattsburg and the business life of the past gradually has been absorbed into the hard, serious work of the present.



The writer frequently has wondered what these men who have left the business world to come into the military world will bring back to the business world with them. It does not seem possible that men who have had the military side of life so deeply impressed upon them can ever forget the rigid discipline and machine-like precision so necessary in the army. What effect the return of such men to the business world will have on business methods, must be decided only by the future, but it seems certain that the military training which these instructors have taken in so quickly and so well, must leave its mark.

"GETTING EVEN WITH OUR OFFICERS"

By BUD FISHER

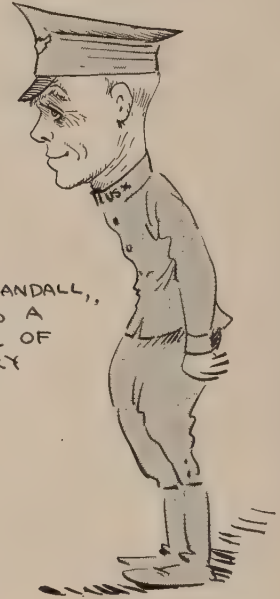


YES HE SIGNS HIS
NAME ON EVERY
OLD ORDER THAT
GOES OUT, FOR THIS
IS MAJOR BAER

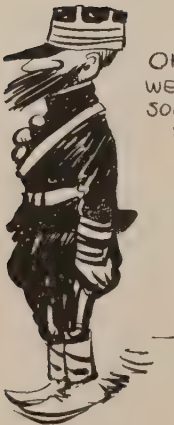


CAPT. WATERMAN
HE PUT THE "HIP" IN
HIPPOLOGY.

CAPTAIN RANDALL,
WHO HANDLES A
NIFTY LINE OF
ARTILLERY



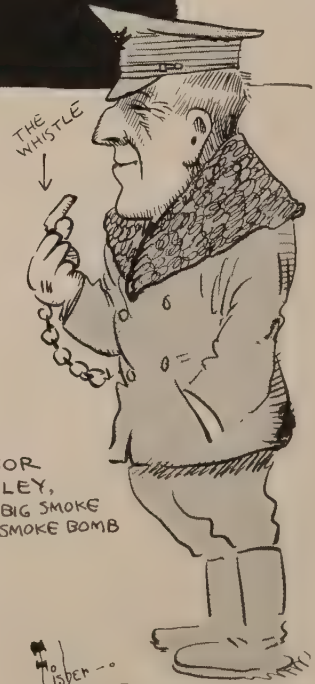
COL. WOLF,
THE BIG CHIEF
OF PLATTSBURG



OH YES!
WE ALSO HAVE
SOME IMPORTED
STUFF



AND MY OWN LITTLE SKIPPER,
CAPTAIN TRUMBULL OF
BATTERY 6



THE WHISTLE

MAJOR
HADLEY,
THE BIG SMOKE
OF SMOKE BOMB

10/15/24
6TH BAT.

WHAT LIEUTENANT POIRÉ THINKS OF US

*A Graphic Interview Linking the Battlefields of
France and the Plattsburg Barracks*

AN INTERVIEW

“Ask me for my first impression of Plattsburg.”

Lieutenant Poiré leaned back in his chair at the Officers' Club and roared with laughter.

“I thought Plattsburg was the most miserable spot of the earth! Later on, of course, I found out differently. But this was the curious manner of my arrival.”

He lit a cigar and went on in his rapid and picturesque way.

“Not being an important personage, I did not wish to herald my approach with a flourish of telegrams. So I sent to nobody any word that I was coming. My vague ideas of this camp had led me to suppose that all you 3,000 candidates were officers. So I expected to find on every street corner an officer who would direct me how to go.

“It was a wretched evening of rain and coldness and mud when I alighted at the Plattsburg station. On foot I started forth to find the camp. Not one military person could I discover. The deserted streets were of a pitch blackness, and I had hunger. By luck I carried with me the flashlight which I had last used in the trenches about Verdun. With this in hand I made some progress toward the unknown. What few civilians I passed regarded me with suspicion. My distaste for this strange town was augmented by the fact that I had just quitted the sympathetic society of twenty of my comrades—French officers detailed to other camps, who had made with me the voyage to America.

“Finally by chance I came upon a kind of small boarding house. The people peered curiously at this uniform of mine, and I could hear them whispering that I must be some sort of policeman. As I ate at my cold dinner I decided that it was the most deplorable place on earth—this Plattsburg!”

While the lieutenant paused to laugh in reminiscence, I looked reverently at the uniform which had given rise to such wild speculations. For only thirty-one battalions out of the whole French army have the privilege of wearing that beautiful shade of dark blue. It is the special uniform of the *Chasseurs à Pied*, and was originally granted them as a distinction in the Napoleonic wars. I looked with even more reverence at the silver ornament on the braided cord at his shoulder. The boarding-house had doubtless mistaken this for a new sort of police whistle. But I knew that it was a decoration conferred upon the 8th Battalion after its second citation in general orders, when ninety men came back alive out of the 1,200 who had been surrounded for two days by the Germans.

Lieutenant Poiré went on with his story.

“There I sat eating at my cold dinner and feeling desolate. When, presto, all was changed. A high officer

came along by good fortune and discovered my identity. From that moment on, my stay here became most delightful. From Colonel Wolf down, everybody has been wonderfully nice to me. I have been astonished at the cordiality of my reception.

“You must understand that when I came to this camp, a foreigner and only a second lieutenant, I expected to be left in my rank and to be lonely. But instead of that, all the officers have associated themselves with me on equal terms. Whenever I have a spare moment, I am invited into the most delightful company. So that I have here in these weeks the very best time I've ever had in my life. Why, do you know, when I came here, I gladly would have dug in the trenches if that was desired. But, instead, you all have treated me as a lord. The distance between my second impression of Plattsburg and my first, approximates the distance between Heaven and its antipodes.

“What,” I asked, “do you think of us candidates?”

His answer was enthusiastic.

“The appearance of the men is very good, indeed. They look like genuine officer material.”

“But,” he qualified, “appearance is a thing that I consider entirely secondary. It is far better for officers to have the right stuff without the right appearance than to have the right appearance without the right stuff. In this war the man with the right stuff will eventually get the command, no matter what is his appearance.

You see, under modern conditions, the officer lives so long and so intimately with his men that the rank and file have time to find him out entirely.

“However, I believe you Plattsburgers have the right stuff, too. You are all men of education and with ideas of methodical work. And the fact that so many of you are above the draft limit shows that you have a high sense of duty. This will give you more ascendancy over your soldiers.

“You men,” he went on, “lose no time and are very industrious. You assimilate new ideas easily and quickly, as has been shown by the quantity and quality of your work in trench building. If it had not been perhaps for a too great regularity of parapet I might have thought myself in France while walking down some of those first-line trenches.

“In fact, the candidates here give me on the whole the very finest impression. They seem to be made of better stuff than the men in the Fourth French Army School in which I taught not long ago, even though those men had spent two years in the trenches and had had their courage tried.” The lieutenant paused and puffed meditatively at his cigar.



Henri Poiré, Second Lieutenant, 8th Battalion, *Chasseurs à Pied*. Detailed by the French Government as instructor at Plattsburg. Lieut. Poiré has served three years on the western front: has been wounded three times; has been cited twice; has won the *croix de guerre* and has been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. In General Orders of July 13, 1915, he was cited by Gen. Joffre as “an officer of the most gallant courage.” Lieut. Poiré has been one of the most important factors in the success of the 2nd Plattsburg Camp.

"Of course," he continued, "that factor of courage is the unknown quantity here. No soldier can know whether he's really brave or not until he's been tested in the trenches.

"I think that the possession of a deep sense of duty, proved already in the smaller acts of life, is the best guarantee that one will do his part like a brave man. This is the reason why I have in my lectures insisted on the principle that the smallest unit on the firing line should always have a responsible leader. For the man who is made responsible will stand fast even though he is terrified.

"I think the great difference between the French and the American training camps for officers is that all the French candidates have served so long as privates that they must develop more individuality before they can get a commanding personality. While in Plattsburg we have the opposite problem. First, through rigid army discipline we must make the American civilian a soldier before we can make an officer of him. This, I suppose, is the reason why you are given here so much more close order drill than the French candidates get. Close order, you understand, is the best means for merging the individual in the mass—a process that is much needed in this nation of strong individuality."

Lieutenant Poiré paused at the window and looked across the parade ground to where, on this peaceful Sabbath morning, the Sixth Company baseball nine was routing the Fifth with great slaughter. Then he burst out:

"By Jove! though, when I think what a race of sportsmen you are, I no longer have any doubts about your military success. For, as athletes, you have two of the soldier's most important qualifications: the fighting spirit and the instinct for teamwork."

"Sir," I asked, "how you would sum up the most important things for us to remember as we start for France?"

He replied quickly.

"I would say to you just what I say to our own candidates at home. Get ascendancy over your men. And don't you ever be contented with the merely artificial ascendancy of your rank. Be contented with nothing short of the highest natural ascendancy.

"Another thing: never let down in your discipline. It's most important that an officer should maintain strict discipline, not only in close order drill but also in all the

work, all the other times, so as to get the instinct of implicit obedience into the blood of his men.

"You see, you make only three or four attacks a year. The rest of the time you work preparing your troops for those attacks. You must so train them to feel their responsibility that when the great ten minutes of crisis comes and you lose personal touch with all but the six men in front of you, the rest will go on doing their duties with automatic precision.

"You must work harder than any of your soldiers. You must be the best man-at-arms in your command, and you must be self-denying. Some officers when they get back to billets think only of their own relaxation, of playing at cards and so on. But that is the time when, most of all, they should be upon their toes to prepare their men for the great ten minutes."

And then the interviewer asked the inevitable question:

"How do you like America?"

Lieutenant Poiré's eyes flashed a look more eloquent than words.

"At once," said he, "I conceived for this land a warm affection. Except for that first hour in Plattsburg—" he smiled reminiscently—"I have had a glorious time. Everywhere have you Americans given me a rousing welcome. In Washington an old woman brought me a flower just to show her sympathy. Chaps in the street would come and bat me upon the shoulder and say, 'Are you a Frenchman? I'm very pleased!' Non-commissioned officers would see these things here"—he pointed to the three wound-stripes on his right arm—"and mistake me for a sergeant and give me—how do you say?—glad hands. And I would not let them know that I was an officer lest they should feel abashed."

A serious vibrant note came into his voice.

"Everywhere in this land I have honestly felt that Americans have a real sympathy for my country. You Americans are sincere and not complicated, and, unlike most Europeans, you don't say more than you mean. I am convinced that you honestly like us. My countrymen don't know yet how well you like us. They can't believe what they read about this in the books and newspapers. But I and my comrades shall make it our business to tell the French people how you really feel toward France."



What do ye hear, young men, marching onward together?

"A song that no voices shall sing; that shall sound from no lyre."

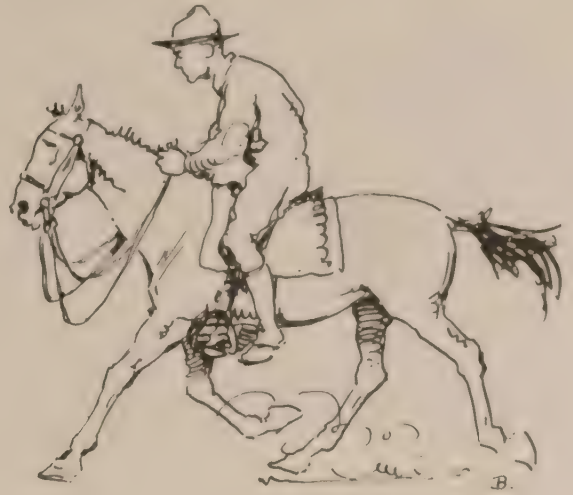
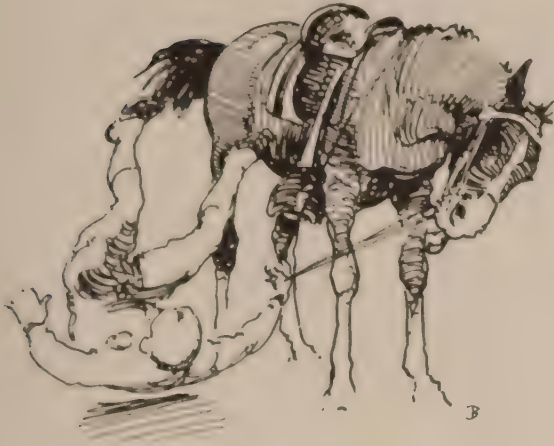
What do ye see, young men, with your passionate eyes?

"A cup that tremendously glows with God's splendor and fire."

Where do ye go, young men, marching onward in cadence?

"To a quiet field in a foreign land and our hearts' desire."

A PAGE OF ARTILLERY SKETCHES





Plattsburg Mortar in Action

WAR'S NEW WEAPONS

Second Camp Men Took Quickly to Bomb, Mortar and Machine-Gun Work

THE new devices of modern warfare were regarded with special interest at Plattsburg.

Captain H. M. Groninger was in charge of range, bomb-throwing and machine-gun work. A graduate of West Point in 1908, he attended the School of Musketry and Machine Guns at Monterey, Cal., following which, he saw service under General Pershing in Mexico.

When the magic word "bombing" first was heard there were immediate visions on the part of the more daring of real live grenades to go off and put a hole where there was none before in a perfectly good field. What the candidates saw when they first were led out to practice was two parallel wires strung about twenty-five yards apart, representing the friendly and the enemy trench parapet. Behind these wires the baseball throw had to be lost and an English bowl cultivated, breaking the hearts of diamond stars who could make a perfect hit with their throw but only a measly short pop-fly with the new style.

The scoring wasn't bad while the rooky grenadiers could see what they had to hit. When wide strips of cheesecloth cut off the view the problem of getting one home was not quite so easy. Further difficulties cropped up when a man was stationed directly behind the thrower and another to the side to represent the sides of the trench walls. His position grew even more awkward when it became necessary to throw from an enclosure of sandbags.

In the grenade practice, direction was the first object sought, and then timing and distance began to play their parts.

A feature of the course was a bombing raid staged on the range in which a number of the officers participated. The attacking party was headed by Sergeant McClintock, fresh from Flanders with a reputation in such work. The Reds won and, though the battle was with beanbags,

it was sufficiently realistic to impress the audience of candidates with the plan of a trench attack.

A difficulty that attached itself to the grenade instruction course was the constantly changing methods employed in throwing the missiles. But that was by no means the biggest problem that Captain Groninger and his assistants had to face. There were no bombs to throw in the beginning. The theory and practice of teaching had to be literally developed on the spot. An iron foundry was commandeered, and seven-hundred-odd dummy grenades moulded. A trench mortar was designed and constructed.

Shortly after grenade-throwing practice started, Candidate McClintock wrote and published his pamphlet: "Notes on Grenade Warfare," the first American text on the new phase of trench warfare.

In the machine-gun work taken up at the camp, certain men with mechanical experience were called upon first so that a unit of candidate experts might be ready to help when the detail instruction was taken up. Captain E. C. Schroeder, 71st N. Y., a specialist on automatic rifles and machine guns, was detailed as assistant to Captain Groninger in this work. For two



Bombing Practice

hours each morning these men were called upon to study the nomenclature of a machine gun, the use of it, setting it up and dismantling it. So thoroughly were they drilled in the construction and use of their weapon that the task of taking it apart or putting it together could be performed blindfolded, a test that is employed in the allied armies. As soon as they became proficient in this preliminary work, a thorough course of target practice was established similar to the course at the School of Musketry at Fort Sill.

This instruction was being carried on apace with the building of the trench system for a regiment abreast of the Chateaugay Railroad. The advantage of this was that while learning the art of grenade throwing and machine-

gun operation, the men were also being familiarized with the ground to be defended with these new devices. Machine-gun emplacements were built where the destructive fire of the guns might enfilade the advancing ranks of the enemy. Bomb nests were placed so they might be of the utmost value in warding off the attack should a foothold be obtained.

The range work during the second camp began not on the range but in the company streets with the aiming and squeezing drills. There were ten days of aiming drill, six days of sighting, and two days of elevation and deflection drills before shooting began at the hundred-yard mark with guard cartridges. A man was almost a marksman before he pulled trigger on a ball cartridge.

The high quality of the instruction made itself apparent on the very first ranges fired. For, in many companies, men who had never fired a service rifle before had the highest scores, and in the final results a large number of erstwhile tyros led men who had served the proverbial fifteen years in the regular establishment. With the experience of the European battlefields in mind, particular emphasis was laid on the shorter ranges, 100, 200 and 300 yards, kneeling, standing, sitting and prone.

Eagerness to win the various prizes offered for the highest company, squad and individual scores gave a sharper edge to the spirit of competition that was in evidence at all times. Firing with the guard ammunition was not counted in the final reckoning, much to the joy of the New Yorkers, for the New England companies got away to a flying start. Old Mrs. Rumor had it that the scores from up Boston way had something to do with the Down Easterners' initial good showing.



Capt. H. M. Groninger

The old song about all coons looking alike held good on the range, and as a result a lot of perfectly good bullseye shots went to waste. "Had a perfect bull, but shot on the wrong target" was a favorite alibi.

The much-talked-of "kick" failed to worry the candidate because he had been prepared for it by the early use of guard ammunition. He kept in mind the admonition to

take a long breath, let part of it out align the sights on the point of aim and squeeze that trigger like the wine boy in Rector's used to fondle a lemon for the forbidden highball. The kick became a mere myth if the candidate also had his sling properly adjusted. In the New York regiment, after observing the workings of some fancifully embellished, cut-on-the-bias slings, a strict order barring all but the common or garden variety of simple one-arm sling was issued—with immediately beneficial results.

The shooting ended, the range-work had a necessary complement in the session in the butts. Thick, impenetrable, comforting concrete walls they are, between us and the marksmen. We pull up the target; bang goes a gun and ping goes a bullet through the screen. Down comes the frame; up goes a fresh target and simultaneously the hit is indicated by a colored disk

and the wounded target repaired.

With scattered exceptions every man in the camp qualified as a marksman—God help Kaiser Bill!

Half the camp reached the grade of sharpshooter—God help Kaiser Bill!

Some hundreds, mostly men with previous training, qualified as experts.

And these boys are going to take this into the new National Army with them, so—good night, Kaiser Bill!





Physical Torture



"OUTGOING LAUNDRY"

When into line at reveille I fall,
It is in answer to the bugle's—

"Outgoing laundry"

And when I come from mess three times a day,
There's half an hour to spend for work or—

"Outgoing laundry"

My feelings at inspection I must stifle,
When my commander finds dirt on my—

"Outgoing laundry"

The study hour I never dare to think,
My mind I focus firmly on my—

"Outgoing laundry"

There's one sweet girl who lifts my soul above
The daily grind, for she has all my—

"Outgoing laundry"

When this camp's o'er, I think without condition
That I shall get some very fine—

"Outgoing laundry"

A LIBERTY LOAN BULL'S-EYE

NONLY talks, so 'tis said. If so, men of the Second Plattsburg training camp spoke most effectively in reply to the defiant challenge of the Kaiser on the night of October 24th. The speech burst forth in the subscription offered to the Second Liberty Loan floated by the government. It was a short but dynamic answer. Briefly it was a round sum of \$1,750,000. Ninety-eight per cent. of all candidates subscribed.

Doing your bit by your country in its time of trials is a relative proposition depending on your opportunities, capabilities and the angle from which you view that duty. Most men feel that those who wear a uniform of the service are doing their bit. But men of the Second camp, officers, candidates and camp attaches took a different view. Other opportunities were offered and as to their capabilities and sense of duty, you, kind reader, are left to judge.

When first the War Department called on Colonel Wolf to ask men of the camp to take a part in subscribing the new loan, he set a "battle sight" of \$547,000 for the camp. A general committee of candidates was appointed to handle the work. This general committee was composed of the following candidates: James Imbrie, chairman, Henry P. Lindsley, William Bailey, Forsythe Wycks, George T. Adele, Philip Benkard, Richard S. Waldo and D. Durant. And to them goes a goodly portion of the credit for the energetic manner in which the proposition was handled.

Sub-committees were named in the various units, to which credit is also due, and the campaign had begun. But a short time was required to demonstrate that the Colonel had underestimated his range. In the language of the artillerymen the Colonel's site, range, and corrector were all wrongly estimated.

Several days before the campaign was brought to a close, the sum total had been pushed far beyond that limit. An ultimate goal of \$1,000,000 looming large as a near-impossibility in the beginning began to melt away, and even before the end was anywhere in sight, it was plain that this figure not only could, but would be handsomely exceeded.

Came the night of closing on the date mentioned above and therewith appropriate ceremonies befitting the occasion. Mr. Robert Lloyd, voice expert, took temporary charge of a special meeting in the camp theatre to start the men along with a few favorite songs. By the time these choral efforts had been expended the meeting was fully charged for the big task ahead of it.

Guests of the city of Plattsburg, Governor Charles S. Whitman and United State Senator Calder were invited by Colonel Wolf to address the meeting in the interest of the loan. In his direct and forceful way Colonel Wolf stated briefly the situation which confronts the country.

Then followed the introduction of the governor and the senator in order.

As principal speaker of the occasion Governor Whitman took up the subject feelingly. "I feel almost ashamed of myself to ask you men to subscribe to this loan," he said, "You men, who by your very presence here afford ample proof that you are already giving more than any living man can give in mere dollars and cents to a cause than which there can be none more just and righteous. But I know that men who are ready to offer their lives are more than willing to give of their means. And it is the moral effect of your giving that will do more good than the actual money toward waking a dormant people to its true sense of duty."

Senator Calder followed with a brief speech outlining certain financial facts concerning the government that made a second loan necessary. Then followed the first volley of the closing fusillade, winding up the brief, but intensive campaign.

Candidate Henry P. Lindsley, vice-chairman of the candidate committee, took charge of the meeting, and the drive was on. Figures were produced showing that more than \$900,000 had already been subscribed, and an "over the top" sight was taken at \$1,200,000.

First one organization and then another was called on for additional subscriptions. And not once did a favorable response, fail. By thousands and tens and even hundreds of thousands did additional sums roll forward. Hardly had a company or a battery announced further contributions than its sub-committee chair-

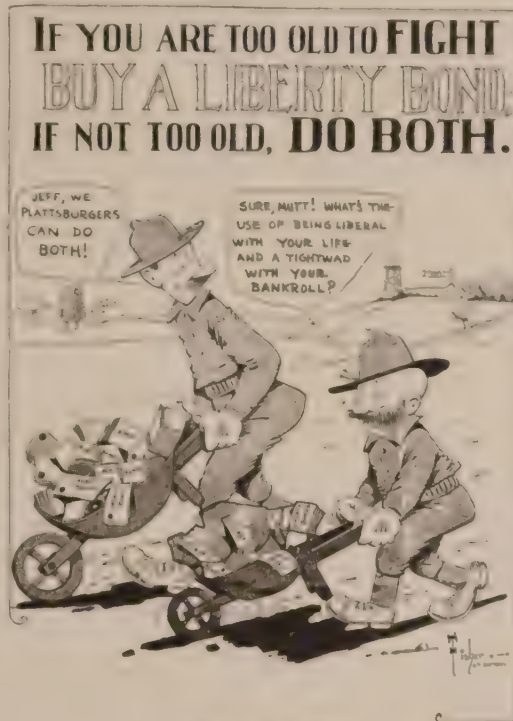
man was on his feet again with still further additions.

By the time the chairman and his committee had succeeded in tabulating the additional subscriptions, a lull was reached and a total struck off. It showed a high margin over the aiming point of \$1,200,000. In fact \$1,421,000 had been totalled. "Will we make it a million and a half?" shouted someone, and hundreds thundered "Yes." And the drive was on anew.

When the firing finally died out, and the smoke of conflict drifted away, there stood the total of \$1,750,000.

As that enthusiastic and patriotic crowd feverishly shoved higher and higher the total subscribed to the purpose of subduing the Hun, there sat, as interested spectators, two who must have felt a keen elation. They were Captain Powell of the British Army and Lieutenant Poiré of the French Army, both detailed to the camp to help in the preparation of forces aimed and intended to take up the great fight alongside of them and their countrymen.

The results of the campaign were a source of deep gratification to Colonel Wolf. From the time that first he received the call of the War Department to lend a hand, he bent himself to the task diligently, and the results spoke volumes for himself as well as for every man connected with the camp, be he officer, candidate, enlisted man at the post, mess attendant or janitor.



Bud Fisher's Poster



QUARTERMASTER CORPS

Sitting Left to Right—Lieut. Brady
 Capt. McGraith
 Capt. Duffill
 Capt. Mills
 Capt. Strout
 Major Long
 Capt. Mannear
 Capt. Hausmann
 Capt. Chandler
 Capt. Wicks
 Capt. Shay
 Capt. Mitchell
 Major Jacques

UNCLE SAM—HOUSEWIFE

How the Q. M. Fed, Housed and Clothed 3,200 Embryo Officers for Three Months

WHEN, on the mornings of August 23 and 25, the 3,200 candidates for commissions at the second training camp stepped out of the trains at the D. & H. siding and clambered up the bank to the cantonment, their first clamor was for breakfast. They found it awaiting them, tables spread and food prepared, and over 300 attendants ready to serve them. This was accepted as a matter of course.

How many appreciated the fact that the machinery behind the scenes was running smoothly indeed, to make such an arrangement possible? A single defective cog would have thrown the entire mechanism out of gear, and we might have gone hungry.

The next demand was for bedding. Blankets, a mattress, pillow, two pillow-cases and four sheets were immediately issued to each man. The number of the first named article distributed was 16,000.

Then came the question of clothing. There was a slight delay in securing this, but in no instance was a man urgently in need of it left unprovided for, and in the vast majority of cases each candidate secured his full allotment on the day of his arrival. This consisted of one hat and cord, two pairs breeches, one blouse, two O. D. shirts, one belt, one pair leggins and one pair shoes. It required about seven minutes and forty-five seconds for a man to draw his complete outfit. Overcoats were issued later and woolen uniforms were distributed early in October.

A good deal of the clothing had been worn by candidates at the previous camp; but every article had been thoroughly washed and shoes had been resoled. Each man, with a list of the things to which he was entitled, filed through a narrow passage flanked by low counters; behind the latter were piles of clothing, all sorted according to size, and as a man passed the proper stack an attendant handed over his portion, which was then checked on the list. There was practically no confusion, and men who drew misfits were given the opportunity to exchange them later.

The issue of second-hand clothing caused some unfavorable comments, and it is true some of the uniforms were so washed out and misshapen that they would stand about the same show of passing formal inspection as the proverbial snowball in Hades. However, the demand upon the Government for uniforms was enormous, and to throw away quantities of still serviceable apparel would have been unpardonable waste.

Candidates were permitted to purchase such necessities as socks and underwear from the department at an increase of 10 per cent over the issue price. This meant in most instances a saving of one-half the retail price.

The work of the quartermaster goes back many weeks before the beginning of the first training camp. The

barrack shacks were erected under the supervision of the department. Construction began on April 28.

Every man within a radius of many miles who owned a saw or hammer was speedily hired. Within two weeks buildings, which, if placed end to end would have total length of 9,082 feet, had been completed. Four weeks later the length of buildings actually completed was 2.74 miles. By the middle of July, or ten weeks from the day the first nail was driven, three and one-eighth miles of structures comprising the cantonment were ready for occupancy. This included thirty-five company barracks, each 252 feet long and 20 feet wide, and thirty-six mess shack sections each 67 feet long.

The stadium, which seats 4,000, was built in a grove of pines a few hundred yards from the barracks. During fair weather it was used for lectures, and Saturday and Sunday night entertainments. The structure was erected in exactly three days, the men working in sixteen-hour shifts. With the coming of winter, the interior of the post gymnasium was remodeled and raised seats installed which enable one to secure a clear view of the stage from any part of the house.

The construction of a mile of board walks, three miles of roads, shops, sheds, garages, etc., are merely incidental proof of the thoroughness with which everything was done. We must not omit mention of the bakery where 2,500 two-pound loaves of bread were baked and delivered daily.



The Beginning of the Barracks

The expense of maintaining the camp at Plattsburg barracks amounted to not less than \$1,000,000 monthly. This did not include the cost of buildings. Each candidate received \$100 a month, and carfare to the camp. The first payment was made on October 8. Provisions for the messes required \$100,000 each thirty days, or over \$3,000 daily.

Officers in charge of the quartermaster's department at the second camp included:

Major F. S. Long, C. A. C., Acting Q. M.

Major Chas. E. Jaques, Q. M., U. S. R., Charge of Construction.

Major J. M. Walling, Q. M., C., Mess Officer.

Captain H. M. Duffill, Q. M., U. S. R., Disbursing Officer.

Captain A. J. Wicks, Q. M., U. S. R., Transportation.

Captain A. J. McGrath, Q. M., U. S. R., Motor Transportation.

Captain J. W. Chandler, Q. M., U. S. R., Prop. Storehouse.

Captain D. H. Shea, Q. M., U. S. R., Clothing Storehouse.

"SOUPIE, SOUPIE, SOUPEE-E!"

NEXT formation in ten minutes, for mess! Maybe you had just finished an invigorating little hike of four, five or six miles, or, possibly, it had been a short session of "in cadence exercise." Then again, it may have been any one of half a hundred other little things that headquarters had planned to wipe away the ennui of an otherwise bored existence. At any rate, you are about to fall in to get on speaking terms with the inner man.

Now about this chow. Lots could be said and written. Maybe you think most of it had best be left unsaid, and maybe you are not playing a lone hand in the belief. But it was all a part of the game, and doubtless you find that, like most other things that struck you as wrong at the time, there was a definite plan and a well-aimed purpose back of it all.

Pursuing the trail of information as to the mess, we first encountered Major Jason M. Walling, officer in charge. After listening carefully to the details of the quest, the captain summoned Steward J. H. O'Donnell. (Name sounds like he ought to be in another end of the game, doesn't it? But the steward is on past the age.)

And a word here about Steward O'Donnell, the man who rationed out your frankfurters and spuds, the C. and C., and other delicacies and otherwise that smote your palate. A good-natured little man is Steward O'Donnell, not a bit calloused with stopping the cuffs and knocks of thirty-three odd hundred men; a restaurateur and hotel man of wide experience, a man who can talk with a knowing air of calories, mineral salts and food nutritions. With the steward at hand began the real quest of information about the mess.

"So you want to get information about the mess, eh?" he began. "Seems you'd have a pretty fair supply first hand by this time," he added with a twinkle of his eye. So much was admitted, but it was explained that a somewhat different angle was sought.

"Well, we are feeding thirty-three hundred and fifty men. We are allowed sixty cents a day for each man. Out of that allowance, we must pay all of our help, waiters, cooks, and even office help here in handling the business end of the job. Food prices, as you know, are high, though we manage to beat the open quotations."

Having entrenched himself back of this rampart, the steward then bared his frame to a bombardment of queries with a pledge to answer any and all if possible. Accept, therefore, the following notations:

Say, for instance, you had "dogs" for dinner on Thursday. That day the camp cooks prepared for you 1,900 pounds of that well-known edible. If you care for figures this item may be pursued a bit further along to inform you that this bunch would make a chain

if linked together something like 1,250 yards long. Some kennel, eh, what?

And when it came to apportioning potatoes, which you will recall was a rather regular performance, you consumed roundly thirty bushels of that commodity per diem. And speaking of potatoes, you may as well be let in on the secret of why you so frequently got them "spuds a la jackets."

There was method. You must understand that the peel of a potato contains a high amount of mineral salts, and mineral salts are highly essential to your physical well-being.

As for eggs. You remember the eggs, all right. At least you should, if lurks in your memory even such vivid impressions as that of the time you had mumps. No deeply detailed information as to exact numbers was obtained. But suffice to say that enough were consumed at each meal to have chased every "ham" from his scene of operation since the day when the first barnstorming troupe doing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" hit the road on down to the present day.

Through deference to the kindly good nature and enduring patience of Steward O'Donnell, no deep inquiry was directed toward solving the mystifying process employed somewhere between the hencoop and breakfast table in disguising and otherwise camouflaging the innocent egglet into the consistency so frequently encountered.

Then there was the stew. Yes, of course, the slumgullion. And here, score one for Steward O'Donnell and his co-laborers. If mother ever made better, bring her around, and she can get a job.

If your migrations permit, imagine a kind of cross between a New England clam chowder and a Mississippi Brunswick stew, and you are face to face with its counterpart.

Whenever it was set before you, Uncle Sam had parted with the price of 1,700 pounds of beef, an equal poundage of potatoes, 300 pounds of onions and 35 pounds of tomatoes. There are both formula and components for the army stew. No frills, no flounces, no glamouring French nomenclature, but good old rib-plastering stew, that's all.

And now the bread, both bread and O. D. bread. And about this



after, let's account for its frequency. The husks of grain are also strong in mineral salts, and you can't get away from those mineral salts any more than you could get away from that bran bread.

It required about thirty barrels of flour per day to provide you with the staff of life. That means around 2,500 pounds. The army post baked this bread, and all Steward O'Donnell and his detail did was to slice it up and wheel it in for you.

You'll be interested to learn that 175 pounds of coffee were required to make the 350 gallons that you consumed at a meal. If it was tea you had, then twenty-five pounds did the trick, and 110 pounds of cocoa were required when it was served.

Moving along down to desserts, you drew from 800 to 850 pounds of jams or jellies—when they were served. Also you were allowed half a pound of canned peaches, plums, or pineapple when either fell on the menu, whether you got them or your neighbor was a bit more fortunate in catching the deal before the re-shuffle.

Possibly you have reflected over the pity of necessity in the packer's having had to cut short the pleasant ruminations of some kindly old longhorn, switching flies under a mesquite bush on a Texas prairie, to provide you with corned beef. And maybe you have even idly calculated the tonnage of ice that preserved the eggs unto your consumption, to say nothing of other similar visualizing. But this much you must admit. It served.

As Steward O'Donnell pointed out, conditions and equipment for service weren't just what you would have

doubtless prescribed. For good help was not to be had, and surroundings and settings hardly conformed to conventions. But if you performed the simple task of getting your ration down in satisfying quantities, it proved digestible, nutritious and sustaining, which was the main thing.

Perhaps your "linen" came from a Canadian forest via some paper mill, and your "china" was probably never any nearer Dresden than Coshocton, Ohio. But you missed also the presence of the itchy palm of some sleek

Senegambian or son of southern Europe at your elbow. And even sitting on your coats wasn't so very much worse than a perpetual tax for having one and paying to have it dry-docked every time you slip into a metropolitan food emporium to attend to the little detail of eating.

And speaking of class here—one of my chief assistants is an alumnus of Jack's restaurant in New York. He says

he got disgusted when they had to find the key and close that famous athletic club up at one o'clock. He misses the oysterman, though, who can and does open Cape Cods with his thumb-nail when feeling in good health. And I can't get him to go to bed until after breakfast at six. "The habit of a lifetime," he explains.

Looking at the situation from the angle of an alleged victim, it might have been better, or at any rate it left room for improvement, according to the standards of ye Epicurean. But even so it might have been worse. And "*Forsans olim haec meminisse iuvabit*" as it went in Virgil's time, or, spanned down to the present, "Some day it may be a pleasure to remember even these things."



FREEDOM'S BLADE

I am the wrath of Jehovah!
 I glitter in the sun like the soul of man unloosed.
 I am the joy of the brave, the terror of the timid.
 I am the ecstasy of victory, the despair of defeat.
 I am valor's comrade and the poltroon's Nemesis.
 I am courage incarnate.
 I am the avenger of murdered babes and ravaged women.
 I know no mercy.
 I freeze the blood in the coward's veins, but my sheen is the strong man's flame.
 I am Right's resistless weapon and Death rides on my gleaming point.
 I am Freedom's mighty blade; the enslaver's hosts cower at my assault.
 I am the hope of Civilization, the doom of tyrants.
 I am the steel of destiny; empires crumble at my approach.
 I am the fear of God.
 I AM THE BAYONET.

THE IDEAL BAYONETEER EXPLAINS

His System is Simplicity Itself—All You Need is a Good Imagination

SECRETS which produced in the second Plattsburg camp one—count 'im—one Ideal Bayoneteer are now revealed to an expectant public through that enterprise on which The Plattsburger justly prides itself.

Through the efforts of a persistent correspondent we are enabled to present to our readers a series of remarkably suggestive hints guaranteed to make bayonet work a joy and a delight. These hints may be modified to suit existing conditions. They are not intended to set forth hard-and-fast rules, but thorough assimilation of the principles involved is vital if adequate results are to be obtained. Quibbling over the minutiae will show a failure to grasp the spirit—and a woeful lack of imagination. (See I. D. R.)

"My system," said the Ideal Bayoneteer, "is like all great discoveries, simplicity itself. I reveal it now only because The Plattsburger has finally convinced me that it is my patriotic duty. There is only one prime essential. The aspirant must have a few violent aversions, but I am sure no one who has spent a few months at Plattsburg will find that a hard condition to meet. These, then, are the secrets which have enabled me to inject into the bayonet manual that measure of realism which has won me the appellation of the Ideal Bayoneteer."

LESSON 1

GUARD—Visualize the man who says, "When I was in the army." As the unceasing refrain rings again in your tired ears direct the point of the bayonet at his imaginary throat. Picture again his sneering lips as from them issues the unending chant, "Now, in the regular service." If you do this conscientiously you will find yourself in a position of aggression, alertness and readiness to go forward for immediate extermination of this vicious pest.

LESSON 2

LONG POINT—Being in the position of guard, form a mental picture of the candidate who says, "When we were on the border." It will add effectiveness to merge into one the pictures of several veterans of the Mexican bull ring. When you have this firmly fixed in your subconscious mind, grasp the rifle firmly, repeat distinctly the hated words, "McAllen," "Mission," "El Paso," "Juarez," and deliver the thrust to the full extent of the left arm. If you can't see blood on the bayonet's edge, you are lacking the imagination necessary to make a good bayonet fighter.

REMARKS—The long point may be used against Philippine Scouts, Spanish War veterans, men who were "crack shots ten years ago."

The candidate should always thrust at a specific part of the body of the pest he is visualizing. First determine where you would like to inject the point of the steel, then thrust it home. Some may prefer to see this class of pest die a lingering death; others will favor speedy extermination and thrust accordingly. A wide latitude of discretion is allowed, but squeamishness will prevent adequate results.

LESSON 3

SHORT POINT—Mentally photograph the mess officer responsible for powdered eggs. Shift the left hand quickly toward the muzzle and draw the rifle back to the full extent of the right arm. With the piece momentarily in this position murmur rapidly, "beans," "jam," "war bread," "unpeeled spuds," "corn willie," and at the word "hash" deliver the thrust vigorously to the full extent of

the left arm. This thrust will undoubtedly be so powerful that a strong withdrawal will be necessary.

REMARKS—The temptation to let the blade stick will be almost irresistible. This may be overcome by quickly registering a mental picture of the waiter at the first table on the right in the brick mess hall. It will be easy then to withdraw the bayonet quickly and rapidly assume a forward, threatening attitude toward the new enemy.

LESSON 4

JAB POINT—This should be reserved for reminiscent veterans of the first camp. From the position of short jab shift the right hand up the rifle and grasp it above the rear sight, think of one of the innumerable first campers who says second camp discipline is "light," then send her home.

LESSON 5

BUTT STRIKE—Choose your own particular pest. This lesson cannot be given in detail for obvious reasons.

GENERAL REMARKS

Fighting with the bayonet is individual, which means that a man must think and act for himself, but he must play as one of a team and not only for himself. As a general rule it is best to think of a company rather than a personal pest. Remember that the object of a bayonet fight is to kill. Go forward with that aggressive determination and confidence of superiority born of continual suffering without which the nuisances of a military camp will never be exterminated.

It is well to make out a list of pests so that the most important will not be overlooked and greater versatility in extermination will be acquired. The following are a few suggestions in addition to those already mentioned:

The candidate who takes four portions while you are waiting for your first.

The candidate who puts the meat spoon in the sugar.

The candidate who indulges in barbershop chords while you are trying to study.

The candidate who insists on giving the cadence when the company is keeping perfect time.

The candidate who talks about the good times he would be having on Broadway and probably lives in Flushing.

The candidate who steps on your heels when you are keeping your required forty inches.

The candidate who snores.

The candidate who dresses before reveille call.

The candidate who insists on an inquest after every exam.

Etc., etc., etc.



THE PLATTSBURGER

By WILLIAM ROGER BURLINGAME



Somewhere south of dreamy Plattsburg there's a town that's long and low
Thousand-windowed, wind-swept barracks where the soldiers come and go
Where the rookie, green, unbroken, learns by mystic sign and token
Tongues of war as they are spoken; learns to live and learns to grow.
Have you seen him swinging, singing down the long white lake-shore pike?
With his broad-shod, rhythmic feet pounding out the numbered beat
With his rations rolled behind and his dinner on his mind;
Bacon grease and rice and coffee at the finish of the hike.
Have you seen him by the thousand thronging down the Pe-ru Road
With his scientific pack slowly creeping down his back;
With his caterpillar pack grimly clinging to his back,
And his cadenced heart forgetful of his load.

Just a silly, soft civilian quite undisciplined and free,
Waked from dreams of golden grubbing by a war across the sea,
Plunged by feelings patriotic into realms of things exotic
Tactic nightmares, drills chaotic, lands of contoured mystery.

Have you seen him plotting, jotting down the lonely lakeside trails;
He is mapping all the way from the camp to Indian Bay,
And his slope-board in the breeze swings from one to twelve degrees
And his compass orients itself along the railroad rails.
He has crossed his graveyard crosses, he has starred his hemlock grove,
Ruled his fences, dot by dot; put in houses that were not
Numbered contours every one till the gorgeous thing is done
And his Captain files it neatly in the stove.

He's a fuddled, dazed civilian in the chilly damp of dawn
When the first call blares its blatant blast to wake the midnight morn
For his clothes he vaguely reaches, into unfamiliar niches,
Dons his shoes before his breeches; late, delinquent and forlorn.

Have you seen him squeeze his Springfield at the bulls eyes on the range
Squinting darkly, full of fight through his camphorated sight.
Now he's lying, stark and prone, now he's kneeling, bone on bone,
Holds his breath until he's dizzy and the disk looms large and strange.
Then he shuts his eyes and goes, something hits him in the nose,
And he screams "A four at four" till the red flag waves his score

And his last white hope is born to blush
unseen.

He's a tactful tactic leader still in filmy
embryo;



He's a new-born Hun-destroyer, quick to harden, quick to grow,
With his butt-swing-strike-advancing; ugly looks and grunts enhancing,
Sets the Teutons death-dance dancing, thrusting thudding blow on blow.

Have you seen him leading flank patrols through swamps knee-deep in slime?
Have you seen him wig his wag with his flinging, flashing flag?
Have you seen his quick-wit eye catch the point of S. P. I.
"What would you do?" and his instant judgment snaps it just in time
Swinging by the Hostess House, have you seen his sly "Eyes Right"
Have you watched his vicious thrust at the flour bags of dust,
In his washed out olive drab with his "Long point, short point jab."
Have you heard his smoke bombs bursting in the night?

He is leaving soon to learn in France the ceaseless "Carry on"
With his bright new yellow pigskins and his U. S. R.'s hard won



One short, frenzied free vacation, fed on rich, civilian ration,
Frantic female adoration, . . . don't forget him when he's gone

Don't forget him when he's trudged his "Last long mile" through
"Clinton dust,"

When he's lived and learned and grown; fledged, he's felt his wings
and flown.

Burst his caging long and low with his spirit all aglow

And his Plattsburg's Springfield's laid away to rest in Plattsburg
rust,

And when his fighting soul hands loose 'twixt earth and the swinging
stars,

And the night's a crimson hell split with Hun-hurled flame and shell
When the flesh is dull and dead and the spirit strains ahead,

Keep in heart the Plattsburg rookie when he's flown to far-flung wars
With his washed out olive drab and his long point, short point jab,

And his collar bronze and dear-bought shoulder bars,

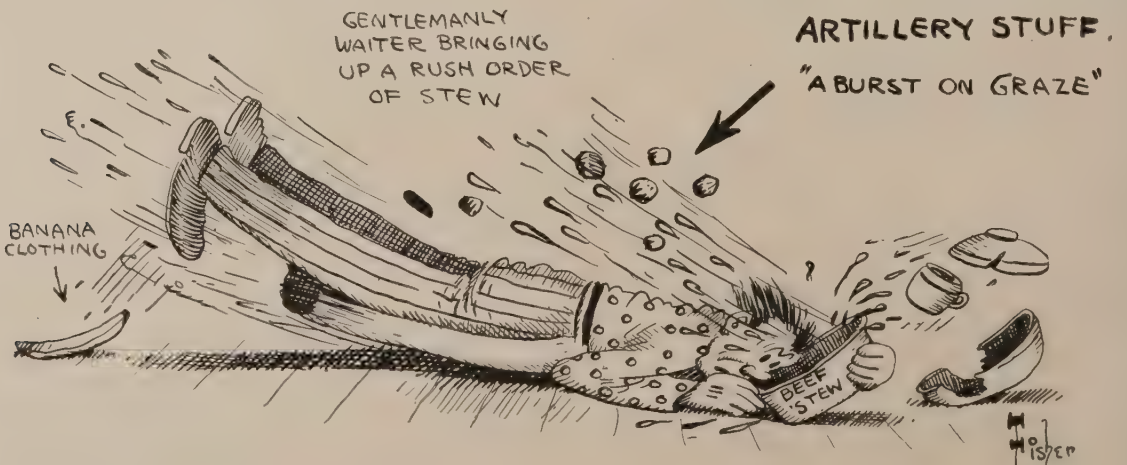
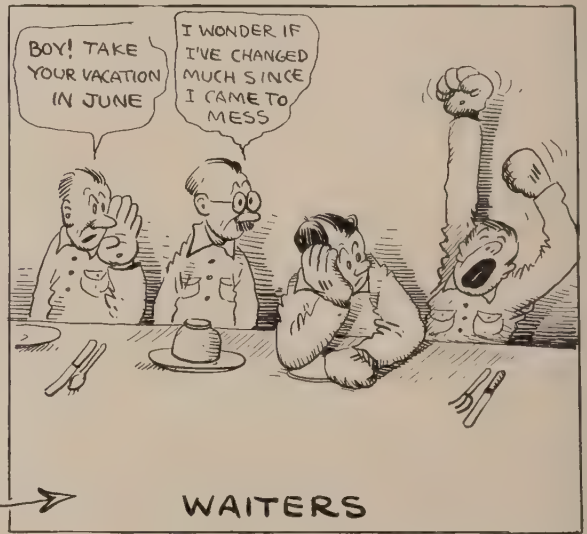


"SPEAKING OF MESS AND OTHER THINGS"

By BUD FISHER



SPEAKING OF MESS



GIVING PERU ROAD THE ONCE OVER

Thrilling Adventures of a Candidate's Escape from the Lair of the Ferocious Contour

W I were told that Lake Champlain was ninety-five feet above "mean sea level," that the Lake Shore road by the cemetery was one hundred and sixty feet up, that the distance out the Peru Road to South Plattsburg, returning by the lake, was approximately eleven miles, and then we were told to bring in a map of that country as we covered it in our round trip. We were given all day to do it. The thing sounded easy, sort of a pleasant day's walk. That is, it sounded easy until we came to think about it. Then all that we had read and heard about contours, critical points, roads, streams, bridges, etc., came back as a blur. And what we saw ahead of us as we started out looked like "country," not like a map. It was not going to be such a pleasant day after all.

The sketching outfit that we carried with us was one of the first trials. Drawing paper spread out on the board and fastened with thumbtacks looked very neat indeed, but that was not all, not by any means. Over in the corner was a compass, and hanging from the side by a string was a three-cornered rule called an "alidade," and the two taken together were supposed to tell you not only where you came from, but where you were going from there. If treated kindly they would also impart such intimate information as how fast you were going uphill or down, and how far that hill over there was from you. They did all this preferably at the corners, or at a turn in the road. They were really reported to be quite a help. I believed this at the start.

My first shock came when I stopped at a corner because I saw a lot of other men hanging around there, spread out my board on a neat little tripod and waited. The compass spun round and round. I waited for it to stop, but it never did. Somebody told me that the electric wires affected it. I moved to the other side of the road. It was still excitable. The trolley track was said to be to blame then. And by the time I was away from the tracks and the wires I was down the road, away from the corner. Even then the compass didn't point north. When I had the board the way I thought it ought to be the old compass said, "Northwest," and then I didn't know where I was going. Since then I've learned that it really doesn't make any difference whether the compass does point straight north, so long as it lies consistently, but I was young and innocent as to compasses that morning. I took the thing seriously.

Anyhow I started out with my faith in the general scheme of things considerably shaken, but taking in the

"sights" as I went. This meant marking down with cute little marks not only the things that were on each side of the road, like cornfields, houses, barns, etc., but all the "ups and downs." We were supposed to hold the board in a certain way, squinting down the side, and it would say whether that valley to the side was up or down, and how much. The first low place I looked into was considerably "up," and then I knew somebody was lying. That "adelaide" or whatever they called it—I'd forgotten by this time—was as foolish as the compass.

And the "pacing"—that was another thing that was supposed to help us. We had stepped off one fine morning across a stretch that measured a quarter of a mile, we counted our steps, and then we were told that the number of our steps multiplied by six or something and divided by x equalled the number of yards in a mile. We made a lot of fool marks along the side of the "adelaide," and then we were supposed to know by counting the number of steps and measuring off that number on the "adelaide" stretched out on the map how far we had gone from there.

Meantime I was wondering more and more what good it did us to know that Lake Champlain was ninety-five feet above the "mean sea level." I hadn't seen the lake that day. But I kept on figuring just the same, with more and more of a leery idea that both compass and "adelaide" were playing me false, until finally I landed down where there was a river. My figures told me that the river was one hundred and eighty feet below sea level. And yet when I followed along the road by the side of that so-called river—it was much more like a brook—I found that it flowed into Lake Champlain. How I ever made

the trip home I'm not quite sure, but in dizzy fashion I kept on putting down figures, and sighting and pacing. I still took it all seriously.

But when I got back to the barracks I found nearly everybody there already. The man in the bunk opposite me was reading a lively novel called "Infantry Drill Regulations." I asked him about his map. He said he'd handed it in an hour ago, and he'd shaved and had a bath in the meantime. I wondered. Next morning his map was pinned up on the bulletin board as an example. He

got ninety-five on it. I asked him how he ever guessed the figures so near to what they should be. He said he didn't guess them, he read them off the telephone poles!

MORAL: The man who keeps his eye on the compass isn't always the man who gets there.



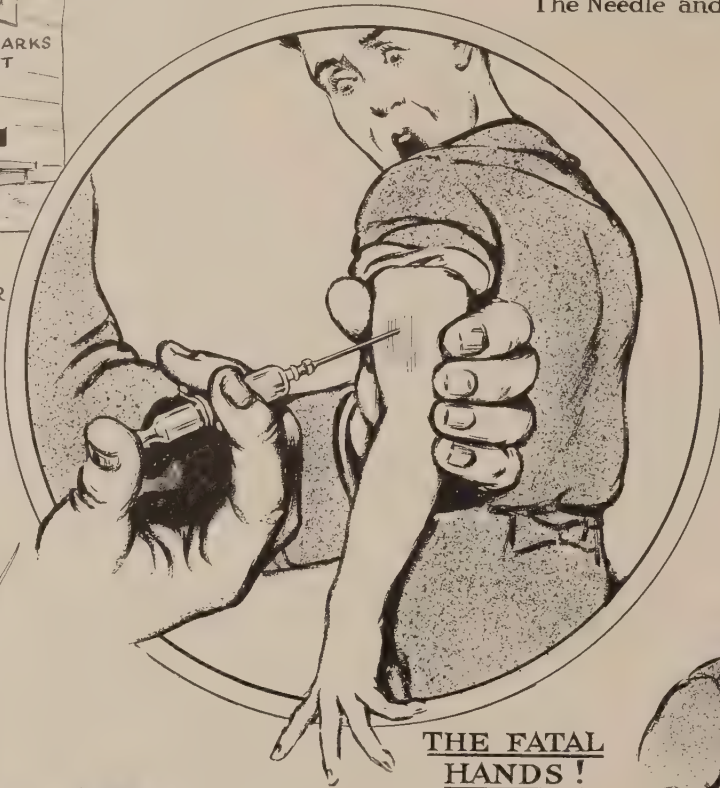
POINTERS *from the* Inoculation Needle!



WHERE MANY A
GALLANT SOLDIER
FELL!



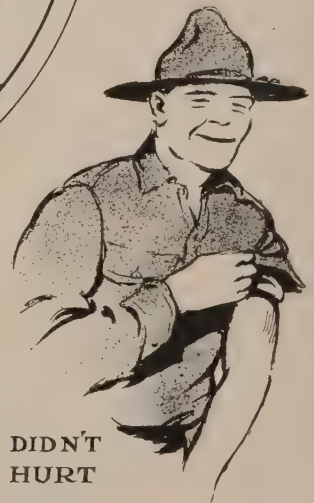
The Needle and the Knees!



JAB POINT!



THE FATAL
HANDS!



DIDN'T
HURT



LATER

and we do this on our own time

HINKER
14TH N.Y.

AS YOU WERE

Things That May Happen When an Officer of the Medical Corps Begins to Apply Mental Tests

CHARACTERS

Major FREDERICK MEANS, M. C.
 Captain WILLIAM JOHNSON, U. S. R.
 Lieutenant HOWARD STAFFORD, M. C.
 Candidate FERDINAND VAN RENSSELAER.
 Private TOM JONES, M. C.

SCENE: *Room in the Infirmary, Plattsburg Training Camp. Doors right and left, two windows center, looking out on porch. The room is furnished in severe plainness. Table down stage right, three chairs near it. Another chair left. Coat hooks on wall R.*

TIME: 9 A. M.

Discovered: Private Jones, 45 years old, is arranging papers on table R. Whistling ragtime air. Door L. opens and Lieutenant Howard Stafford, M. C., enters. He is in full uniform, cap in his hand.

JONES (Saluting): Good morning, sir.

LIEUTENANT STAFFORD (Acknowledging the salute): Good morning, Jones. Is everything ready? (Crosses R. to the table.)

JONES: I've followed orders, sir. The paper and pencils are here on the table. And the hammer with the rubber head.

LIEUTENANT STAFFORD: That's correct.

JONES: Are you sure that's all, Lieutenant? I should think the major would want a lot of apparatus and stuff, a doctor as famous as they say he is.

LIEUTENANT STAFFORD (Crosses behind table): No. You've the orders. The major is a psychopathist. He has come to observe the men in training. Yesterday he picked out men with symptoms of nervous troubles as well as the abnormal mental types. These men have been notified to appear before him here this morning for a personal examination. You understand that much, don't you?

JONES: Yes, sir. But if it's just "nuts" they're looking for, anybody can pick 'em out. I can pick 'em.

LIEUTENANT STAFFORD: It will be sufficient for you to obey orders. The men will come in through this room (indicating room L.). And you will bring them in one by one as the major directs. When he has finished, you will send them back the same way they came. That room (indicating R. with a nod of his head) is occupied this morning by Captain Johnson. He came in last night for treatment for a heavy cold, and we recommended that he stay over for a rest. He's still asleep there, and he's not to be disturbed under any circumstances.

JONES: Yes, sir.

(Enter Candidate Ferdinand Van Rensselaer in uniform. He's an eccentric type, the son of a wealthy family who never would make a soldier, but wants to be an officer. He salutes elaborately.)

VAN RENSSELAER: Candidate Van Rensselaer reports, sir, under orders from Major Means.

LIEUTENANT STAFFORD (Acknowledging the salute): You will wait in that room (indicates L.) until Major Means sends for you.

VAN RENSSELAER: Yes, sir.

JONES (Goes to table—turns to Van Rensselaer): Your name?

VAN RENSSELAER: Ferdinand Van Rensselaer.

LIEUTENANT STAFFORD (To Van Rensselaer): That is all. (Van Rensselaer salutes and goes out L. Lieutenant Stafford acknowledges the salute and crosses to table R.): How did you spell that name, Jones?

JONES (Rising): I didn't spell it, sir. I just wrote it.

LIEUTENANT STAFFORD (Picks up slip of paper): I see you did. Spelling Ferdinand with a "u." (Exit Lieutenant Stafford L.)

(Enter Major Frederick Means, M. C., through door L. He is an exceedingly brisk individual, forty years old, with a "professional" manner. Jones comes to attention at once and salutes.)

MAJOR MEANS (Acknowledges the salute and goes to table R.): Your name is—?

JONES: Jones, sir.

MAJOR MEANS: Lieutenant Stafford gave you your orders?

JONES: Yes, sir. The first man in the room there is—(Picks up slip of paper and hands it to major.)

MAJOR (Reads): Ferdinand Van Rensselaer. (Then, reminiscently.) Most eccentric, as I remember the case. (Looks up at Jones.) Your handwriting is unusual, Jones. (Jones stares at him.) I see you are surprised. But that's how I work. I notice even the smallest things. And keen observation, Jones, keen observation. That's the secret. The smallest things are often the most important. Now your handwriting reveals an unexpected amount of character—

JONES (Unable to hold in any longer): I didn't write that, sir. Lieutenant Stafford did.

MAJOR (Considerably annoyed, looks down at table, and then speaks sharply): There's no flashlight on the table. I ordered it.

JONES: I'm sorry, sir, but they didn't tell me—

MAJOR: Don't argue. Get it.

JONES: Yes, sir. (Salutes and exits L.)

(Major Means paces up and down with hands behind his back, then goes to wall right, and hangs up his cap on hook. As he does this, enter Captain William Johnson, U. S. R., from room R. The captain is in O. D. shirt, with breeches, spiral leggings and marching shoes. No insignia on his collar. He is thirty-five years old, but looks to be about thirty. He comes into the room quickly as if he were looking for someone, then sees Major Means, stops and salutes.)

MAJOR (Acknowledging salute): You've not been ordered in here.

CAPTAIN JOHNSON: No, sir. I was looking for an orderly.

MAJOR MEANS: But as long as you're here, we might as well begin the examination at once. Take a chair.

CAPTAIN: Isn't there a mistake, sir?

MAJOR: Sit down. (The captain does so.) How old are you?

CAPTAIN: Thirty-five.

MAJOR: You don't look it. You don't look more than thirty. (Watches to see what effect this questioning will have, but so far Captain Johnson merely answers in puzzled manner): Are you married?

CAPTAIN: Yes, sir.

MAJOR: Do you love your wife?

CAPTAIN (Looks up at him amazed): Sir, I'm a gentleman.

MAJOR: Then you're not.

CAPTAIN (Rising): Will you tell me, sir, why I should be subjected to this examination?

MAJOR: Steady, steady. Don't get excited.

CAPTAIN: But why should I be selected for examination?

MAJOR: Because I have observed that you vary from the normal type that makes a good officer, and I have ordered you here for further close observation. As my subordinate, you obey. Sit down. (Captain Johnson sits again C.) Were you in business before you came into the army?

CAPTAIN: I was.

MAJOR: What was your income? (Captain looks at him, and major repeats his question): What was your income?

CAPTAIN: \$15,000 a year.

MAJOR: That is good—for a young man. Why did you sacrifice it to come into the army?

CAPTAIN (Looks up at him angrily, but decides to answer): Because I like army work, sir, and because I knew men were needed in the army—with the nation at war.

MAJOR (Sharply): Confine your answers to facts. How did you know that you liked army work?

CAPTAIN: Because I've been in the army seven years and a half.

MAJOR: And you were successful in business as well. Quite a remarkable young man!

CAPTAIN (Annoyed): Are you trying to make fun of me?

MAJOR: I am not.

CAPTAIN (Rising): Then I suppose you're implying that I am a liar!

MAJOR: Steady, steady, young man.

CAPTAIN: And you might find it possible to talk to me without so much of that "young man" stuff.

MAJOR: Remember you're addressing an officer.

CAPTAIN: I remember that you've asked me a lot of impertinent questions, and when I answered politely you tried to make me out a liar. Now I'd like to know what the hell you're up to? (Faces the major.)

MAJOR (Now angry himself): I'm up to this, that I have authority to examine you men and those whom I report unfitted to be officers will end their training now.

CAPTAIN: Well I'll be damned!

MAJOR: And you, young man, will be so reported at once. (Captain laughs. This makes the major more angry): The first thing a candidate for a commission has to learn is discipline, and I observe that you are totally unable to submit to discipline. I shall recommend your discharge from the camp at once, Mr. Van Rensselaer.

CAPTAIN: What's that?

MAJOR: I shall recommend your discharge at once as being temperamentally unfitted—

CAPTAIN: I heard that stuff. What was the name?

MAJOR: Mr. Van Rensselaer—your name.

CAPTAIN: That is not my name.

MAJOR: Not your name! What are you talking about? I have it here on a piece of paper as the orderly

wrote it. (Goes down to table R. and holds up piece of paper.)

CAPTAIN: I don't care what you've got written there.

MAJOR: You are excitable. You never would do for service under any conditions. The least argument, and you don't even know your own name.

CAPTAIN: Certainly I know my own name.

MAJOR (Ignoring this): I don't see how you've lasted even as a private, Mr. Van Rensselaer.

CAPTAIN (Angrily): I am not Mr. Van Rensselaer, and I am not a private.

MAJOR: What, are you going to tell me now that you are an officer already?

CAPTAIN: Of course I will, I *am* an officer, you damn fool.

MAJOR (Having lost his temper completely): That's the end. You are discharged. I'll have you out of here before the day is over. (Enter Private Jones L. with serge blouse and an electric flashlight in his hand.)

JONES (Saluting): The flashlight, sir.

MAJOR: Put it there on the table. (Jones does so.) And take this man at once to his barracks.

JONES: This man—why, this is Captain Johnson!

(Major stands astounded. Jones crosses to captain, stops and salutes): Your blouse, sir. The camp tailor brought it just now.

CAPTAIN (Takes blouse): Thank you. (Puts it on, the collar having insignia of his rank.)

MAJOR: Then you really are an officer!

CAPTAIN: I am, sir.

MAJOR: And what were you doing here?

CAPTAIN: I stayed here last night, sir, under medical care. Now I report for duty. (Enter Lieutenant Stafford L. He salutes, Major Means and Captain Johnson both return the salute. Private Jones is upstage R. at attention. There is an awkward pause of a second.)

LIEUTENANT STAFFORD: Are you ready to begin, major?

MAJOR MEANS: Yes, at once.

LIEUTENANT STAFFORD: Captain, I should like to have you meet Major Means—

MAJOR: We've just been getting acquainted.

LIEUTENANT STAFFORD (Turning to captain): You probably know about the Major's great work in psychopathy—

CAPTAIN: I was beginning to learn about it.

LIEUTENANT STAFFORD (Turning to major): And you, major, must have heard of the captain's brilliant record. He is rather well known for his fighting qualities. In fact we consider him one of our best officers—

MAJOR: I was beginning to learn about him.

CAPTAIN: That's enough, lieutenant. You embarrass me. I'm off, unless (Turns to major) the major has some orders for me.

MAJOR (Smiling): As you were. (Captain salutes and goes out R. Major goes down to table and turns to Lieutenant Stafford). There's just one trouble with these examinations, lieutenant, and that is we're so used to looking for abnormal types a regular man will fool us—sometimes. Bring in that first man.

JONES: Yes, sir. (Aside) Well I'll be d—d.

CURTAIN.



MEDICAL CORPS

Sitting, left to right—Lieut. Col. S. M. DeLoffre Lieut. Col. A. W. Williams Major R. W. Andrews
 Standing, left to right—Lieut. J. A. Lanahan Capt. A. P. Francine Capt. E. A. Tobin Lieut. W. H. Richardson
 Lieut. F. B. Trudeau Lieut. J. W. Price Lieut. R. H. Bolling Lieut. H. A. Benson Lieut. J. R. Hogan

PICKING THE FIT

PHYSICAL fitness is an entirely relative term. In civil life it is a reasonably possible achievement. In the army it can't be done.

The rigors of Plattsburg training are endurable. One survives sixteen hours per day of military contortions, gets by somehow; but to meet the demands of the medical corps is a different story.

They, we of Plattsburg know, are the discoverers and compilers of all the imperfections of mankind. Back home you may have delivered ice or moved pianos twelve hours a day and sought diversion in a night school of pugilism, but all that availeth you nothing at Plattsburg. You may be allowed to continue army work—most of them are—but do not forget that it is by the grace and charity of the medical corps.

The mental state of a promising heifer at a county fair must be beautifully placid in comparison to that of the Plattsburg candidate.

Still the inquisition is inflicted by degrees. That much can be said for it. Your benign family physician lets you down easily in the beginning. In fact, he smiles proudly as he scans your lithe limbs, and lays his head against your manly chest again to hear the rhythmic functioning of the organs he has kept in repair these many years. To give you anything but a perfect score would be self-incriminating, which is unethical and not done in the best medical circles.

The record he gave you is not even of casual interest at the next examination. To even refer to it at Governor's Island is treason to the very country you hope to serve. It is an affront to the medical corps whose favor you seek.

They start all over again and the pace quickens. They give you a brand-new record sheet unsullied by civilian practitioners, and you are dead till they bid you live.

You spend an enlightening afternoon on the Island, weighing in, identifying the colors of brilliantly hued yarn, memorizing the lines on the optical test sheets against the moment when you will be asked to read them, repeating the whispers hissed at you by a personage in a far corner, who is interested in your hearing and curious to know whether he can frighten you by the noise he makes, trotting in your tracks so that the patience of sorely tried heart and lungs may be adjudged—in short, at the end of it all you are anatomically card indexed from corns to bald-headedness. If you find yourself still conscious after the air of the corral you are morally sure of your own immunity from gas attacks.

After it is all over you feel good about it. You haven't lived such a wild life after all. You always knew you were strong. You regret deeply that other men refuse to live as you have done. If they only knew the joy and satisfaction that comes with the pronouncement that you are fit to battle for your country, that you are among the elect chosen to throttle and vanquish the proud Prussians!

You are ready now for Plattsburg. Before the day of departure you do some vigorous walking and deep breathing for good measure. There is no physical examination on the train, not even suspicion.

In camp all goes well for a week or so. Your herculean body is at rest with your



Major Gregory—Cerberus

patriotic soul. Then the medical corps find it out. They mobilize. The serum is uncorked and needles unpacked. Iodine is placed within reach of desperate men. The dispensary doors are flung wide, and you and the others of the first three thousand are bidden enter. You are jabbed and painted and picked up anywhere between the rear door and your barracks bunk. This has happened on Sunday. On Thursday you are feeling more like work. The new typhoid germs within you are knocking off for the weekend and you begin to think you may go along. Somehow this gets to the medical corps. On Friday you are informed of another jabfest for Sunday.

There is a month of this. It stops suddenly. Several hundred men are pronounced immune from various diseases. You figure that they are by this time so crowded with germs that not even one more could possibly elbow his way in. It is also rumored that the Government is considering trying to get a little serum for some of the other camps.

Anyway the job is done and candidates everywhere are reported as recovering. Now for work! Perfect in being and a guarantee for the future stamped right on your arm! Nothing ahead but a hop, skip and a jump into a uniform. It was tough while it lasted, but in the army one must expect those things; and since it is all over, why worry about it?

Such is youth, hopeful and trustful youth, unmindful of the indiscretion of appearing to be happy, sublimely forgetful of the medical corps.

Immediately another physical examination is necessary. It is announced. There are dark rumors. The work is begun. Those that have gone before become but faint memories of soft-hued days with gentle friends.

Long lines of blue men clad in khaki are led to the dispensary. The meekness of despair has quenched any and all smoldering fires of revolt. A mysterious order takes a section from the waiting ranks and it disappears through the rear door of Barracks G. Five men enter the dispensary and a scowling, perspiring figure closes the door behind them. Five more go in and then five more. There is now a constant drain on the forces assembled outside, but more men are coming up. In time appear some of those who were bidden farewell at Barracks G. One listens to their accounts with misgivings.

"I never had any heart trouble," says one. "Now I've got to go back to-morrow for another examination. Too fast. Beats like a steam engine. Wonder who that big guy is?"

"Trudeau, I guess," we glean from another as he buttons his shirt. "You know, Trudeau from Saranac. Lung expert. Reserve officer now. Lieutenant. Big as a brigadier, though, and better natured than one."

"Well, I didn't have the big fellow, only saw him. Couldn't help it. Price was my man. Also from Saranac, reserve lieutenant, and lungs and heart. Fine chap, Price. Acts just as nice as if he were going to treat you for five years and had an advance fee. He could tell you you had T. B. and make you glad of it."

Even while we are listening to the foregoing, comes a call for volunteers to fill the diminishing ranks in G. A dozen brave men go. Captain Francine—reserve, lungs

and heart—takes a hand. The trio get into action. They listen gravely to hearts and thump on chests in reply. You say "Ninety-nine." That seems to be the mystic sign of the Order of the Lungs. You repeat it. It is not difficult to memorize. You cough, perhaps for the first time in your life. Meantime you are being given the stethoscope massage. Finally you are permitted to go, sometimes scot free as far as the Francine-Trudeau-Price combination is concerned. Some are commanded to return on the morrow. Even-tempered hearts and sturdy lungs are ultimately consigned to barracks, the others to the hospital. The chronic cases are discharged, returning to their work of moving pianos.

Hopes are still being blasted in the dispensary, whither you now go. En route you see Major Andrews, lord high director of the tortures, solemnly enter with the mien of a man who has just placed the morgue in readiness. You soon follow. Inside you glimpse shirt-sleeved forms performing weird rites over downtrodden candidates. You run the gauntlet. One man doesn't believe you can read, and you prove it to him by naming the letters on a card on the wall, reading them right off—by memory, as per Governor's Island.

Lieutenant Buck—he of the pipe—looks at your glasses and informs you the lens are plain plate glass.

Lieutenant Benson looks into your ears with a flashlight apparatus. You are careful not to wag your ears lest Major Gregory nearby see you. Benson also looks at your throat and you say "Ah" just as if you had discovered what it was all about.

Again you identify little balls of yarn. Practice has made this easy.

Lieutenant Lanahan guesses your exact weight, and if you don't believe he's right he weighs you and proves it.

Lieutenant Bolling and some others search for other defects. You now approach the ordeal of ordeals, the test that makes strong men clench their fists and nervous men gnash their teeth to still their wrath. You guessed it, Major Gregory.

Dapper, professional, military, alert, confident is he. Occasionally he dares a horrible death by merely asking a question. Before he deigns to speak, his assistant explores your eyes with a flashlight. What he sees there besides lack of sleep no man knows. He feels your hand. You have been standing by the stove and your hand perspires. He deduces that you are nervous and asks you about it. If you stoutly deny it he agrees with you. If you admit it of course he was right. Either way, it's up to you. If you are made to return the next day and the fire is out and your hand is blue from the cold of the dispensary, you are nervous because your hand is cold.

Major Gregory manifests a condescending interest in you at this point. At first you think he constitutes the Board of Morals. You marvel when he tells you right off-hand that you have occasionally drunk too much and that you smoke too many cigarettes. You begin to feel that if they are really so particular about a man's habits it wouldn't do any harm to sign the pledge.

Then he inquires as to your domestic relations if any. He is also interested in how much money you make. You are about to tell him that you are loaded up with insurance,

(Continued on page 69.)



"All Over"



The Last Long Mile

By

E. BREITENFELD

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owner of copyright.)



H, they put me in the army and they handed me a pack,
They took away my nice new clothes and dolled me up in kack,
They marched me twenty miles a day to fit me for the war,
I didn't mind the first nineteen, but the last one made me sore.

Chorus:

Oh, it's not the pack that you carry on your back,
Nor the Springfield on your shoulder,
Nor the five-inch crust of Clinton County dust,
That makes you feel your limbs are growing older—
And it's not the hike on the
 hard turnpike
That wipes away your smile,
Nor the socks of sister's
That raise the blooming
 blisters;
It's the last long mile.



SECOND VERSE

Some day they'll send us over and they'll put us in a trench
Taking pot shots at the Fritzes with the Tommies and the French,
And some day we'll be marching through a town across the Rhine
And then you bet we'll all forget these mournful words of mine.

[*Chorus:* Oh, it's not the pack, etc.]

THE LAST LONG MILE—*Chorus*

Oh it's not the pack that you car-ry on your back, nor the

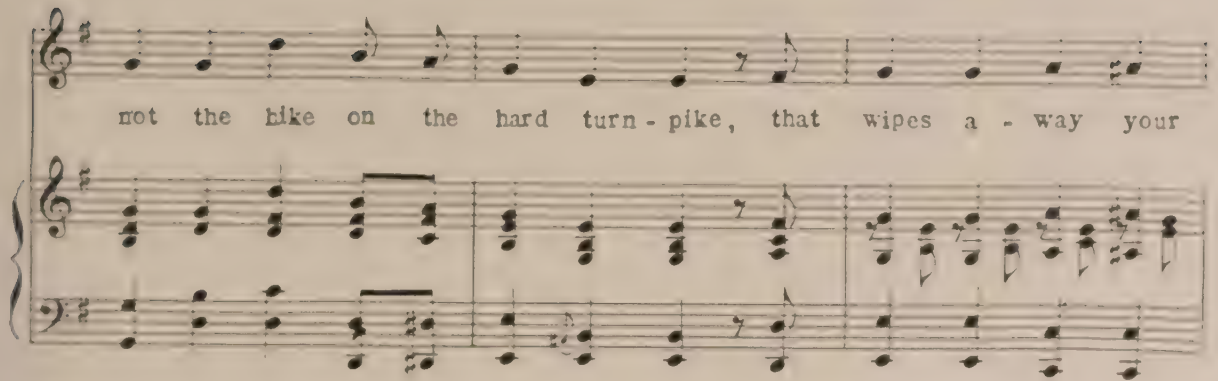
Spring - field on your shoul - der, Nor the

five inch crust of Clin - ton coun - ty dust that

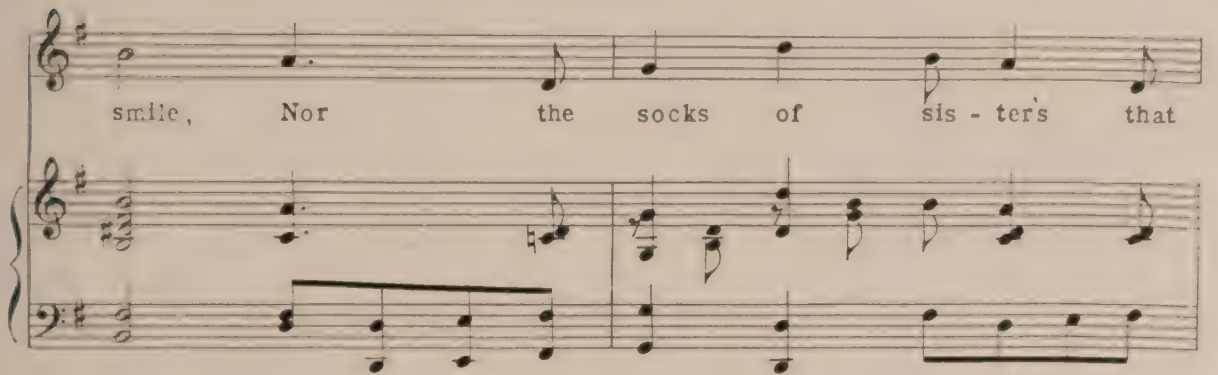
makes you feel your limbs are grow - ing ol - der, And it's

p-f

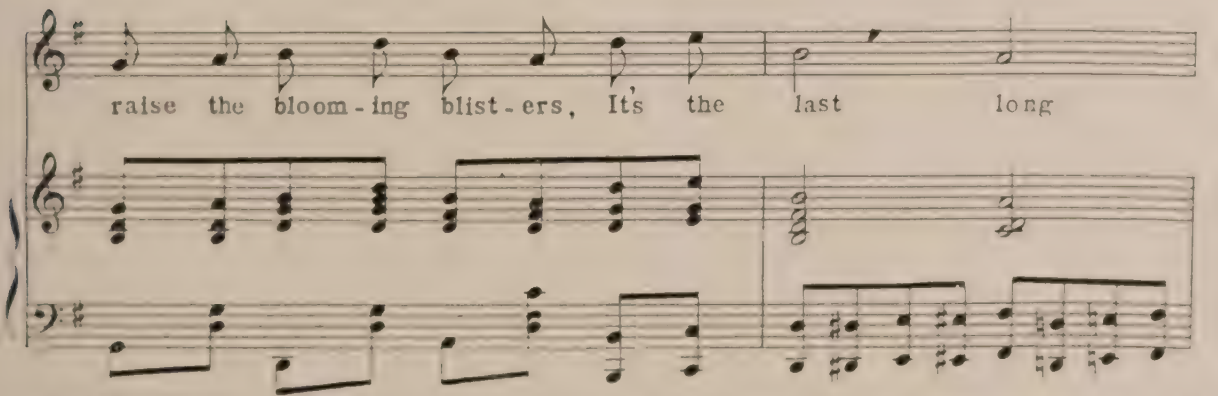
THE LAST LONG MILE—*Chorus*



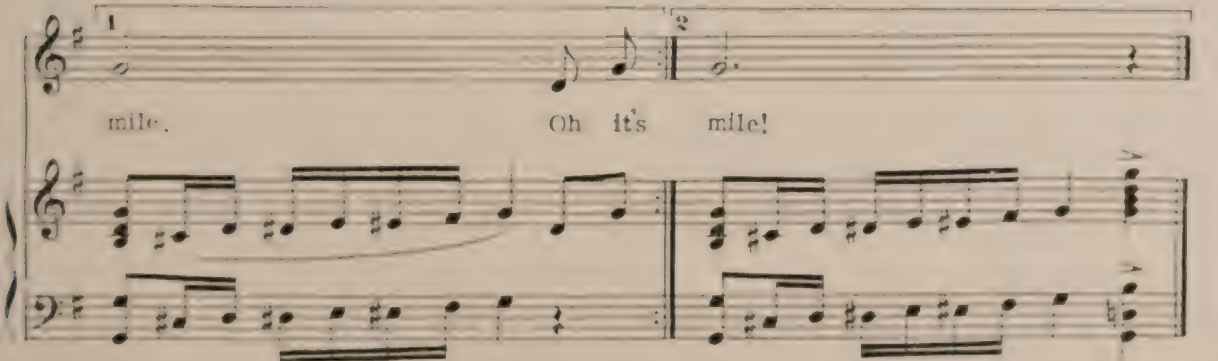
not the hike on the hard turn - pike, that wipes a - way your



smile, Nor the socks of sis - ter's that



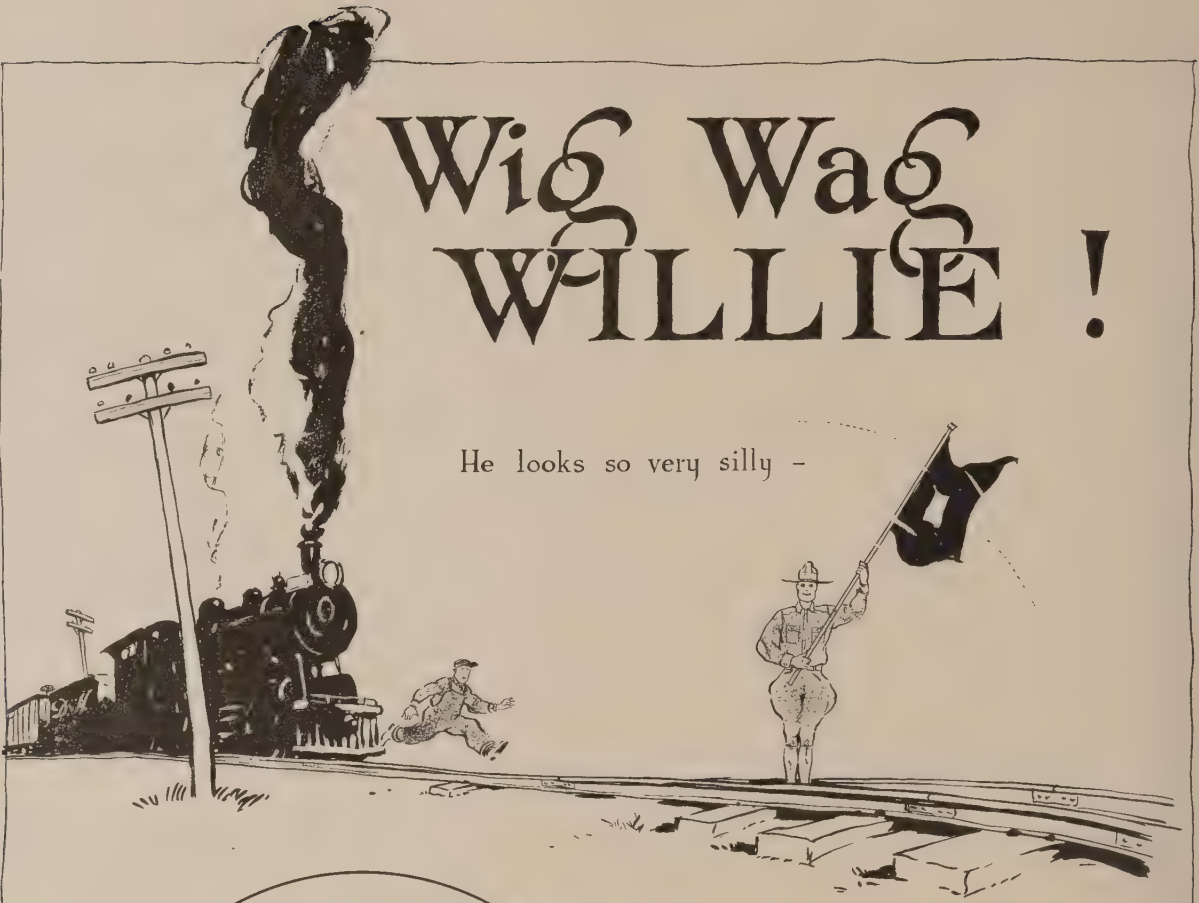
raise the bloom - ing blis - ers, It's the last long



mile. Oh it's mile!

Wig Wag WILLIE !

He looks so very silly -

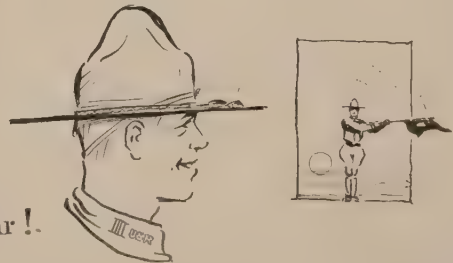


The poor old D. and H. is getting
— Heart disease!



With his dot dash dot
so snappy —

Every six foot engineer
Simply sighs - Oh dear! Oh dear!.



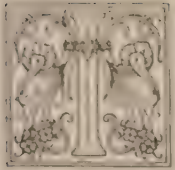
He makes his Captain happy !

HILLIKER
— 14TH NY

WIG WAG WILLIE

By

E. BREITENFELD



If you ever pass the barracks by the railroad track,
Most any time you might
Observe a funny sight,
You'll see a chap behaving in a most peculiar way,
His arms are madly waving, and you'll hear the people say:

They call him Wig Wag Willie,
He looks so very silly,
As he waves his little banner in the breeze;
With his dot dash dot so snappy,
He makes his Captain happy,
While the poor old D. & H. is getting heart disease;
For he flags each freight
On time or running late,
With his S. O. S. in military code,
And each six foot engineer
Gently sighs: "Oh dear, oh dear!"
When Willie wags the wig wag on the railroad.

Each day he sends his message so that all may read:
"I think it will rain." "Those beans give me a pain."
And all the engines turn around and go the other way,
Because they know there's danger when a flag is waved that way.

They call him Wig Wag Willie, etc.—

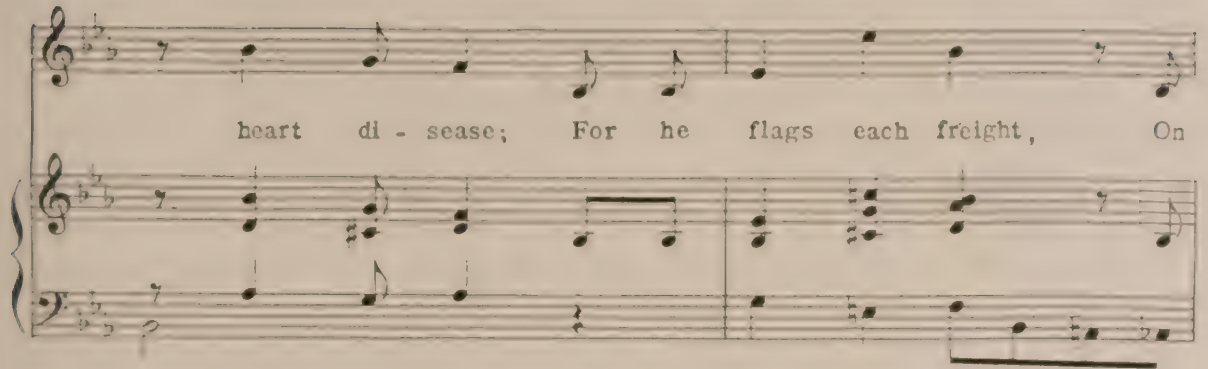
WIG WAG WILLIE—*Chorus*

They call him wig wag Wil - lie, He

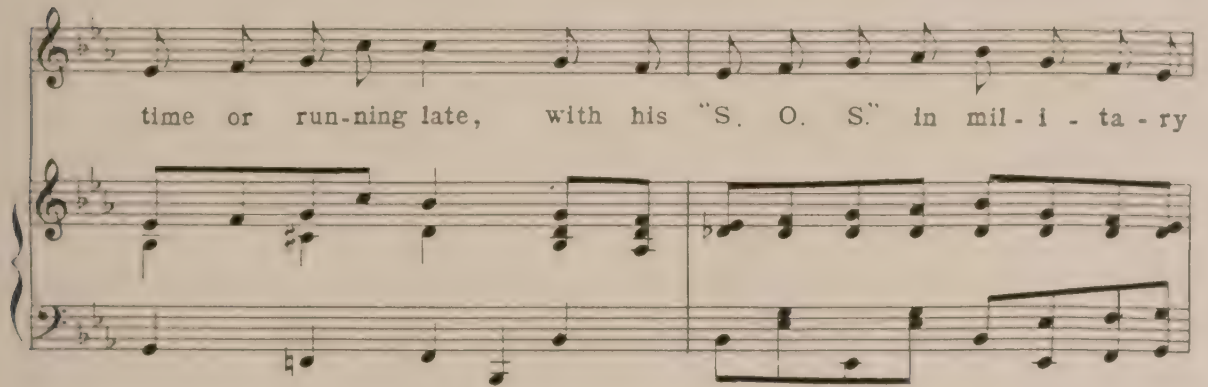
looks so ve - ry sil - ly As he waves his lit - tle ban - ner in the

breeze, With his dot - dash - dot so snap - py, He

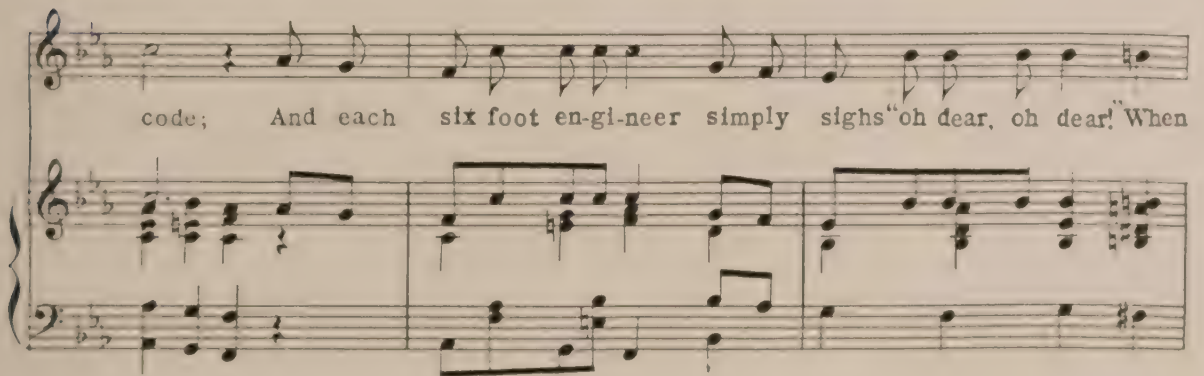
makes his cap - tain hap - py, While the poor old D. & H. is get - ting

WIG WAG WILLIE—*Chorus*


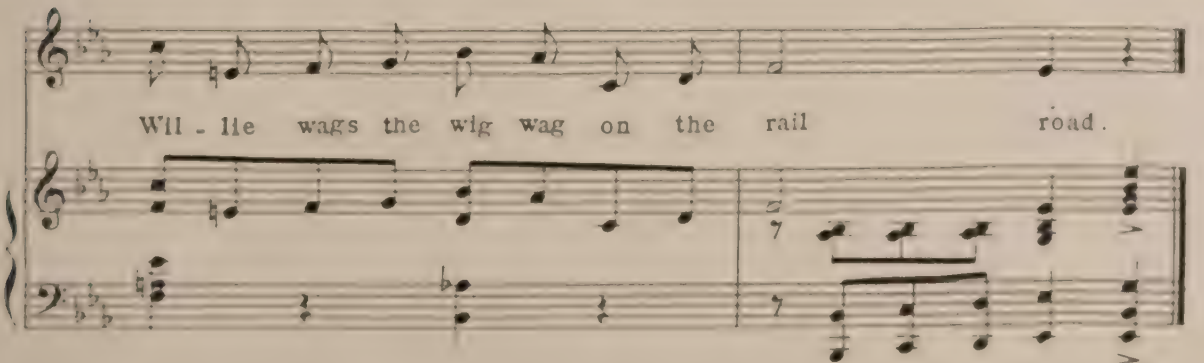
heart di - sease; For he flags each freight, On



time or run-ning late, with his "S. O. S." in mil - i - ta - ry



code; And each six foot en-gi-neer simply sighs "oh dear, oh dear!" When



Wil - lie wags the wig wag on the rail road.

CAUGHT ON THE HIKE

Time. Cold, Rainy Day in October.

Place. Battery Park and on the March.

CAPTAIN (To himself): I'll get away with it all right, but I'm blamed scared some of the boys will kill a horse or run a carriage off a bridge.

SWING DRIVER: Say, is this horse's collar on straight?

ARMY SERGEANT: You have it on backward, sir. (To himself.) Where do they pick these boobs?

CANNONEER: I'm glad I'm a cannoneer; nothing to do but ride on a caisson.

CAPTAIN: Stretch the traces. Right by section, ma-a-a-arch. Column right, ma-a-a-arch. (Looking around.) Where you going with that second section? I didn't say by the right flank march.

SECTION CHIEF: Yes, sir. (To lead driver.) See here, you watch out or you'll get me a dirty mark.

LEAD DRIVER: I have all I can do to drive this pair, and feed them grass when we halt. You listen for orders yourself. Don't you bawl me out because you have a tin ear.

WHEEL DRIVER: Take off that brake. D'you think you're running a cable car?

CANNONEER: Don't get peevish. I was fixing my haversack.

CANNONEER ON LIMBER (As horseman passes): How'd that guy get on the B. C. detail?

SECOND CANNONEER (Average A 46 P 32): Not by looking over my shoulder.

CAPTAIN: Lift that limber pole! Wake up, you're in the army now.

SECOND CANNONEER: Yes, sir. (To companion.) I told you he had it in for me.

FIRST SERGEANT: For the love o' Mike, don't let those wheel horses do all the pulling. Now don't jerk 'em into the collar. Ooze 'em in; take it up gradually—gradually.

LEAD DRIVER: I'd like to see you drive this pair. They don't make dynamite strong enough to move this off horse.

CAPTAIN: H-a-a-a-alt! Pass it down the line there. Keep out of that jam. Pull over to the right. Mr. Blank, you ought to know better than that. Put down that limber pole. Who's holding that pair?

DRIVER (At roadside): I am, sir. I was pulling some grass.

CAPTAIN: A horse hasn't any sense. They'll walk out of the traces, and then what'll you do? Don't you ever leave their heads without having some one in your place.



(To himself.) Horses are monuments of intelligence compared to some of these drivers.

CANNONEER (To wheel driver): When you trot, I wish you'd trot more gently. This piece hasn't any springs, and you're jarring my counter recoil buffer up through the top of my head.

DRIVER: I'll change any time you say. My right leg is permanently out of action.

CAPTAIN (To brother officer): I should have made it hearts, but I thought I could get away with it no trumps. She roasted me good. (To driver.) Mr. Blank, fix that loin strap. Do I have to keep riding up and down the line all the time thinking of nothing but harness?

IN CAMP

NO. 1 (To relief): I have sixty-nine horses, thirty-nine on this side the picket line and thirty-two on the other; my post extends—

CORPORAL OF THE GUARD: Wait a minute, that's more than sixty-nine horses.

NO. 1: Well, you know I always was generous.

CANNONEER (Piercing water blister): And I thought a cannoneer had nothing to do but ride! I've dug and I've shoveled and I've filled grain bags till I'm a credit to the army.

NO. 2: Loose horse! Number Two! Loose Horse! Number Two!

STABLE SERGEANT: There he is. Over by that caisson. Grab his halter.

NO. 2: I'm afraid he'll kick me.

DRIVER (Awakened by snoring): What time is it? Almost morning?



TENT MAKER (Flashing light): It's 10.20. Gee, it's cold!

NO. 1 (So whole camp can hear): Who goes there?

STABLE SERGEANT: Stable sergeant.

NO. 1 (At top of lungs): Advance and be identified.

CAPTAIN (Waking up): Get me a cup of coffee. (To himself.) I'd give \$10 for a bath in a bathtub.

FIRST SERGEANT: Strike that tent there.

CANNONEER: But it's raining.

FIRST SERGEANT: You're a heluva soldier! Get down to the picket line and help pull on that 'paulin.

BUGLER: Shall I sound the mess call?

COOK: Those guys give me a pain. Us cooks is the ones that gets to know human nature.

CANNONEER: Where can I wash my hands?

BORDER CAVALRY VETERAN: Oh, that's all right. Why, man, you'll come to like it that way.

CAPTAIN (To brother officer as hike ends): Good-bye, old chap. We've had a fine war.

*I Want to Do Things in
a Military Way*



Give Me a Kiss by the Numbers

By J. F. TROUNSTINE



One!



Two!

Johnny came to Plattsburg
When the U. S. went to war;
He had energy galore,
But he'd never fought before.
His specialty was loving
Pretty girlies by the score—
Said he always satisfied them
When they shouted out for more.
But Johnny changed his tactics on that day;
Said when they asked him why, here's what
he'd say:

CHORUS:

Give me a kiss by the numbers,
I want to do things in a military way;
I used to kiss without any thought of cadence,
And oh, oh, what pleasure I used to give the
 maidens!
But it's different, oh, so different
Since they put a uniform on me!
So-o, give me a kiss by the numbers,
In cadence—One! Two! Three!



Three!

GIVE ME A KISS BY THE NUMBERS.—*Chorus*

Give me a kiss by the num-bers, —

I want to do things in a mil-i-ta-ry way;

I used to kiss with-out an-y thought of ca-dence, —

And oh, oh, what plea-sure I used to give the maid-ens!

GIVE ME A KISS BY THE NUMBERS. *Chorus*

But it's dif - fer ent, oh, so dif fer - ent

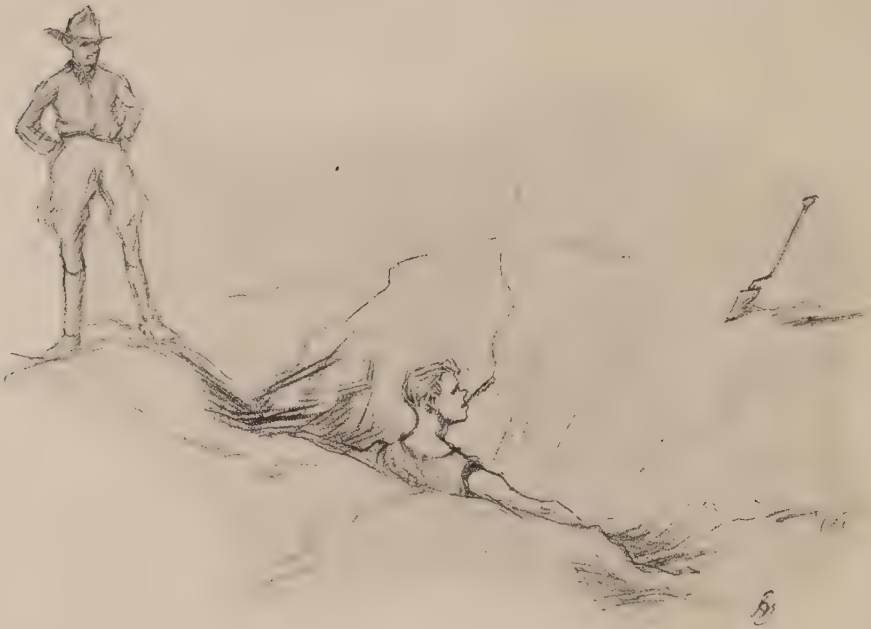
Since they put a u - ni - form on me

So O — give me a — kiss by the num - bers, In ca - dence

One! Two! Three!

FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE

*Brought from "Over There" by a Candidate Who Compares
Plattsburg Training with Actual War Conditions*



"This is a cinch—nothing to do all day and all day to do it in!"

AFTER training in England for three months, during which time it rained on an average of six days in every seven, an American, serving with the Canadians, was heard to remark, "Now I know why the sun never sets on the British flag;—the d—— sun never comes out to set." And Sunny France has also done very well, all things considered, in proving the folly of accepting a poetical expression as an index to actual conditions. If a man has the proper "viscera" and can put up with the hardships and trials of inclement weather, there is a possibility that he may become a fairly good soldier. But don't misunderstand; putting up with the hardships doesn't necessarily mean that he won't "grouch."

To "grouch" is a soldier's one privilege, and to retain this privilege it is expedient that it should be properly exercised. A Canadian or any other Colonial would be considered a poor soldier if, at some time or other, he hadn't expressed the desire that they "give England to the Kaiser with apologies for the condition it was in." And unless I am greatly mistaken and human nature has been turned upside down, the American troops are going to be well represented when claims for this privilege are filed.

* * * * *

Owing to conditions changing from day to day, the difference in the lay of the land, whether you are on the offensive or defensive, in a quiet part of the line or in a sector where there is heavy fighting going on, it is impossible to lay down any set rules to govern the present and future methods of trench warfare. So in the training of the American troops today the best one can do is to give general ideas and as clear a conception as possible of what has been done and what is going on at the present time. With this knowledge, both theoretical

and practical—with emphasis laid on the practical—they will be in a position to adapt themselves to circumstances which will be confronted when they come into actual contact with the enemy.

The system of trenches that we have constructed in Plattsburg, by the sweat of our brow and the criticisms of a favored few, are for the purpose of trying to instill in our minds a general perception of what will be found when we get to Sunny France. The trenches were laid out as if an actual enemy was intrenched just beyond the railroad.

Advantage was taken of all points that would give a good field of fire and make well-disposed observation posts. Communication trenches, or "assembly trenches" as the British call them, were put in; not that there are very many sectors with this type of trench in use, but if we should run across something similar, we will at least know its purpose.

Before a battalion takes over a new position some of the officers, non-commissioned officers and scouts are sent in to reconnoiter and get a general idea of the lay of the land. According to trench phraseology, these trips are called "Cook's Tours—Personally Conducted"; and if a member of the party is unlucky or lucky enough to get killed or wounded the remark is always made by someone that "he failed to get a round-trip ticket."

When a working party is assigned to a certain task each man should be given so much work to do and when this is completed he should be permitted to lay off. We were unable to do this at Plattsburg as we had no organization for trench-work to start with, and that is the reason things appeared to move along a little slowly at first. It was

surprising, though, how much was accomplished by men who before couldn't tell a shovel from a three-inch field piece. During the second day of digging I was walking about the trenches when I came upon an individual sitting in the bottom of a trench industriously consuming a ten cent cigar. He evidently didn't notice Captain X standing only a few feet away. He remarked to me: "This is a cinch—nothing to do all day and all day to do it in." I said nothing and walked away. A few seconds later, upon looking back, there appeared to be a steam shovel working from the amount of dirt that was coming out—and from the exact place where only a few seconds before there was a soldier really enjoying himself. I wonder what happened!

And then a certain instructor said:

"Do you want to see a miracle?"

"Yes."

"Well just take a look at those eight men over there. For years their exercise has been confined to club windows. They have been in that shelter for a half an hour and it's almost deep enough already."

* * * * *

When the battalion actually goes in to take over a position on the line they are met at a prearranged point by guides from the unit that is being relieved, one guide for each platoon and four or five for headquarters company. The guides conduct the battalion by the shortest and safest route to the trenches. At times the whole distance is overland, while at others you may have to go through two or three miles of communication trenches. Always remember to obey the orders of the guides explicitly; if he says "drop," drop and don't attempt to do it "by the numbers." There may be points that the enemy knows that you must pass, and which he periodically sweeps with machine-gun fire; and it isn't particularly healthy to be caught admiring the landscape when he gets in this mood.

When met at the rendezvous by the guides the advance is always made in single file, it being impossible to move through the trenches in any other manner. Great emphasis must be laid on making the men keep closed up and always in touch with the man ahead. Companies and even battalions have been lost, for the time being, by just one man lagging behind. On the Somme last summer white tape had to be stretched along the ground, owing to the absence of landmarks, for two or three miles until the first trenches were reached.

When my old battalion went in this sector for the first time only half of them reached their positions the first night, owing to C and D Companies getting lost. The whole trouble was attributed to one man. About a mile from the front line the first communication trench (boyau) began; upon coming to a junction, where one trench went to the right and one to the left, this man, who was some distance behind, turned to the right instead of the left and led the platoon into the bottom of a trench two miles from the position to which they had been assigned.

By the time the mistake had been discovered and the return to the junction made, it was broad daylight. Some four hundred yards of the way from this point was overland, so here these two companies had to remain until the next night, for it wasn't considered military etiquette to cross this open place in clear view of the Boche gunners. So because one man was thinking of that "girl he left behind" instead of paying attention to where he was going, five hundred men were held up for twenty-four hours; and in twenty-four hours anything might have happened.

* * * * *

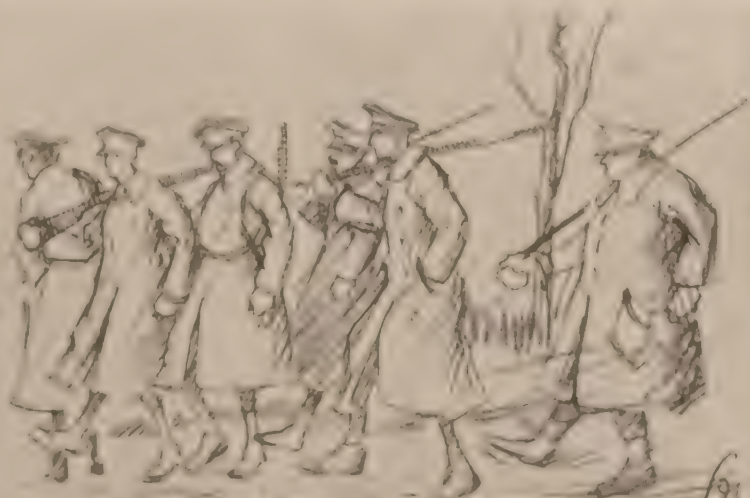
The food situation on the western front is a serious one. The rations are good—sometimes very good—when you get them, and when you don't get them they are just about the same. The food controllers are individuals who know no hunger and hence have no sense of justice; they are, namely, the quartermaster sergeants and the cooks. They know more about war and the way it should be conducted than the general staff. To prove it here is what they say about the high command:

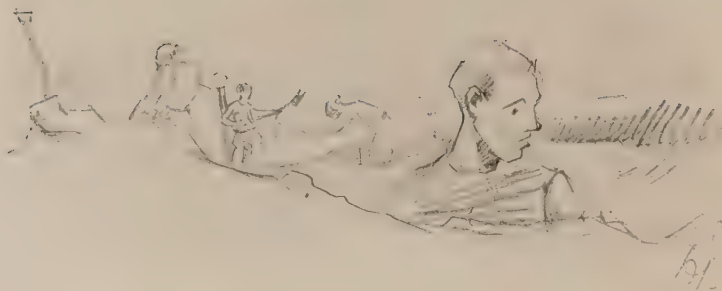
"If bread is the staff of life, what is the life of the staff?" And their answer—"Why, a long loaf."

In addition to the regular rations, each man carries an emergency package which is popularly known as "iron rations" and must under no circumstances be opened until the man has been without food for forty-eight hours or on the expressed permission of an officer. This package contains a tin of bully-beef, hard tack and tea, sugar and powdered milk mixed, and is wrapped in oil paper. When your artillery is popping off some "heavy stuff" this is known as "iron rations" for Fritz.

The food that we attempted to masticate in France had its origin in two sources, that which the "powers that be" considered sufficient to keep us from starving to death and that which was received from the loved ones at home. The government rations were usually delivered, while in the trenches, in sand bags, and an attempt was made, with some degree of success, to keep the various articles of food segregated. But they all acquired the distinctive sand-bag flavor, which was far from being displeasing after you had become accustomed to it.

The communal spirit was strong among us, in those days in France, and one package from home went a long way





A brief pause in trench digging when our young embryo officer has at last a keen realization of what digging a trench really means.

to make one section (about sixteen men) happy. Home-made fruit-cake and ration bully-beef was rather a case of extremes meeting, but so far as I could judge it produced no ill effects. I honestly think that we could have defied the dear ones at home to cook and send us anything so indigestible that we could not have enjoyed and assimilated it.

Mark Twain said, "The North American Indian could enjoy anything that he could eat and could eat anything that he could bite." The North American Indian has nothing on us in that regard. This may sound like a reflection on home cooking, but it is not so intended. As a simple statement of fact, however, it may give rest to consciences at home made uneasy by worrying over what would happen to one of our soldiers who ate a whole fruit-cake at one sitting, that the other young soldiers would take good care that he would not eat the whole of a fruit-cake, or the whole of anything else, and, if he did, O. D. Pills can always be pressed into service.

All troops "stand to" arms a half hour before dawn and before dusk and remain in this position for an hour; the reason being that practically all attacks are pulled off at this time. The advantage of attacking at these hours is that those attacking can see a short distance ahead while the enemy are unable to see what is going on until they are at close quarters. During the period of "stand to" an inspection takes place by the company and platoon commanders of rifles, gas masks, ammunition and ammunition stores and sanitation of the trenches; orders for the next twelve hours are issued and reliefs notified. At "stand down" the men are dismissed and the new relief posted.

In England the "pubs" (places where one may purchase alcoholic beverages) are open for business from 6:30 to 9 o'clock every evening, Sundays included. If you have an engagement with a friend the habitual remark is, "I'll meet you at the Savoy at 'stand to' and at 'stand down' we will go out and call on Miss Blank."

In the sending of messages we come back to the old primitive method of using runners. Each company has a telephone in the front line, but it is used for matters that pertain only to general routine and affairs of minor importance. The Boche has an instrument, and we have the same, that, when placed in a certain manner on the ground, enables the operator to pick up all telephone

messages within a radius of three miles. Of course, messages in code may be sent by wire, but it would necessitate the change of the code every day and it would be liable to misinterpretation and subject to delays; so now all commanders rely on the old-fashioned runners and orderlies to deliver their orders. Flares and rockets are used in signaling to the artillery and for the purpose of illuminating No Man's Land at night. Each night there is a different S O S signal to the artillery—one night it might be two reds—the next night a red and a green—the next night three reds and so on. Another method we used in conveying information to company headquarters during a raid was a type of rifle grenade that upon striking the ground burst into a flame that could be easily

seen, then picked up by an orderly and delivered to headquarters. Inside the grenade was a small metal receptacle into which a message had been placed.

* * *

The average infantryman knows very little of the functions and technique of the artillery, but as he gets pretty close to the receiving end of the guns he gets a fairly clear idea of what it is trying to accomplish. When advancing behind a barrage his proximity to where the shells are bursting is such as to be entirely detrimental to his previous condition of good health and spirits.

* * *

To sum up the whole situation, there appears to me to be two different systems of trench warfare on the Western front, the French method and the British, and the only difference is in the details. The details merely represent the characteristics of the two nations. The French deliver the quick, dashing, lightning-like blows, while the British, in their stoical manner, continue with their smashing, sledgehammer drives. The British and French organizations are practically identical, their arms are similar and they use them in practically the same way.

At the present time the Americans are sitting tight, taking it all in and digesting it well. Before long, after our troops have been in action for a few times, you will hear that General Pershing has taken these two methods, scrambled them together, added a little Yankee to it, divided it by two, and brought forth a new method labeled—AMERICAN.



ORDNANCE AND ORDER

The Two are Synonymous, this Account of the Department's Activities Shows

IN the final analysis of the strength of any military organization, major importance must be attached to the work of the Ordnance Department. The day of the army's waiting on the supply departments has passed; modern methods require that the fighting forces encounter no delay. Efficiency on the part of the Ordnance Department is imperative. Anything short of A No. 1 efficiency—and disaster steps in.

Just where the work of the Ordnance Department stops and that of the quartermaster begins is not a matter of general knowledge. Yet there is a certain well-defined line, a line which makes possible the closest and most profitable sort of co-operation between these two branches of the service. Included in material under control of ordnance are all articles of personal, squad and company equipment—roughly, articles of offense and defense. The Quartermaster's Department has to do with material pertaining to personal comfort such as clothing, sustenance and pay; ordnance concerning itself with the procurement of ordnance stores and supplies that are needed, the issue, care, repair and record work entailed, and, eventually, the packing up and shipping to the arsenal of such stores and supplies.

At the head of ordnance at the Plattsburg camp is Major H. J. Watson, C. A. C., U. S. A. Major Watson came here during the last camp from Fort Wadsworth, N. Y., where he acted as personnel officer for five months. Previously he served four years as inspector and instructor of the Coast Artillery Corps of the New York National Guard. When the second camp started in August, Major Watson had on his staff eight officers and two ordnance sergeants, but the number of officers has dwindled to two—Captain F. T. Addington, N. A., and Lieutenant W. M. Cummings, N. A.

When the first camp closed there were available some 6,000 sets of equipment, which had to be inspected, repaired and made ready for re-issue by the time the present camp opened, seven days later. Fifty per cent of the camp personnel arrived on August 23, and the remainder followed two days later. Three thousand men had to be completely equipped within forty-eight hours. To accomplish this, a plan was evolved which brought about a system of distribution which combined speed with efficiency. The organization was speeded up to the point where 1,800 men and their equipment were cared for in an hour.

The various parts were assembled on the rifles and all other articles of equipment were laid out on long counters in piles of ten each. The equipment came in one pile, ten in the next, and so on. Officers then checked each pile, and then rechecked one another's work. Still another check was afforded when the items were placed in the barrack bags, so it is not to be wondered at that the department looked mildly skeptical when some few candi-

dates registered complaints that they had been short-changed on their equipment. Quite a number of these mistreated few found that they had inadvertently dropped things en route to their quarters or had carelessly left first-aid pouches and the like in the barrack bags when they turned the bags in to the Quartermaster's Department.

During the period of range practice ammunition is gotten ready every evening and loaded on trucks ready to be transported to the range the first thing in the morning. Thirty-four thousand rounds of rifle ammunition and 16,000 rounds of pistol ammunition are prepared each evening to meet the morrow's requirements.



Major H. J. Watson
C. A. C., U. S. A.

Besides a mass of record work, considerable time is expended on the receiving of ordnance from candidates leaving camp and the clearing of their records, and on the repair of rifles and other articles more or less the worse for wear and tear. The number of damaged bayonet scabbards turned in attests the vigor of the candidates in that popular outdoor pastime, the bayonet drill.

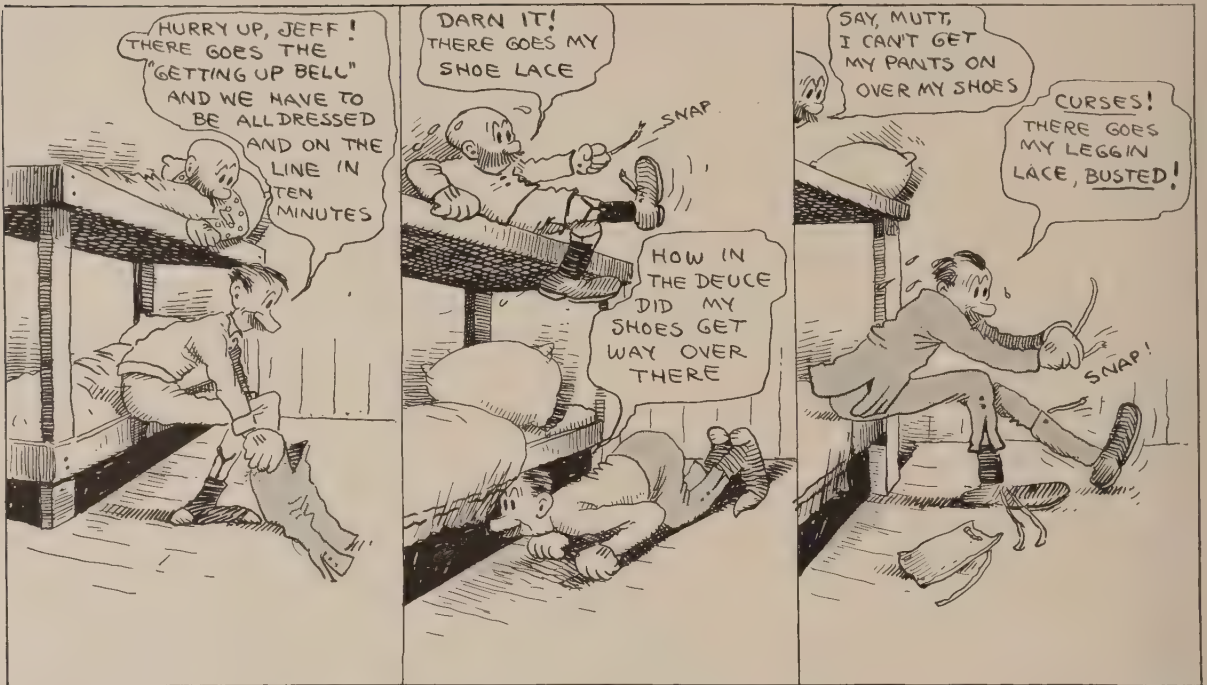
When the average member of the camp has worked on a dirty rifle for a few hours and by dint of sustained effort has brought to himself that feeling of satisfaction that comes but seldom, is the rifle clean? Listen to the answer of the Ordnance Department. When rifles are turned in to the department they are put in the hands of civilian employees, who give them continuous cleanings for a period of four, five, or even six or seven days. When the foreman of the cleaning force puts his O. K. on the rifles, does the department consider them clean? Again the negative has it. The rifles are then placed, minus oil, in racks exposed to the air, and left there for four days. If they stand the test they are then given a coating of Cosmic, inside and out, and then packed, ten in a box, until they are required for re-issue. And we, who have all along secretly cherished the notion that we were considerable little rifle cleaners, can only sit and wonder.

An interesting part of the Ordnance Department's work (we mean interesting from the viewpoint of the bystander) is the decapping of the shells fired on the range. All this decapping is hand work, and add to this the fact that there are some 50,000 shells to be decapped daily and quite a stupendous proposition is faced. This work is handled by civilians employed by the department. After the shells are decapped, washed and cleaned, they are shipped by the carload to the Frankford Arsenal.

Located near the Post Gymnasium, the four buildings that house the Ordnance Department, comprising the central office and three storehouses, form a center of activity within the post that is both essential and efficient. And, moreover, afford a good idea why the affairs of the second camp ran so smoothly.



"It Can't Be Done, Captain,



That Shave in the Ice

Drawn by
Capt. J. W. Lang

THE PLATOON LEADER REPLIES

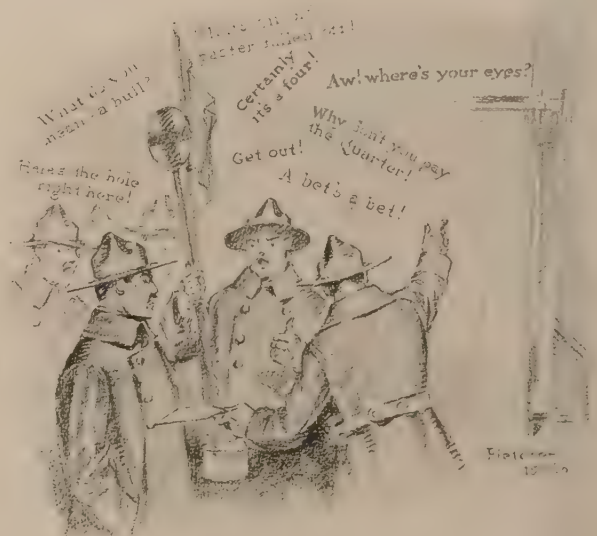
When the last faint groan is uttered
And the last short prayer is said,
The last faint Damn is muttered
And you wish that you were dead.
When the last long hike is over,
Map making left behind,
And you say, "By God, it's over;
It surely was some grind."
You're wrong, my son, dead wrong
If you think that this is hard.
The Lake Shore Road is not so long
Compared with the Somme Boulevard.
So, what if the Captain is a dub,

And the Lieut' is not much more,
The Commandant a good-for-nix,
And the work a deadly bore.
And what if the sytem is quite all wrong,
And the Mess not fit to eat,
And the coffee weak, and the butter strong,
Some day it'll be a treat.

THE REPLY

Lay off, good friend, lay off that lay
And pipe a cheerier tune,
I've troubles of my own to-day,
For I'm leading a Platoon.

—W. A. S.



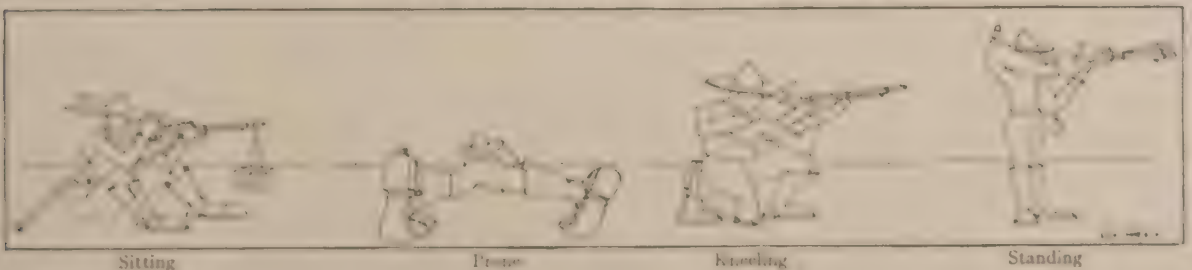
Mark 27 !!!

It Can't Be Done," by Bud Fisher



"The Same Old Game"

CORRECT POSITIONS AS THEY FEEL



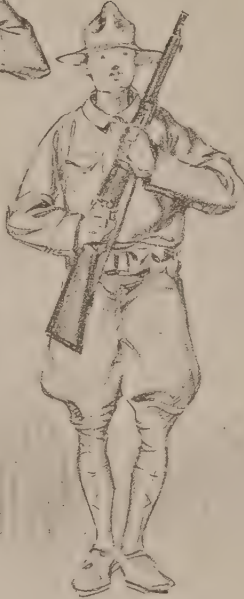
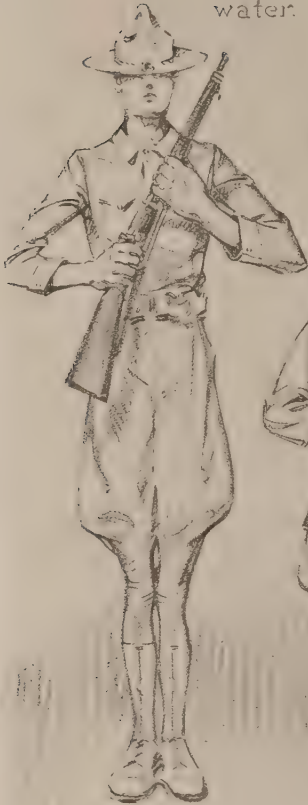
Sitting

Putting

Knocking

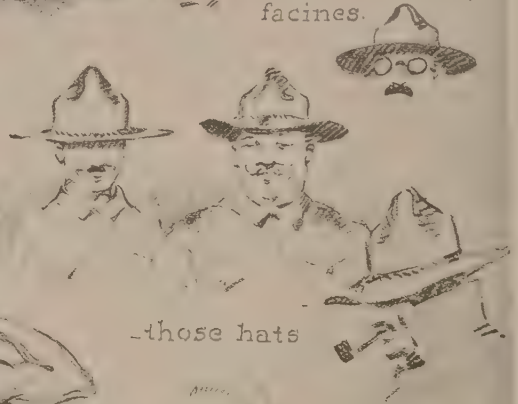
Standing

-six A.M with
only cold
water.

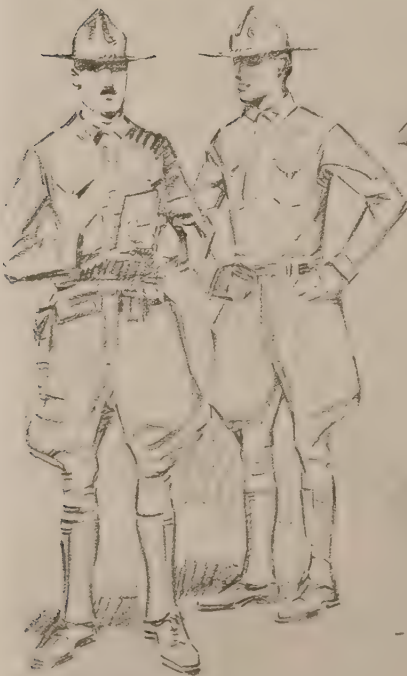


-about 330 that
day we cut for
facines.

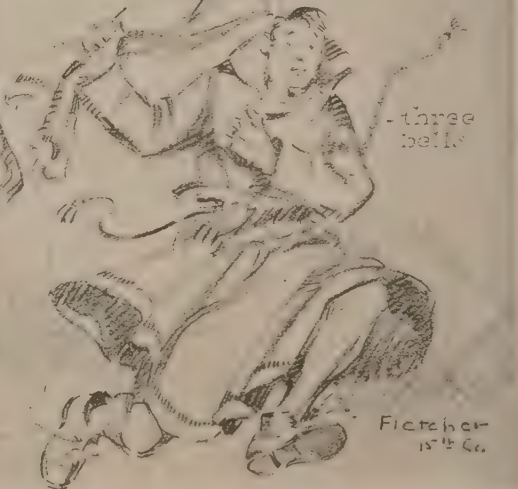
-the long and short of the 15th



-those hats



-in cadence-
exercise.



-three
bells

-the time you were
company commander

Fletcher
15th Co.

THE CANDIDATES' CLUB

Y. M. C. A. the Centre of Camp Social Activities

ONE of the most appreciated features of the camp was the Young Men's Christian Association. It was on the ground before the first camp opened, and at the formal opening of its building the men had their first opportunity to see and hear Major General Bell.

The association soon found a demand for more service than it could give in its one building and so opened a large and roomy tent in the heart of the New England section. Shortly after this a tent was also opened for civilian employees of the camp and this branch of the work caused much favorable comment.

When the First New York Field Artillery was ordered to Plattsburg so that the student officers might have the use of their material, a large tent was erected at their camp and manned by three men.

The Y. M. C. A. in its quiet but efficient way filled a large place in the life of the camp in many ways. Its recreational secretary suggested and helped in the organization of all the big field events that were held. He directed baseball games, loaned quoits and all kinds of physical equipment to the men, and made himself generally a useful part of the camp life during all of its spare time.

The correspondence tables of the Y. M. C. A. proved the most popular spots in camp. One could never go into the building during the off time without finding the writing space taxed to capacity.

The library, at first a small and little used part of the equipment, grew rapidly, and in its modest way proved its real value even to such busy men as Plattsburgers.

The Y. M. C. A. was an information bureau, postoffice, library, bank, musical conservatory, movie house, sporting goods supply station, messenger service and a general first aid to the busy candidate all rolled into one. Nothing was too trivial for its attention if it contributed to the comfort of some embryo officer, enlisted man or candidate, or even the man with the commission already won.

There was never a chill too cold, or a grouch so blue, that couldn't be banished in the warmth of the big cheery room with its piano and books and writing benches and innumerable conveniences.

Money could be deposited at any time and withdrawn without fuss or red tape. In fact, red tape was the one thing that could not be discovered at the Y. M. C. A. The candidate who unexpectedly found himself short of funds on the eve of the week end holiday experienced no difficulty in having his check on an out-of-town

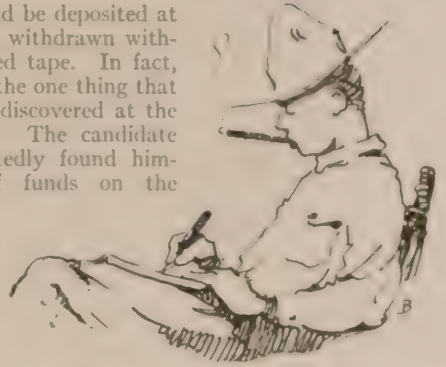
bank cashed at the desk in the little green building. The art of letter writing was encouraged by signs on the wall and a generous supply of attractive paper and envelopes, that withstood all assaults despite the lavish use to which they were put. If "The Girl I Left Behind Me" wasn't forgotten she has the Y. M. C. A. to thank for it.

Those candidates, who, despite their addiction to chess, escaped Major Gregory's inspection, were enabled to find worthy opponents by consulting the Y. M. C. A.'s files. For a carefully compiled record of all the candidates' favorite diversions, as well as a mass of other information, had been made. Looking through these statistics one could find members of his own college fraternity, lodge or club or perhaps a companion for a little reading in Browning, for quite a few gave that as their favorite indoor amusement. All the paraphernalia of baseball and football were provided for those with brows not so elevated. The literature distributed, like the amusement furnished, was equally broad in its scope, with books and magazines dealing with adventures "over there" easily the leading favorites.

Not satisfied with six days of good deeds in the week the Y. M. C. A. men were up and at it early in the morning on the seventh day. At 7:30 they had a communion service and at 9:00 o'clock the regular Y. M. C. A. service, for which they were able to draw on the best speaking talent this country and Canada could produce. In the time of our country's need the men all felt the necessity for a man's religion and responded to the virile messages presented at these meetings.

When all has been said, the most vital part of the life of the Y. M. C. A. was the personality of the secretaries in charge of the work. By their courteous response to every call for service, no matter how much work it entailed nor how far away it seemed from their regular work, they made a place for themselves and their work that will not soon be forgotten. Theirs was to serve, and no task was too small nor too large for them to tackle with a vim that got results.

By just this attitude they preached silent sermons from the first day the men entered camp that helped to hold the men steady under the stress and strain of the intensive training.





HOSTESS TO AN ARMY

How a Tradition was Shattered and Home, Sweet Home Brought to Plattsburg

WHAT a story a Manhattan sob sister could write about this unique home of romance and good food, the first and probably the only military institution of its kind in the world. In its coffee were drowned the troubles of a brigade and on its veranda were forgotten the aches of rain-soaked trenches and forsaken boyaus.



a tradition by consulting women on an army problem, and in less time than it takes to answer mess-call, that haven for the homesick on officers' row was brought into existence.

On June 23d the Young Women's Christian Association joined its brother organization as a recognized friend of the man in khaki. Just a plain wood shack from the outside, but with comfort lurking in every cranny, and the girl who wouldn't be left behind on the cozy porch, the Hostess House rapidly became the favorite gathering place of the post—officers and candidates alike.

Its initial development was made possible by a donation of \$10,000 which had been contributed for Y. W. C. A. work in and about Plattsburg. At Colonel Wolf's suggestion most of this sum was put into the project.

It was born out of sheer desperation. For while Colonel Wolf can handle three—or three times three—thousand men as easily as you and I, brother candidate, move pins on the Gettysburg-Antietam map, he found himself up against a real conundrum in the hundreds of womenfolk who besieged the porches bordering on the parade grounds in the early days of the first camp. He couldn't very well order them to "double-time" away from there, and out of his predicament was born the Hostess House. The I. D. R. warns you if you are in a fix, "Don't Do Nothing," and Colonel Wolf didn't. He shattered

It was designed primarily as a meeting place for women friends of the men in camp, but in the second camp, became in a measure a rendezvous for candidates longing for coffee and cake like mother used to try to make. Its cafeteria, with trays, silver, glasses, and honest-to-goodness food that you procured for yourself, was intended to serve one hundred fairly hungry mortals a day. In the last two months of the second camp, it satisfied the hunger of as many as 350 persons in an hour.

The director's desk became an information bureau for perplexed sisters, wives, mothers and sweethearts where all sorts of data from the next train for Flushing to the reason for Candidate Soandso's failure to keep an engagement furnished.

Much credit is due to the ladies in charge and to their assistants, those who provided a menu guaranteed to offset the most ambitious attempts of the mess officer—bless him—and to those as well who ably took charge of the business management. It is no secret, by the way, that what started out as a philanthropic venture, soon developed into a self-sustaining proposition.

Reveille sounded at 8:30 A.M. and tattoo at 9:30 P. M.—thirteen hours of work a day and no commissions to spur them on.

If they'll have a Hostess House in France, "Over There" is going to lose half its terrors for a good many ex-candidates—particularly if they adorn the veranda as it was here.

"Now please don't say anything about beautiful girls and cosy corners, and all that sort of thing," the Hostess warned the writer, "because, after all, you know, this is a Y. W. C. A. institution."

We won't. Speak for yourself, John.



PICKING THE FIT

(Continued from page 48)

when he demands an explanation of your presence in camp. You lay bare your motives, you declare again your unshakable faith in the cause of humanity, thinking the while that you would like to include yourself under this general classification.

In time he is done with you, is the major. You are either to return to finish the story of your life or the story as far as you got wasn't interesting and you are allowed to go. Incidentally, Major Gregory is a psychopathist, an alienist—in our own language, a "nut specialist."

To belong to the Gregory legion of suspects was at first deemed piteous predicament, later an enviable distinction. You too wanted to hear the climax of the story of the man who had lived.

On into the next room one carefully folded his clothes and laid them by with a prayer for their recovery and joined the circle of primitive man. Then began the hunt for whatever the energetic Lieut. Bolling could find or somebody else had overlooked. There was instruction in dancing and calisthenics, there was pirouetting to and fro on one's toes and uncertain squatting and rising and swinging of legs and arms. The lieutenant stole in and out, back and forth, spotting a corn here, a bunion there, a double-jointed knee where a single joint would have been sufficient. Trivial dents and mars were labeled with names that sounded fatal and listed by an orderly who was as eager at his work as if he had bet on a certain number of rejections.

And of course there were rejections. Occasionally it was evident that the benign family physician had been near-sighted as to hernia and had never lost sleep over painfully flat feet.

In time three thousand men and more survived the tortures of the dispensary. In time their youth conquered again and looked hopefully ahead to the day of the commission and the final physical examination.

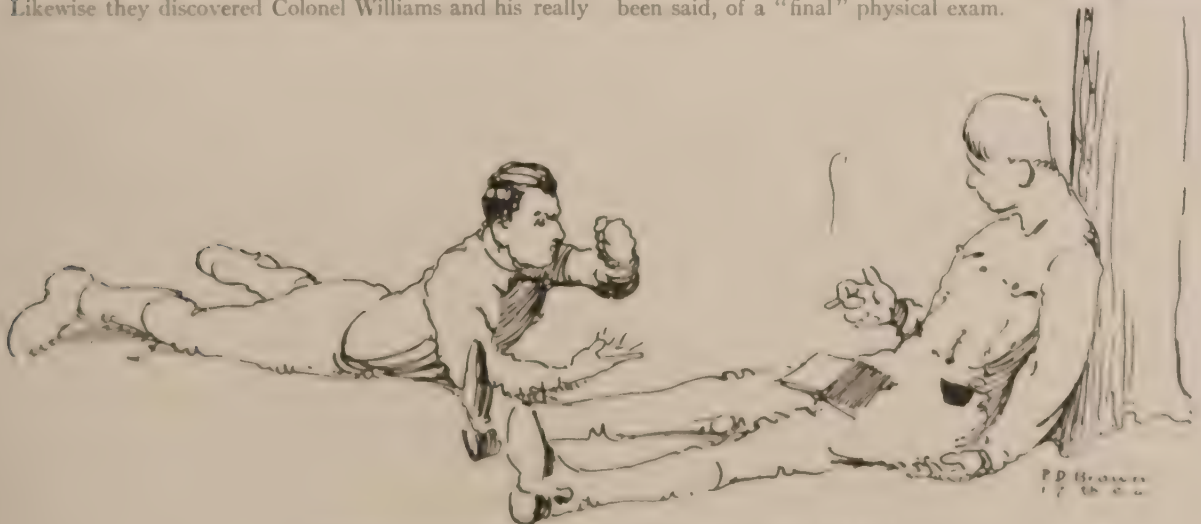
For those who fell by the dispensary side there is the consolation that their ailments were discovered by men who know their business and who practice it with a vengeance. Those who were sent to the hospital to linger back to health discovered as sweet and able a corps of nurses as ever nursed humans—nurses who, like their patients, are soldiers and who are enlisted because they want to go to France with the men and do their part. Likewise they discovered Colonel Williams and his really



"OUT, DAMNED SPOT!"

efficient army hospital, with regular and reserve physicians and surgeons tackling their job in the spirit of the man in the trench.

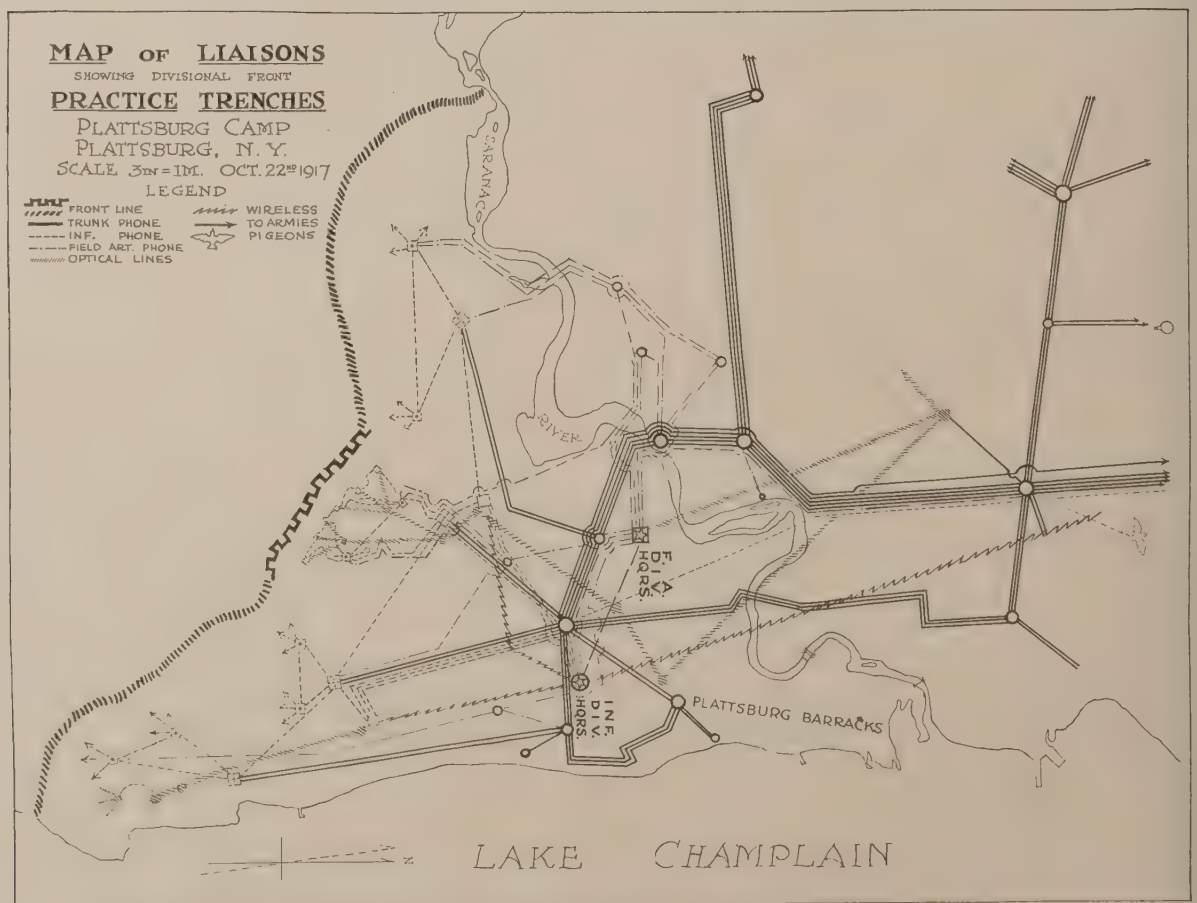
Those who are still alive and whole may be sure, as has been said, of a "final" physical exam.



SUNDAY AFTERNOON—DOPING OUT WHY WE'RE HERE



AEROPLANE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PLATTSBURG TRENCHES





AERONAUTICS AT PLATTSBURG



THE modern military maxim that an army is no stronger than its aerial power was impressively demonstrated at the Plattsburg camp during the week of October 14th.

A Curtiss biplane, secured for the camp through the generosity of Candidate James Imbrie and piloted by R. H. Depew, Jr., made daily flights to prove the importance of aerial reconnaissance and survey and to show per-spining infantrymen how easily their work may be nullified if they overlook the man in the sky.

Candidate C. Arnold Slade acted as observer during the week. He made 100 exposures with a Graflex camera at altitudes varying from 2,500 to 5,300 feet under a wide range of lighting conditions. In addition he made

ocular notes, snap-shot sketches and tried to locate the batteries and sections of the trench system in which camouflage was employed.

The photos revealed to artillery, engineers and infantry the absolute necessity of the aeroplane for camouflage work and the fact that camouflage is practically the only protection against the aerial observer. It was also shown that maps may be draughted solely from photos and photographic data.

Besides its practical use in instruction the biplane added a picturesque touch to the camp routine. The parade ground served as an aviation field with a new hangar at one end, the length of the field affording a perfect runway for the machine in ascending and alighting.

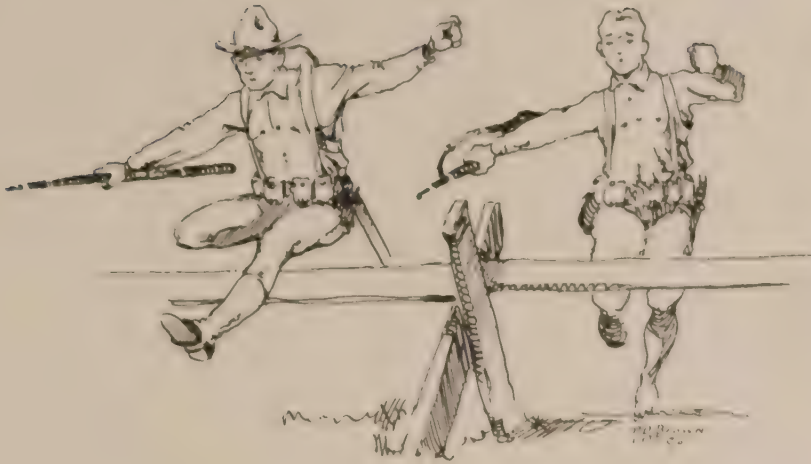


An Aero View of the Parade Ground—Find Your Barracks

OH, BOY! OH, BOYAU!

KEN WATKINS.

[72]



THE FIELD DAY

ONE of the features of the camp was the Military Tournament on Saturday, October 13th, in which all the companies and batteries in the camp took part.

The purpose of the tournament was to bring together the members of the various companies and batteries so that they might become better acquainted, and to reveal the talent in the various branches of competition. It was arranged by Colonel Wolf and was carried out by his committee to the entire satisfaction of the whole camp.

The Fifteenth Company of New York won the point trophy by scoring twenty-four and one-half, but was closely pressed by the Second Company of New England, only a point and one-half behind, with a total of twenty-three.

In spite of the rather raw day and muddy going, which accounts for the time made by some of the stars, a big crowd turned out to witness the competition, and its spirit might have belonged to a football gathering at an intercollegiate game. The "color" in the crowd was equal to that of a Yale-Harvard gathering, and the prominence of the spectators equaled that of any gathering at an athletic game in years.

The bright-colored fall clothes of the fairer sex had a fine background in the khaki of the candidates and the better fitting khaki of the officers. However, the candidates and officers met on a common basis, probably for the first time since the men took off their "cits," and for the first time a few of the candidates were convinced they really were incipient officers. The democracy of the occasion was a splendid thing and probably would have drawn a

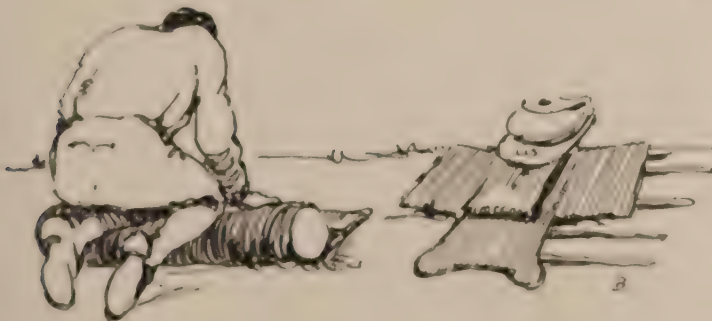
frown from any critic of German extraction had he been able to see the parade ground from an observing aeroplane.

Andrew Kelly, Joseph Higgins and Earl Bretz were the three stars whose names should be put in electric lights for the showings they made. Each was a star in his specialty. The Fifteenth Company was presented with a large silver cup that will go to the regiment of the National Army to which the majority of its members are assigned after receiving their commissions.



Incidentally the prominent showing of men like Higgins, Kelly and Bretz calls attention to that fact, already strongly registered, that athletics are a firm builder for the soldier. At least two of this trio are widely known as leading runners of the country.

And what goes for track and field events likewise goes for other branches of sports. Owing to the extremely busy daily activities of all candidates baseball got but slight chance, and football drew even a



shorter deal. However, had circumstances and conditions permitted, the material, including former college stars was present, to have put in the field both baseball and football teams that would have held their own with the best amateur organizations in the country.

The strictly military events, however, received the most enthusiastic support from the spectators and resulted in much exciting and thrilling competition, which made the blood of the gathering tingle. The class for officers' mounts, for which Candidate Devereux Milburn was the judge, brought out keen competition. It was finally won

by Captain John J. Waterman of the Eighteenth Cavalry, with Captain Alvin Untermeyer of the Fourth Battery Field Artillery, second, and Major J. A. Baer of the Second Cavalry, third.

The contests for the artillery were thrilling, especially the driving over a course between stakes at a trot and gallop. The young men who have been briefly in this branch showed what they have learned.

The whole tournament brought the camp closer together and Colonel Wolf and his assistants were highly pleased with the results.

SUMMARIES

COMPETITIVE SQUAD DRILL

1st, 2d Company. 3d, 1st Company.
2d, 16th Company. 4th, 3d Company.

100-YARD DASH

1st, Kelly,
2d, Moore,
3d, Reimerth,
Time, 10 1-5 seconds.

880-YARD RUN

1st, Higgins,
2d, Potter,
3d, Finch,
Time, 2 min. 4 4-5 sec.

POLE VAULT

1st, Francis,
2d, Tuttle,
3d, Manter,
Height, 9 feet 6 inches.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP

1st, Fenning,
2d, Cram,
3d, { Molesky,
Dunnigan,
Height, 5 feet 2 inches.

440-YARD DASH

1st, Kelly,
2d, Auray,
3d, Thomas,
Time, 51 3-5 seconds.

CLASS FOR OFFICERS' MOUNTS

1st, Captain J. J. Waterman,
2d, Captain A. Untermeyer,
3d, Major J. A. Baer.

ARTILLERY DRIVING COMPETITION

1st, 5th Battery. 3d, 6th Battery.
2d, 2d Battery. 4th, 4th Battery.

ARTILLERY COMPETITION

1st, 5th Battery. 3d, 2d Battery.
2d, 1st Battery. 4th, 6th Battery.

MILITARY PENTATHLON

Won by H. Holden, 3d Co.

TENT-PITCHING COMPETITION

1st, 6th Company. 3d, 2d Company.
2d, 15th Company. 4th, 17th Company.

CLASS FOR JUMPERS

1st, Dempsey, 1st Battery.
2d, Beck, 1st Battery.
3d, Allen, 11th Co.

MILE RUN

1st, Higgins, 15th Co.
2d, Potter, 9th Co.
3d, Alexander, 7th Co.

Time, 4 min. 51 sec.

INTERCOMPANY RELAY RACE

1st, 14th Co.
Time, 2 min. 1 4-5 sec.

INTERREGIMENTAL TUG-OF-WAR

Won by 17th Regiment (New England).

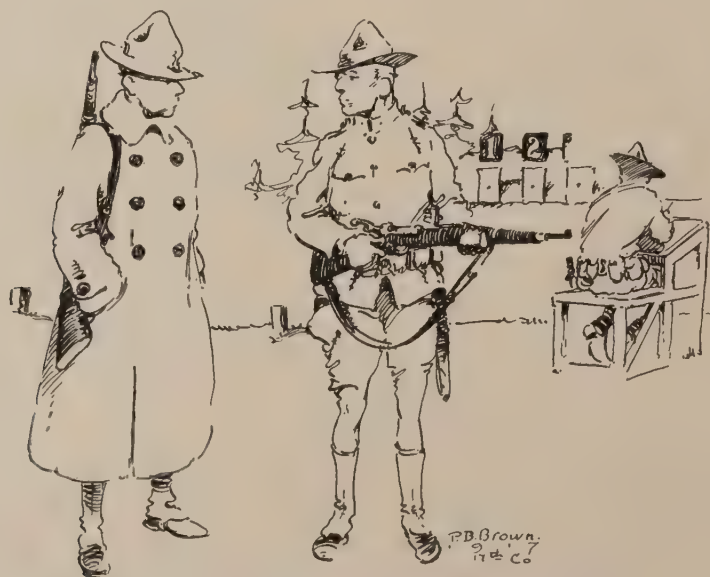
FINAL, 220-YARD DASH

1st, Kelly,
2d, Moore,
3d, Auray,
11th Co.
9th Co.
6th Co.

Time, 22 4-5 seconds.

STANDINGS OF COMPANIES AND BATTERIES

1st Company,	15 Points.
2d "	23 "
3d "	15 1/2 "
4th "	18 "
5th "	11 "
6th "	14 "
7th "	3 "
8th "	3 "
9th "	15 "
10th "	0 "
11th "	18 1/2 "
12th "	7 1/2 "
13th "	9 1/2 "
14th "	12 "
15th "	24 1/2 "
16th "	14 "
17th "	7 1/2 "
1st Battery,	11 "
2d "	10 "
3d "	0 "
4th "	1 "
5th "	22 "
6th "	6 "



"What did you get today?" "50" "That's a lot of bull."



New York Team

NEW YORK vs. NEW ENGLAND

The New York regimental baseball team won the championship of the camp by defeating the New England regimental baseball team in two consecutive games 6-2 and 8-5.

NEW YORK

Pos.		Pos.	
C. F.	Kane, G. H.	L. F.	Hubner, G. A.
2nd	Duncanson, D. D., Mgr.	C.	Lee, Harry
S. S.	Blankfort, Herbert	P.	Lewis, William
R. F.	Willers, J. A.	P.	Galleghar, C. H.
3rd	Galloway, J. P.	P.	Royce, Stephen
1st	Carney, D. J.		

NEW ENGLAND

Pos.		Pos.	
3rd	Sherman, Hoyt	C. F.	Parker, J. A.
S. S.	Kerr, N. H.	L. F.	Denning, H. H.
1st	Burns, J. J., Mgr.	R. F.	Peacock, R. H.
C.	Wooley, F. P.	P.	Smith, T. H.
2nd	Foss, A. E.	P.	Holden, H. W.



New England Team



The Stadium

MAKING MERRY WHILE WE MAY

The Traditional Spirit of Camp Balladry and Army Roundelay Finds Expression in Entertainments at the Gym Theater

THE spirit of play is strong in the soldier. Camp balladry is as old as camps and army roundelays run back to the beginning of armies. In the old days—and the now-a-days, too, when troops are in campaign—it was the fife, the drum or the fiddle and a group about a flickering wood-blaze. Music and yarn and song: they are part and parcel of the life of the army.

The circumstances and methods of creating and maintaining military establishments change, but our old standby, Human Nature, stays pretty much the same right along. Soldiers are soldiers. So when the first officers' training camp opened last May and some 5,800 men came to Plattsburg barracks to learn the trade of arms, the old yearning was not long in asserting itself. The demand for entertainment after the hard week's tussle with I. D. R. was spontaneous.

Result: the Stadium. It took the place of the old-time campfire, and the delight it gave the first lingered for those who came for the second training course, for we appropriated, and had our weekly Saturday and Sunday evening merry-makings there until old Jack Frost stepped in and took possession. Then a few leading lights in the miracle line stepped in and the post gymnasium became a theater. With Lieutenant K. McCatty, U. S. A., 19th Cavalry, in charge, a crew of willing workers built a stage, with lighting system and scene loft complete,

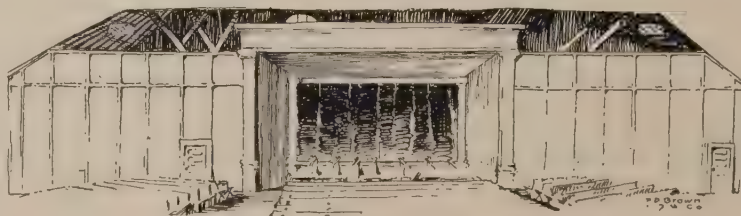
in four days. Everything looked comfortable for an evening's entertainment, but the first performance, "Mary's Ankle," given in the theater showed the need for raising the seats toward the rear of the auditorium. Before the next performance the seating arrangement was entirely remodeled, giving everybody a clear view of the stage and the happenings thereon.

The offerings during the second camp were just the right sort. They included big time vaudeville attractions and dramatic and musical comedy successes.

One of the successes of the Plattsburg season was scored by Stella Mayhew, whose husband, Billy Taylor, was a candidate.

Among the plays that were only too eagerly received were "Mary's Ankle," through the courtesy of A. H. Woods; Laurette Taylor in "Out There" through the courtesy of George C. Tyler and Klaw and Erlanger; "The Man Who Came Back," with Henry Hull, through the courtesy of William A. Brady; "Good Gracious Annabelle" with Lola Fisher, and Billie Burke in "The Rescuing Angel," both through the courtesy of Arthur Hopkins; and Raymond Hitchcock in "Hitchy Koo"

under his own management. Julia Claussen, Helen Stanley, Albert Spalding and John Hamlin were among the soloists at Sunday night concerts. Other popular productions were: "The Country Cousin,"



Proscenium in the Gymnasium

with Alexandra Carlisle, by courtesy of Geo. C. Tyler; "A Tailor-Made Man," with Grant Mitchell, by courtesy of Cohan & Harris; Laurette Taylor in "Peg o' My Heart," by courtesy of Geo. C. Tyler and Klaw & Erlanger; "Fear," a dramatic play in two scenes, with Candidate Robert Warwick.

To Lieutenant M. L. Fulcher must go a large measure of credit for the success of this feature of the camp. Lieutenant Fulcher, specially detailed to the Headquarters Staff, was chairman of the Entertainment Committee. He was "the man behind the scenes" from the start, working tirelessly and not only bringing the best Broadway attractions to Plattsburg but helping to fit them to the limitations of the gymnasium stage and then sending the companies back to New York happy and glad that

they had come. Assisting him were Robert Warwick, John Willard, P. F. Broughton, Jack Devereaux, H. W. Bergman, Marc Lagen, David H. Wallace, Bud Fisher and Emil Breitenfeld.

From time to time the candidates themselves turned a hand at entertaining their fellows. "Efficiency," a satire on the well-known Teutonic quality, and a barrack-room sketch—the first time on any stage—by Candidate Breitenfeld, entitled, "All Out in Five Minutes with Rifles, Belts and Bayonets," were among the best examples of camp talent.

In short, the men training for the new National Army have learned to play as hard as they have learned to work. This augurs well for our future forces.

THE TALE OF THE BLUE-PRINT

Come gather 'round me, Candidates;
Give me your timely heed.
A tale I would impart to you—
'Twill int'rest you indeed.
I stand before you as the only
Man in all this hoard
Who understands the Blue-print
That is nailed upon the board
First, your bunk is near the floor,
With your shoes beneath the bunk,

Your hand-bag's at the head and at
The foot you put your trunk.
Your pillow and quilts are on the top,
Your books are on the shelf—
Now find the coldest, hardest place,
And in it—put yourself.

CHORUS:

That's the tale of the Blue-print,
That hangs on the wall.



A Stadium Lecture at Night

Drawn by Capt. H. R. Shurtleff

INSPECTION

The whistle blew; on dragging feet
Men formed upon the sandy street,
And anxious eyes, betraying fear,
Watched for the Captain to appear.
He came at last, and through the ranks
A shiver ran, lest sad Fate's pranks
Should lead that eagle eye to find
The little crevices, dust lined.

"Prepare for inspection—and open ranks,"
The Captain cried.
(Then we all knew that joy had died).
When we were formed the fun began
For them—not us—since shivers ran
In single column, double time,
Right where our back bones used to climb.

The Cap the front, the
Lieut the rear—
Inspected all the guns
and gear
While we men of the
fourth platoon
At Ease (O God!)
wondered how soon
Our turn would come to
be the "goat,"
For now and then some
words would float
To us like these:
"A rotten gun,"
(How officers enjoy such
fun);
"A dusty chamber,
filthy bore,
"Work on that gun a few
hours more.
"Your hat's on wrong,
your shoes aren't
shined;
"Belt wrong, no first-aid
pouch I find.

"What call you this?"; he sneered a trifle;
"A smoke-stack or a bloomin' rifle?"
And then, oh Lord! he got to me
And grabbed my gun; in agony,
I quickly dropped a trembling hand
And waited for the blow to land.
He twisted it to left and right,
Gazed at the bore and at the sight,
The chamber and the magazine—
But nowhere could the dust be seen.
I thought that I'd got by on "crust,"
When that man found a speck of rust!



WE ALL KNOW HIM

The man who post-mortemed after every exam.
The man who talked after taps.
The man who would have made a perfect score if the
Captain hadn't set his sights too high.
The man who snored—in cadence and out.
The man who wore a $7\frac{3}{4}$ hat because he was at First
Camp.
The man who talked back to the Captain—under his
breath.
The man who thought he would get a commission
because of his age.
The man who was in the Harvard Regiment.
The man who feared he'd be sent back to the draft army.

The man who talked in his sleep and woke up everyone
but himself.

The man who knew the exact number of commissions
to be awarded.

The man who bored you with accounts of how they did
it on the border.

The man who was so studious that he read the I. D. R.
while taking a shower.

The man who had a few parts left over after cleaning his
pistol.

The man who feared his social standing would be
damaged if he palled with his squad or section.

The man who said he would go to Canada and get a
commission if he lost out.

The man who walked down the aisle in hob-nailed shoes
at 5 A. M.

THE WRECKER OF DREAMS

Black night enshrouds the bosom of the lake,
The weary camp lies sonorous in sleep,
The bat patrols, their wheeling courses make
And sentinel frogs their ghostly watches keep.

No sounds disturb the silence of the hour,
Save only where some open mouth exhales
The ancient gurgling of a dinosaur,
Or spoutings of a flock of singing whales.

The barracks square in soundless as the tomb
Plus fitful creaking of protesting slats
On tortured bunks, in cadence with the tune
Of prostrate heroes piping sharps and flats.

And some who sleep, now wander far in dreams
To hostelries of gastronomic joy;
And some who linger by Arcadian streams
With Her, find night pure bliss without alloy.

And some toast cold feet by a friendly fire;
And some sleep late into the afternoon;
While others strut in officers' attire
And pass the "same old bunk" beneath the moon.

But hark! What ribald sound defiles the night
To rend the enchanted fabric of each dream?
What horrid chanticleer mistakes the light
And turns each vision to a lemon green.

What demon fills each barracks with a roar
Of curses from a shivering company,
As laggard feet descend to dirty floor;
When that d—d bugler sounds the Reveille?



"IN CADENCE—EXERCISE!"

How the Soldier Writes His Best Life Insurance Policy—It's Mastery of the Bayonet

ONE hundred and thirty backs prostrate on the green; one hundred and thirty nether limbs of varying shades of symmetry and bulk uplifted to the skies; one hundred and thirty grunts as the offended members gratefully resume their normal axis.

The passing motor halts. Its occupants gape forth in startled apprehension.

But this is no field of writhing maimed. It's merely a company of the Reserve Officers' Training Camp of Plattsburg engaged in physical drill.

Again the upward pull of straining muscles to "high port"; again the downward swoop to Mother Earth. "One—two. One—two. One—two." At length the welcome "Halt."

It's all a part (a small part, it is true) of the game—the biggest ever played. And on the major issue hangs the fate of nations and humanity. Hence the thorough course of physical training prescribed for the American soldier. Hence the startling combinations of movement daily seen on the parade ground of this post.

The candidates at this camp are men with one idea. The sole business in hand is to make of themselves, as quickly as possible, efficient human machines, mind and body trained to their highest possibilities for the supreme end at this juncture of the world's affairs, the defeat of the Teutonic allies. The soldiers of the Kaiser being, in the main, neither dunces nor weaklings, it behooves the American soldier to prepare in the most vigorous manner possible for the task which lies before him. And this the Plattsburger well knows.

To the novitiate, perhaps, there may reside a subtle humor in the spectacle presented by a group of candidates, hatless, shirtless, and perspiring, desperately double-timing in their tracks, yet advancing never a hair; urging their limbs and bodies through all manner of unaccustomed gyrations; grunting and snorting as they are conducted through the gruelling drill. That short, rotund individual on the right is having no easy time of it. And the lanky baldpate with the gray moustache has troubles of his own with the knee-bending exercise. But it's all a part of the game and "damned be he who first cries, 'Hold, enough!'"

Through it all sounds forth the crisp commands of the captains: "Arms to the thrust, Move! Thrust the arms forward, sideward, upward and down. In cadence, Exercise! To the side straddle position, arms over-

head, Hop! Bend trunk to the right at one, recover at two, to the left at three, recover at four. In cadence, Exercise!"

No dawdling, no simulating in this business of the drill. It is serious work. The men are intent. And with increas-

ing facility and augmenting muscular strength, there comes that confidence and self-reliance which are the greatest assets of the soldier.

But the single idea of physical fitness does not pervade the peculiar and at times weird-looking contortions and gyrations alone. There is another purpose back of the work. It's a habit the army has, this thing of killing two birds with one stone. Whenever you see a khaki-clad individual performing some stunt that may appear to you extraordinary and bordering possibly on the ridiculous, just remember that there is purpose born of careful study back of it all.

In this case the men you saw doing their turn at physical drill were adding further to their qualifications as army officers. Doubtless you heard them shouting at times some chorus, indistinguishable as to wording but undeniably voluminous. What they were really doing was repeating in chorus the command which they were executing.

Not every man is fortunate enough to have a voice of volume and carrying power. But what each has he can improve by training and adapting to special needs.

Hence that raucous roaring rumble.

Hand in hand with physical drill goes training in the use of the bayonet. The same qualities of alertness, organic vigor, self-reliance and precision so effectively developed by physical training are called into play in even greater measure in the use of the keen-edged weapon which has played so important a rôle in the present war.

The best results proceed from bayonet training when the student can be made to visualize an opponent. Every lunge must have the punch

behind it. Every thrust, stroke or jab must be directed as at an actual adversary. Every charge upon the dummies must be carried through with dash and with the spirit of battle in the pupil's mind and heart

Capt.
W. H. Wilbur





"Building the Plattsburg Front"



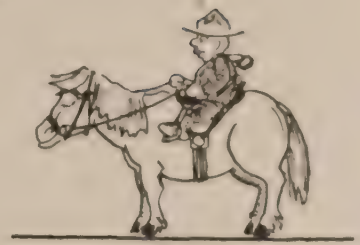
Engineering Corps Officers Who Have Contributed Largely to the Success of the Trench Warfare—Left to Right
Capt. L. W. Miller Lieut. G. V. Sweet Capt. H. J. Wild

Chart Showing Trenches and Machine Gun Emplacements Laid Out by the Engineer Officers and Constructed by Candidates



"On the Job"

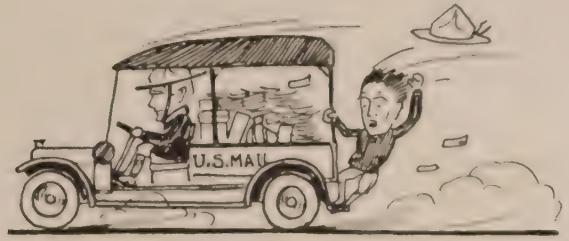
POST IMPRESSIONS



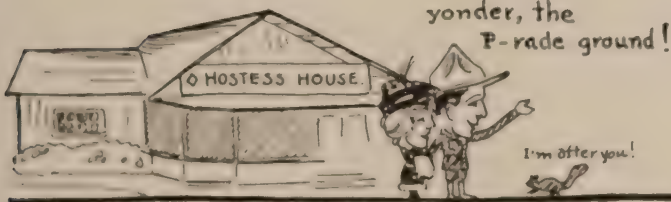
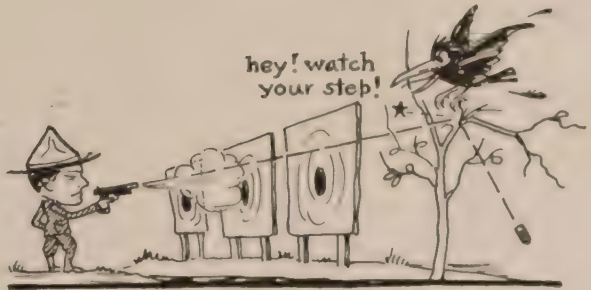
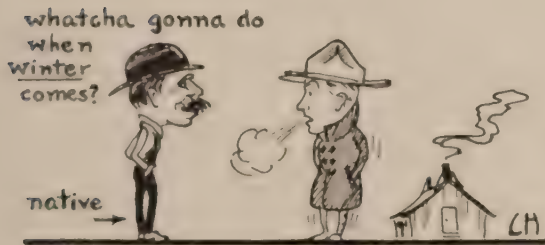
"EQUITATION"



THE GLOOM WAGON



THE JOY WAGON



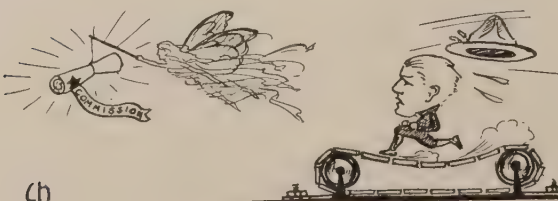
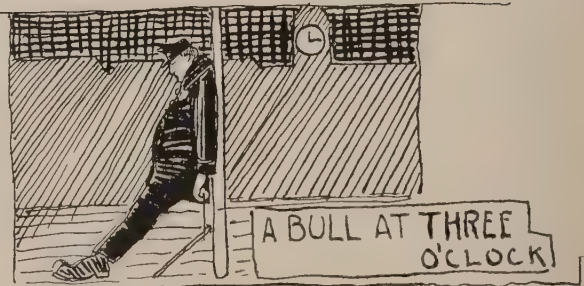
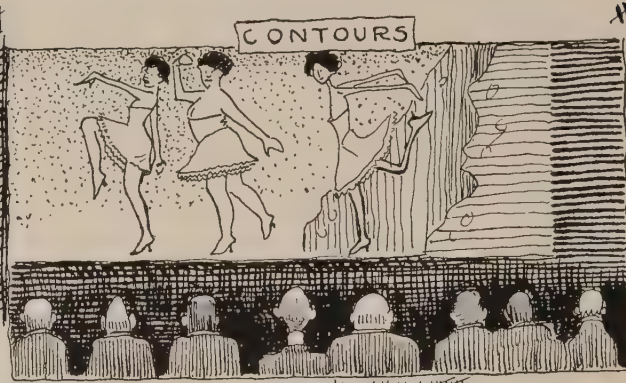
THAT NEW SHINE !



A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN

"PREVIOUS MILITARY EXPERIENCE"

Wiegman, N.Y. -'67



ch

Double Time

Reveille About November 1



THE MAIL

Weary and sore, or contented,
(It's always the same old tale)
After the drill or the trenches,
There beckons the thought of the mail.

Thinking to hear from Mary,
Or maybe a word from Jane;
Only to find some tailor
Has taken one's name in vain.

Swearing it doesn't matter
Whether we win or fail;
When all of our training's over,
We'll still be watching the mail.

SIMULATION

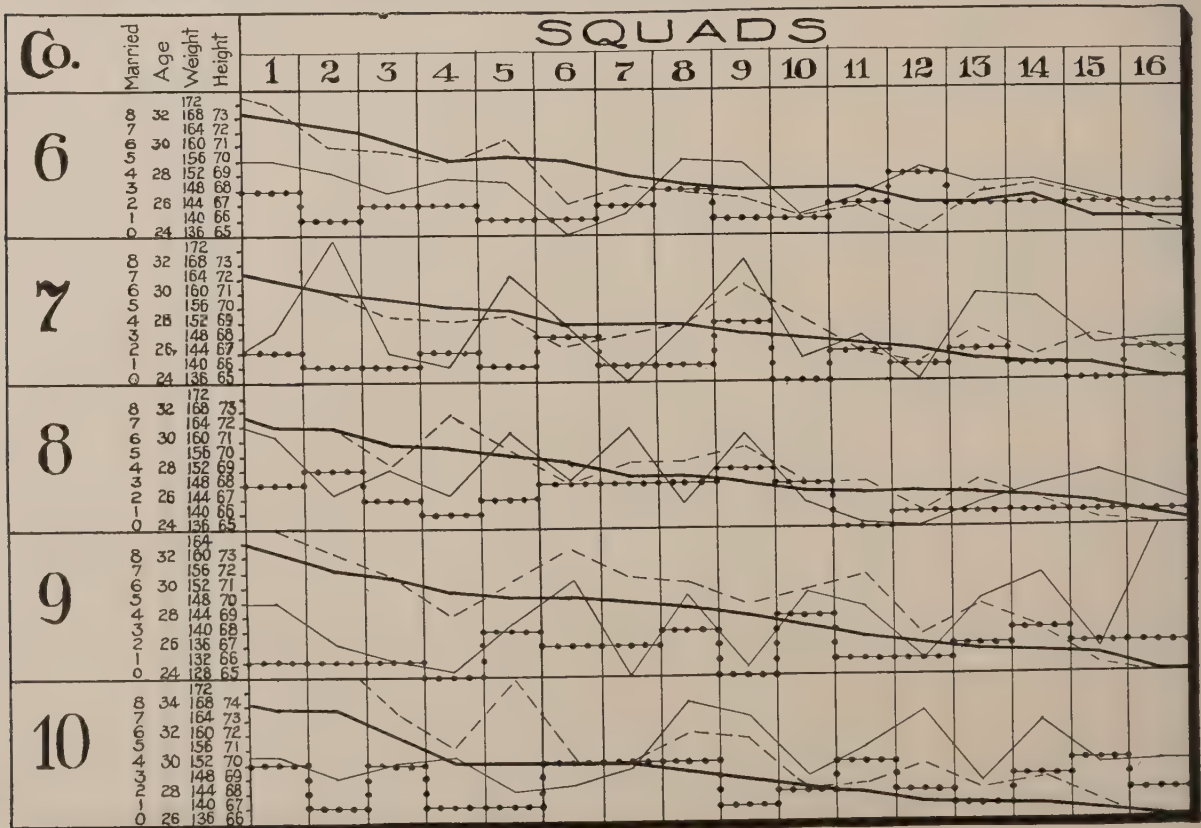
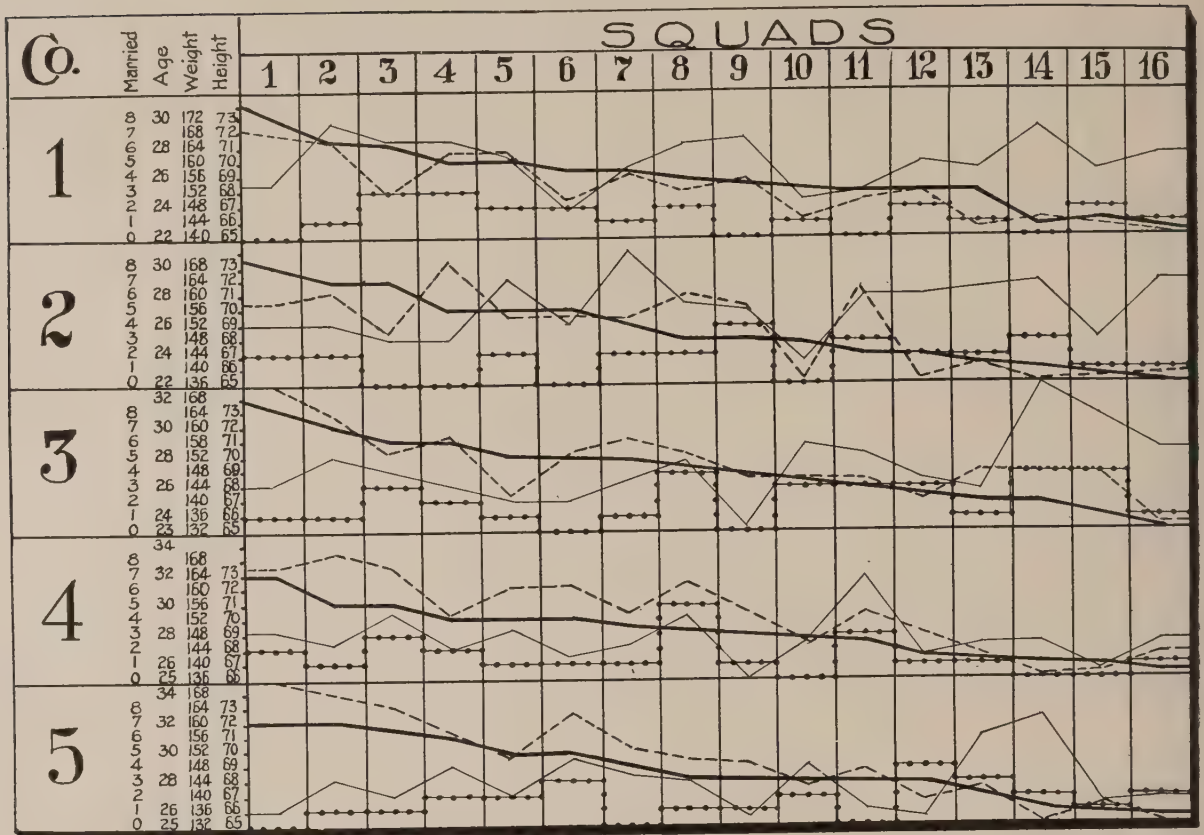
Yes, we've learned to stand inspection,
And we sometimes can get by.
We can measure a deflection,
And can sense a "low" or "high."
We can take inoculation without any hesitation,
But the bloomin' simulation is the thing that makes us

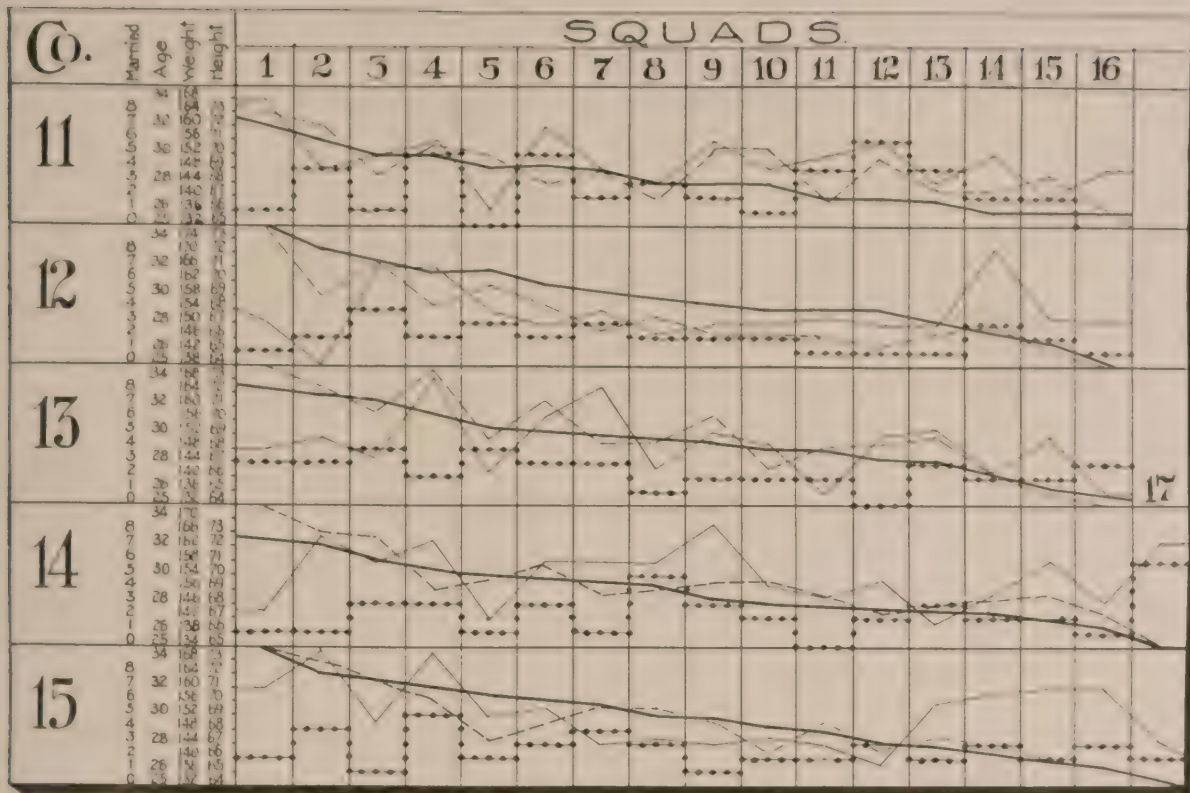
You can simulate a pony, or a caisson, or a gun.
You can simulate a battery in action.
You can simulate a buzzer and can have a lot of fun.
You can simulate a knowledge of refraction.
But when you're cold and hungry, and there's one you're
thinking of,
You may try, but you will find it can't be done—
For the best imagination can't succeed in simulation
Of some food, a little fire, a little love.



A VALENTINE FOR
KAISER BILL

STATISTICS

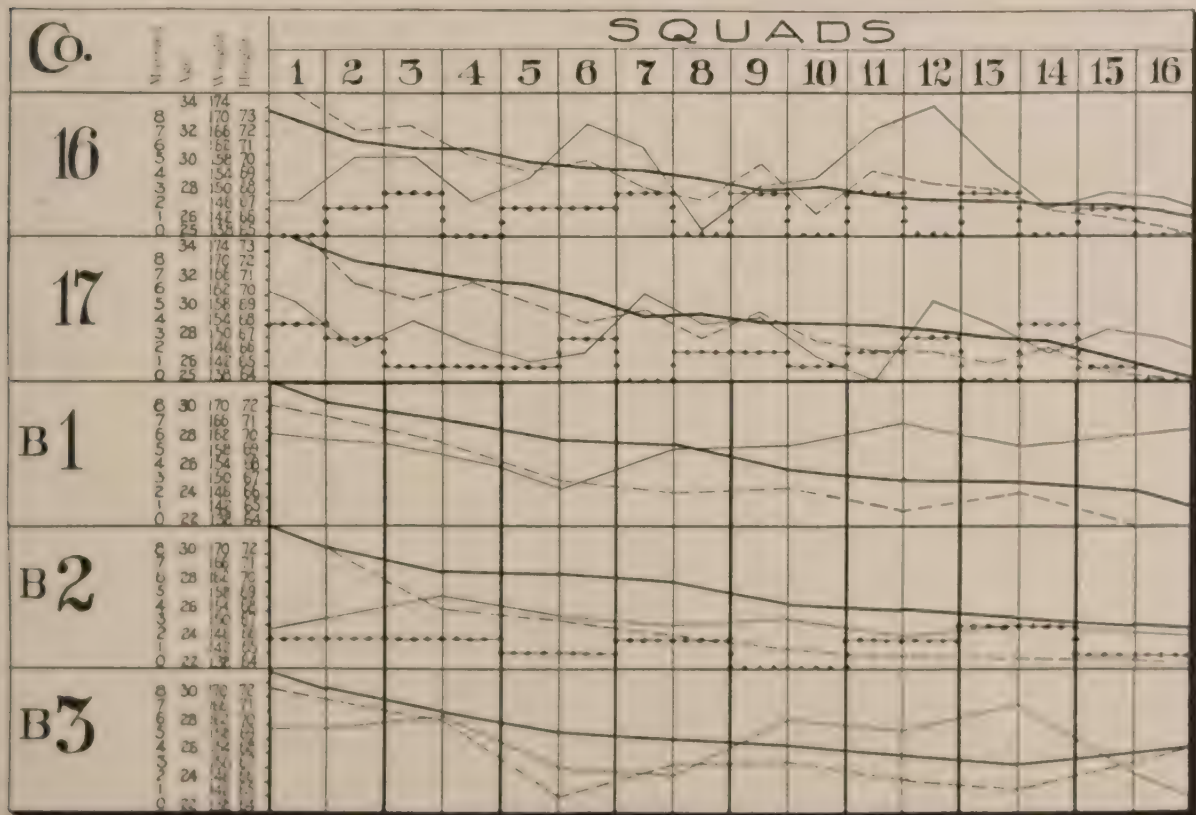


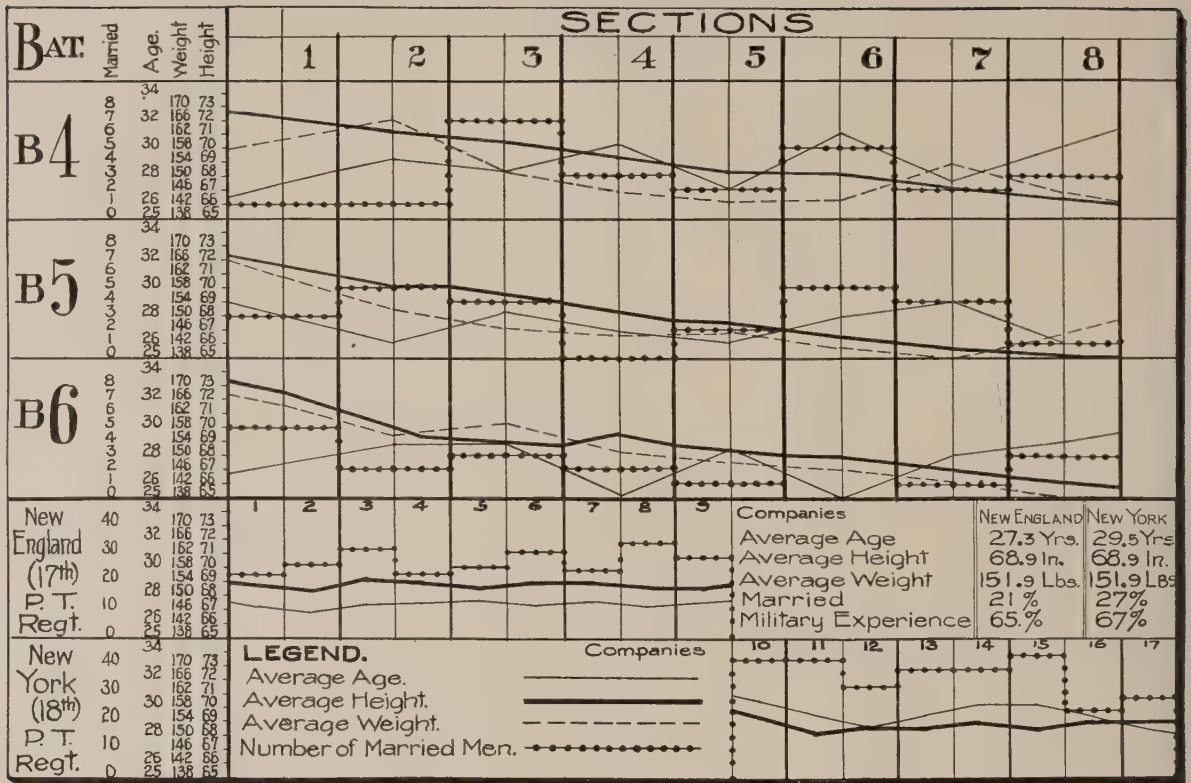


IN attempting to draw specifications for the average man in this camp it became necessary to call upon the respective companies and batteries for information. This data was arranged according to squads,

sections and companies depending upon whether the organization was a company, battery or regiment.

Curves have been constructed as far as possible for each subdivision of the camp; the companies of infantry





being numbered consecutively from one to seventeen, inclusive and the batteries of artillery in the same manner, beginning with the New England organizations. The following plates attempt to give the reader a means of comparing his organization with any other similar element in camp on a basis of age, height, weight and the total number of married men.

Four different lines are used to indicate the variation in units. The heavy one represents height, the broken or dash line gives the average weights, the light one shows the variation in ages, and the dotted line gives the number of married men in each group. In order to read the plates, pick out the particular element regarding which you desire information.

For example: To determine the average height of the men in the 7th squad of Company Thirteen. The squads are numbered consecutively from left to right along the

top and the number of the company appears in the left column of the plate. Place the point of a pencil on the heavy line and in the center of the column designated as 7th squad, then take a sheet of paper and place the edge against the pencil and parallel to the top of the plate. Holding the paper in place run your eye along the edge to the scale on the left, and at the intersection of the edge of paper with the height scale you read 69. This is the average height of the 7th squad in inches. Similar information may be obtained for weight, age, and number of married men by placing the pencil on the particular curve and carrying that point in a horizontal direction to the corresponding scale.

The last plate depicts the average man in camp. This composite figure, designated as The Plattsburger, has been constructed from a compilation of the averages of the different organizations.



THE PLATTSBURGER

Hair dark brown
Dark eyes
No moustache

Hat size 7

Collar 15½

Biceps 11.2"

Chest 37"

Forearm 10.3"

Waist 34"

Wrist 6.25"

Reach 71.6"

Thigh 21.1"

Calf 14.5"

Shoes size 9c

Height 68.91 inches.

Weight 151.72 lbs.

Age 28 years.

Single.

Previous Military Training.





COAST ARTILLERY CORPS

COMPLETING THE ROSTER

The Coast Artillery Company which left us returns in Print.

Plattsburg's roll is completed with this vigorous off-shoot, the Coast Artillery Company, which, after a month spent in the barracks on the shores of Lake Champlain, moved to Hampton Roads to grow in knowledge of the big guns of the coast defenses at Fortress Monroe.

It was a picked company of 190 men, chosen from the New England and New York companies of the early Plattsburg camp period, and throughout its training maintained a lively interest in Plattsburg and the men that were of Plattsburg.

The Coast Artillery took from the camp as commanders two popular and efficient officers. Captain C. C. Griffiths, C. A. C., compiler of the well-known "Officers' Notes" of Captain Parker, had been a familiar figure to the men of several of the New England infantry companies as an early instructor. Captain David Dows, U. S. R., a Plattsburger himself, also left behind him at Plattsburg a reputation that his brother officers were pleased to recall.



COAST ARTILLERY CORPS



OFFICERS 17th PROVISIONAL TRAINING REGIMENT, NEW ENGLAND

STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT

Capt. J. F. Beach	Capt. R. A. D. Ford	Capt. M. Stearns	Capt. R. O. Barton	Capt. R. H. George	Capt. J. P. Cole	Capt. F. M. Sawtell	Major Ralph Lowell
Major A. B. Collins	Major G. B. Stebbins	Major Schoenmaker	Capt. J. C. Shaw, Jr.	Major B. Joy	Capt. P. A. Merriam	Capt. C. M. Abbott	
	Lieut. L. Nichols	Lieut. B. H. Kellogg	Lieut. C. N. Lowrie				

SITTING, LEFT TO RIGHT

Lieut. R. J. Hammarshlag	Capt. C. K. Clarke	Capt. A. Kendall	Capt. R. C. Booth	Capt. Maxon F. Lough	Capt. G. E. Goodrich	Major W. Kirby
	2d Lieut. F. S. Long	Capt. J. M. Murphy	Major J. M. Connell	Capt. D. H. Hunter		



THE FIRST—IN NAME AND FACT

That is if You Believe the Writer of this Veracious Chronicle of its Achievements

WHEN the one hundred and thirty-six of us were regimented together away back last August and informed that we were the personnel of the

First Company, Plattsburg Reserve Officers' Training Camp, we felt that there had been shifted upon our shoulders an additional responsibility. The First Company—it had a rather select ring, that numeral. We liked it, and straightway determined to make our outfit first in more than name only.

That is the soldier's privilege and his duty. Take an old timer from the regular service. His always is the best regiment in the army, his the best company in the regiment, his the best platoon in the company, his the best squad in the platoon and there is nothing in the regulations which forbids him from entertaining the secret conviction that HE is about the best soldier in the squad. So saying, the First determined to be first in all that the name implies. Maybe we were and maybe we were not, but we tried. There is no dispute about that.

Barrack-room life is a sociable form of existence. If one man knew three of his company comrades at the beginning of this camp he was in luck. Here we came, from the ends of the earth, to go up against the stiffest competitive test of our lives. Then, as if by magic, we became one big family almost overnight. And with us every inch of the way, whether at work, song or play, were our officers and instructors. Major Benjamin Joy, the company commander, started things off with a bang by suggesting on the first day that our motto be: "First in the trenches, first on the range and first in everything."

Major Joy's military training began at Plattsburg in 1915. The following year he attended the training camp at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., and was commissioned a first lieutenant. At the first Plattsburg

camp this year he was promoted to major.

Captain Paul A. Merriam, second in command, also had his first taste of army life at Plattsburg in 1915. He liked it and enlisted in the First Connecticut Infantry as soon as he got home. After his border service he was made a first lieutenant. At the first Plattsburg camp this year he won a captaincy.

Now for a few fleeting pictures of company life in barracks and afield:

How well we remember Sergeant Griffin's lecture on the nomenclature of the rifle.

"Now this particular part of the rifle, ..." said the sergeant, as he took it out with ease, while we later struggled with it in despair.

"Father" Fearhake, with his "Major Joy, sir," and his check roll-call of his squad at 5:30½ A. M., enlivened many a sleepy moment.

"Hart, get in step with your own company." (Note—Hart was found to be in step once, on October 8th, returning to barracks from the range.)

MAJOR JOY: "I'd suggest a position and aiming drill for accuracy in dropping the cigarette stubs into the pails."

CAPTAIN MERRIAM: "You have all day to cover the area." "How far is it?" we asked. "Eleven miles," was the laconic reply.

Then there was "Waddling Ware," who gathered his uniform in small sections, and took ten days to do the job.

"Kaiser" Gil turned his head one-quarter inch to the left while marching at attention on October 1st, and later on the same day was noted on the bunk-report. Protest pending.

William W. Burke was our long-distance eater.

Our company baby was Ruth Ethel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest L.



Capt. R. O. Barton
1st Bn. 17th P. T. R.
Asst. Senior Instructor



Major G. B. Stebbins, 2d
1st Bn. Asst. Battalion Instructor



Saxton, born October 5, 1917; weight, eight and one-half pounds.

Loring and Noxon at least agreed on one thing: "There is a war."

Buckley was our baseball dopest, Fuller our chief musician, and John J. Murphy our company's first "first-aider."

Star athletes were Walter S. Dillon, Dartmouth '05, football; and Lawrence A. Whitney, Dartmouth '15, football and track.

Fernald Hutchins found the cemetery lawn or the company street more resilient than a pine-board bunk and thus acquired the sobriquet of "Cemetery Joe."

McCann and Carr denied that they were representatives of a hat concern.

Who can compute the muzzle velocity of a rumor? Ask Kirkpatrick.

The company's tallest man was "Shorty" Parkman; its midget, Albert E. Hutchins.

The First's hall of fame also includes our snappy supply sergeant, Joseph J. Matthews; Merry, the company's walking box-office; Estey, our official mail distributor; and Sullivan's "Big Ben."

The watchword of the company: Captain Merriam's "Smash it!"

Darby and Grant, company cooks and heavy weights. If they eat their own cooking why should we worry?

"Dick" Fuller gained distinction as our glee club leader, and as Captain Barton's busy orderly.

As rustlers, Estey, Guild, and Moulton had far more than a local reputation in the trenches.

There was no question as to the company's Beau Brummel—Sergeant Ackerman.

"Duffy" Lewis had an I D R all his own, on his day as company commander, and it wasn't so bad at that.

McLoughlin's vocal imitations after taps cost his squad and four others, nearby, extra police duties, but Mac always came back strong.

Cutler's Sunday morning 'phone conversations with Boston averaged a five spot, but Cut said it was worth it.

There was no competition for talking in one's sleep. Lord took the money, uncontested, while we all gathered in the secrets he divulged.

These are only a few of the company's sparklers. It would take up the entire book to note the good qualities of all the men, and those not mentioned will be continued in our next. We'll meet the rest of the camp in Berlin, that is, if the others hurry.

Co. 1, 17th P. T. Regiment

Edmund Q. Abbot, Leonard L. Abott, James F. Ackerman, Lesley B. Allen, John M. Barnard, Henry D. Ballou, Forrest E. Billings, Raymond A. Bond, Bert L. Breed, James A. Brennan, Wade L. Bridgham, Frank L. Buckley, William W. Burke, Philo C. Calhoun, Angus W. Campbell, Harold G. Campbell, Russell Carr, Thomas J. Carey, Archibald F. Cheney, Leo L. Cleveland, Sidney Clifford, Dennis F. Collins, Edward F. Collins, Chester W. Cook, Frank M. Coombs, John C. Coughlin, Raymond I. Cowles, Gifford Cutler, Myron G. Darby, Walter S. Dillon, Daniel A. Donoghue, William H. Eckert, Irvin C. Elmer, Edward R. Elwell, Samuel G. Enders, Roland W. Estey, Heman S. Fay, Jr., John D. Fearhake, Eugene R. Fellows, Stephen E. Fitzgerald, Ashley R. Flood, Ralph T. Foye, Henry A. Frothingham, Richard S. Fuller, Robert M. Gilson, Abraham S. Goldman, Arthur Grant, Arnold J. Grant, Granville C. Gray, Martin G. Griffin, Walter W. Gross, Sydney T. Guild, Harry D. Guthrie, Sheldon B. Goodrich, John H. Hall, Jr., Kenneth S. Hall, Martyn L. Hall, Albert B. Hart, Jr., John P. Hartigan, William D. Hassett, Walter Hatfield, William A. Hitchcock, Albert D. Holbrook, Eugene P. Hubbard, Arthur W. Hunt, Albert E. Hutchins, Fernald Hutchins, Andrew G. Jenkins, Wilbur W. Jenkins, Emery E. Johnson, Paul T. Kearney, Vincent L. Keating, Aden J. Keele, James J. Kelley, Gelston T. King, W. M. Kirkpatrick, John A. Leakes, John W. Lee, W. M. Leonard, Jr., Walter E. Lewis, Sidney H. Lincoln, Herbert E. Lord, Robert M. Loring, Philip W. Lowry, John D. MacCalla, Everett H. MacLeod, John J. Maginnis, John A. Markham, William H. Mason, Joseph J. Matthews, William F. McCann, George F.

McCanna, Clarence G. McCann, Charles J. McLaughlin, Arthur B. Merriam, Amos G. Merry, Enoch R. Moody, John E. Moore, Harold F. Moulton, John J. Murphy, John F. Noxon, Jr., Henry Parkman, Jr., Earl F. Perry, Geo. E. Plaisted, Jr., Edmund T. Price, Corrado Ratti, Timothy J. Reardon, Edward J. Renahan, Gerald K. Richardson, Charles Roehrig, Hans F. B. Roessler, Charles P. Rugg, Ernest L. Saxton, Everard D. Seely, Thomas H. Smith, Parke H. Struthers, Homer V. Sullivan, Lloyd J. Thayer, Ernest O. Thomas, Jones R. Trowbridge, Ralph Thrall, John E. Ward, Albert P. Ware, Wentworth Williams, Lewis K. Wilson, Lawrence A. Whitney, Evan A. Woodward, Richmond Young



Major B. Joy
1st Co.
Instructor



Capt. P. A. Merriam
1st Co.
Assistant Instructor



THE SNAPPY SECOND

A Company that Dug Trenches and Hunted Contours with as Much Vim as it Devoured Stew

LONG after the magic of military commands has become second nature to (some of) us; when we have been with the troops of the National Army through the period of their training and arrived at last at the seasoned veteran stage on the firing front—how then will we look back and regard the three months which we spent at Plattsburg, which constituted the kindergarten of our schooling in the military art?

That's a flier in futures for fair, but it's no poser for the men of Company Two. There can be no doubt about it—Plattsburg is going to be a big word with us wherever we go, whatever we do. As the opening chapter of the Great Adventure, our three months at these barracks quite fills the bill, according to all the rules governing first chapters. It has aroused and maintained interest in our subject, which here happens to be the military game.

Men of the Second Company will go their ways at the close of this camp carrying with them impressions and inspirations which will make them better men. We feel we lived these three months right up to the limit, slighting neither the lighter nor more serious aspects of the camp.

How easy it is to recall that August morning when as raw civilians we tumbled out of our comfy Pullmans and climbed the slope to the camp on the hill. The first man we saw on reaching the company street was Cram. To him was assigned the duty of figuring out the sizes in wearing apparel and shoes that the men would require. He admits himself that he never delved deeply into math. No one doubts him. A look at the fits is ample proof. However, he cannot be blamed for the hat sizes, for heads have swollen and heads have shrunk in varying degree with the smile or scowl of the powers that be. Hat sizes therefore cannot be standard at this camp.

Capt. R. C. Booth was our first company commander. He organized the men into preliminary squads and gave them their first lessons in military etiquette. On August 27 he was transferred to the Sixth Company and was

succeeded by the permanent company officers, Capt. Marshal Stearns and Capt. John F. Rhodes. Captain Stearns reported to the camp ill and was in the hospital for two weeks, during which time Captain Rhodes was in sole charge of the company, working night and day to make it one of the best drilled and disciplined at the post. The men were back of him, so that when Captain Stearns took active command he found a body of well-instructed troops.

About this time Capt. Robert A. D. Ford was assigned to the company as an additional instructor. He is a man of many years' military service in every corner of the globe. In the British service he fought in the Boer war, in China, in France, and later against the Germans in German West Africa. Between times he put in eleven years' service in the Philippines. He resigned from the British army in September to accept a commission in the National Army.

Our battalion, which is composed of the first and second companies, was commanded by Capt. Raymond O. Barton of the 46th Infantry, with Major G. B. Stebbins and Lieut. F. S. Long as assistant instructors. They have set a high standard for us to live up to, representing the highest type of American manhood.

During our first week James R. Webb was appointed first sergeant for a few days and handled the men so well that he was made permanent "top." Although in a trying and difficult position, he acted at all times with such tact and good judgment that, while playing the part of a good soldier, his popularity with the men never waned.

Drilling was the popular pastime for the first two weeks. At least it was popular with someone, for we passed a lot of time at it. The commands gave the regulars a grouch that lasted until the open season for digging set in. Buell had the company out marking time one day and could not bring them to a halt. Many gave up through exhaustion, but "Hap" Hopkins, "Fat" Morse, "Slim" Schirm and a few other marathoners would



Capt. M. Stearns,
Inf., N. A.,
2nd Company Instructor



have been going yet but for the timely arrival of Spitz with an I. D. R.

Halsey wanted the company to give 'way to the right and ordered them to "Fall Down," on another occasion. It not being specified in the regulations, no one did it, but as Eddie remarked, "He nearly took a fall out of us." "Lanky" Brewster gave the order "Right Step" one morning, but no one moved. He cried it out again and then again, until finally in despair he cried out, "Well, go to it." "Put" Putnam was the "People's lawyer" of the company in addition to being major of the cereal detail, which ate hay at the "Dirty Spoon" at nine every night and drilled on the equitation field every Sunday. Goldy was adjutant, "Beck" N. C. O. in charge of arguments. "Boots" Hynes, Jerry Callahan, Campopiano and Danecker had charge of arguments in the second barracks.

The trenches took the heart out of many of the boys. Others, however, discovered for the first time that the shovel was the ancestral weapon. They wielded it as naturally as though they had signed up with a big league subway builder. "Monte" and Dudley were probably the most scientific shovelers; not that they did it in cadence, like Doak and Boucher, Bocker and Bowman, but they did it with a pride and a precision that demonstrated they had gone deep into the matter. In fact, Montague teaches the subject "somewhere in Massachusetts" and "Lofty" Dudley picked up the science in an agricultural school.

"Needles" Kendall was the promptest man in the company at mess formations. He spent his few leisure moments waiting in line for the next mess assembly. He, with Armes, Thayer and Codaire, formed the point on which the company marched to mess. The cry of the Knife Swallowers' brigade was, "Front and center on the O. D. bread."



Capt. J. F. Rhodes,
2nd Co. Assistant Instructor.

The company log would be incomplete without mention of "Skip" Benware, our garrulous janitor. Profiting by the anti-valet order, he reaped a small fortune from cleaning countless pairs of shoes and leggings until laid low by the constant use of cold water and saddle soap. "Skip's" chief worry was his inability to find a resting-place for the many unclean shoes on his hands. First driven from the corner of the barracks, as

the result of a battalion inspection, he sought to share the space around Candidate McInnes' bunk, but was again forced out, after a stormy session with the corporal, who had been credited with twenty-seven pairs of "Skip's" dirty shoes.

The piano depended upon the cleanliness of the company, for it was paid for by a 10 per cent. dividend on the laundry.

Soon we will be separated, but always with a warm place in our hearts for the Plattsburg camp, our officers and company friends, and with the hope that our military future may be as pleasant and profitable as these three months were here.



Capt. R. A. D. Ford,
Inf., N. A.,
2nd Co. Assistant Instructor

Co. 2, 17th P. T. Regiment

Herbert W. Aiken, John L. Ames, Robert J. Anderson, Roland K. Armes, Leo W. Banks, George A. Barnes, William L. Barry, Carl R. Beckert, Albert Beliveau, William Berman, Edward H. Bond, Edmund R. Boucher, Searle M. Brewster, Eugene L. Brine, Wesley G. Brocker, Francis J. Buckley, Albert A. Buell, Frederic M. Burnham, William H. S. Callahan, Gerald J. Callahan, Jean C. Campopiano, Roland P. Carr, Elmer C. Carrier, Walter Channing, Jr., Colby M. Chester, Jr., Ernest W. Codaire, Frank C. Cooper, Walter W. Comings, Maynard Craig, Ralph H. Cram, Archie W. Crandall, William T. Crawford, Harold S. Cutler, John L. Danecker, Ralph M. Darrin, James R. Dearden, John C. Dinsmore, Clarence A. Doak, Eleazer J. Dole, Lofton L. Dudley, Rockwood S. Edwards, Dean A. Emerson, Emmons B. Farrar, Arthur Fay, George M. Ferris, Eugene B. Floyd, Benjamin A. G. Fuller, Morris E. Franklin, Louis Goldman, Franklin E. Halsey, Charles F. Hamilton, John L. Hannan, Harold B. Henley, Robert Highley, Frank B. Hills, Donald R. Hinds, Edwin L. Hopkins, C. A. Huntington, Jr., James M. Hynes, Daniel B. Jones, Arthur T. Kelly, Frank F. Kendall, George E. Kendall, Furber M. Libby, Robert T. Linehan, Dustin S. Lucier, James H. Mahoney, Jr., Justus C. Martin, William T. May, Jr., Guy McCluskey, John F. McInnes, Henry M. Merrill, Enos J. Montague, Frederick W. Moore, Arthur H. Morse, John L. Murphy, Gustaf A. Nielson, Walter H. Nolan, John H. O'Brien, Maurice M. Osborne, James C. Oshurn, Amos T. Pagter, Aurin E. Payson, Dudley L. Pickman, Jr., Sidney T. Pollard, Arthur N. Potter, Edmund F. Potter, Franklin D. Putnam, Robert S. Quimby, John E. Redmond, Howard W. Robbins, Hiram D. Rogers, Earl A. Ross, James H. Russell, Edmund M. Rutledge, Charles A. Schirm, John Seery, Earle H. Segur, Clement G. Slattery, Charles G. Smith, Percival L. Smith, George C. Sommer, Julian H. Spitz, Clarence M. Steadler, George C. Stookey, John A. Sullivan, Harvey H. Sunderland, Charles W. Tartre, Wilfred J. Taylor, Robert E. Thayer, William F. Upton, Jr., Charles H. Vaughan, James R. Webb, Aaron D. Weld, Sargent H. Wellman, Arthur E. L. Westphal, Harry L. Wiggins, Carlos F. Williams, W. H. Wilson, Carl G. Whitaker, Harold P. Willett, Grafton L. Wilson, Bernard J. Wolf, John G. Wright.



COMPANY THREE—"THE HAPPY THIRD"

The Married Men Throw Missiles Best—Other Secrets Revealed

AS a company, the Third New England was not without certain marks of distinction. We showed instinctive aptitude for "close" and "extend" *without command* during battalion drill. We developed cunning in the tactics and strategy of shoe-polishing and broom-handling.

Early in the course we learned what a blessing bayonet and bombing drills were for married men. When we come home from the war and the C. O. commands, "Dismiss the cook," we can advance—with a mop-handle at "guard"—well versed in the execution of long point, short point and jab point.

Imagine the dismay and demoralization of even the powerful Katrinka if after dodging the rolling-pin she hurled, we stood over it and, remarking in a clear, well-modulated voice, "Pick up bomb; prepare to throw; aim; withdraw pin; throw," executed these movements and lobbed the implement gracefully at her.

But there are disadvantages in military training as well. It may prove embarrassing if we salute our neighbor's groom in a snappy manner, having absent-mindedly made a mental observation of leather leggings. Yet this is as nothing compared with the horrors that will follow a lapse in the execution of nursery guard duty, in the quiet hours before the dawn, that makes us bring a well-fed, vocally active baby to the "port" wrong end up.

We have played "Blister, blister, whose got the blister?" in trench digging. We have heard seven of the eight candidates carrying a fascine give detailed different directions to the eighth as to its proper carrying—and yet men dare to say we are not leaders! We felt a thrill as the shovel cadence leaped from 4 to 108 at the approach of the battalion commander and his adjutant.

At mess we developed a technique which enabled us on Sundays, when our loving family came three hundred miles for a glimpse of their war-worn hero, to straight-arm our aged aunt and beat her to the sugar-bowl four times out of five.

There came a day when the company was told that on the morrow it must go forth and cook its mid-day meal "individually." But prayer and supplication and even fasting followed, and was efficacious: violent rain fell on the following day. However, our Waterloo was only postponed, for on a Friday following—Friday was always fateful—we "moved out." And having moved out a considerable distance and having marched and patrolled and deployed ourselves into a ravenous condition, the time for the preparation of the meal arrived. At the same time the heavens began to supply us with running water and certainly did a good job of it. It washed the potatoes as they were peeled; it filled canteen cups, likewise anything else fillable; it swelled the hardtack; it poured on to the feeble fire at inopportune moments from hat brims as one fished with an all-too-short fork for the bacon that had just fallen in the ashes. Yet every one arose from the repast voting it a tremendous success and with facial expressions indicative of having "swallowed the canary."



Capt. J. M. Murphy, 17th P. T. R.
2d Bn. Asst. Senior Instructor

Then our first "day" in the trenches will always be remembered. Half the company was put in the first and second line trenches, while the other half was for the most part in the support line. From the outset it may be emphatically stated that "a good time was had by all." (Possibly those who groaned beneath the mess-can may murmur a bit.) The conditions were realistic, especially in the "dugouts." In the early part of the evening conversation waxed furious—the wag would relate his "newest" one and all would laugh heartily as they sat in the candle-light and enjoyed the excitement of it all. Then crafty old Morpheus executed a raid—he knew the password and got by the sentries. He entered the dugouts and began to make captives. The way was saluted by yawns first smothered, then aimed blatantly at him. A little "crabbing" became noticeable, showers of dirt from the roof and heels placed on the instep were remarked on somewhat unkindly. Corners were at a premium and violent contortions and



combats to secure reclining space were frequent. As the hours passed and patrols and sentries came and went, the activity of Morpheus increased. In one corner one discovers a huddled mass—possibly a man—his head pillowed on a meat can. Around his legs and feet is coiled his erstwhile squad leader who utters rasping breaths as he lifts the prone body of his immediate neighbor, who in turn is draped artfully across his chest. There lies another who appears to have died painlessly, for a smile is on his face (he does not know that his hat lies crushed beneath him) his cheeks are puffing gently with each breath and merely a little pile of sand on his chest and the foot of a comrade against the side of his face mar the picture. It is only when the first suspicion of dawn lightens



Capt. C. M. Abbott
3d Co., Instructor

the shadows that one is unpleasantly conscious of the close resemblance of the recumbent occupants of the dugout to the "movies" representation of a "pile of dead Russians near Magski."

In spite of these things we were a cheerful, happy lot.

Early in the game, the last five squads—a big burly, troublesome lot—were shifted to barracks No. 5. Even there a partition had to be constructed to prevent them from beating up the head of Company Four. Members of the last-named organization crouched shivering behind the thin board wall while the king of fistic encounters sharpened his teeth on a bunk-post, or the Soldier Solomon unrolled another six reel film of his vast military experience.

In barracks 4 the unwary traveler found it hard to avoid the clutches of the vampire of the third platoon if one ventured near his Circean palace. Reports came frequently that the cartoonist of the company had to be held by main force to prevent his making up the bunks each morning for the whole first and second platoons. The explanation was *not* industry, but just the fact that he *loved* bed-clothes and couldn't keep away from them.

The first platoon was eventually provided with a port-hole through the partition to the orderly room. So once again its restless members could sleep in peace, for nightly—in squad columns—they could move up and receive their "good-night" kiss from our "top" sergeant.

This was to have been a company history. Of our sins of omission and commission (save the marks) we will not speak. Suffice it to say that our company quickly became a real organization.

When the great test comes, may the tireless thought and effort and energy of our officers and instructors bear their deserved fruit; and may we all uphold the traditions and fulfil the hopes of our country!

Co. 3, 17th P. T. Regiment

Russell Allen, Frank O. Alley, James F. Armstrong, Harvey P. Barnes, Lawrence J. Barton, Geoffrey H. Beals, Edward E. Benson, Charles D. Bourcier, Milton A. Brann, William L. Brumby, Frederick Burns, Norman R. Clark, Alfred T. Crane, Emanuel Davis, Frederick B. Dodd, William B. Doggett, Joseph D. Donovan, Alpheus T. English, Leo F. Farrell, Harold P. Faisneau, Clayton E. Fisher, Edward Fitzgerald, Edward J. Flynn, John Foster, Francis H. Foy, Charles P. Garland, Wallace H. Garrett, Frank Gleason, Bertram E. Goodman, Frank J. Googins, Roland L. Greene, Edward Gunnerson, William L. Hamilton, Charles E. Hartford, Harold H. Heltzen, George K. Hendrick, Henry C. Hicks, Stanton Higgins, Harlan W. Holden, Herbert A. Horgan, John P. Hoyt, Roger J. Hudson, Lewis G. Hunton, James J. Ingoldsby, Donald A. Ingraham, Volney G. Jenkins, Paul D. Jones, Lloyd W. Jordan, Arthur W. Joyce, David T. Keay, William V. Killion, G. W. Knowlton, Jr., Waldo J. LaCrosse, Remick H. Loughton, John H. Leeming, Alexander F. Lippitt, Clarence C. Little, Hubert H. Lord, John J. Loughlin, James S. Love, Fred B. Lund, Jr., William F. Manley, Fred T. Marsh, George T. Marsh, Charles N. Martin, Milton A. Matthews, George H. McCaffrey, James J. McGuire, Edward A. McLean, Albert F. McMackin, John S. Montgomery, Patrick F. Moran, Edward W. Mudgett, Lawrence H. Nichols, Gustave W. Oberlin, Charles M. O'Brien, James C. Oliver, Soren K. Ostergaard, Charles Palmer, John W. Peterson, Daniel W. Patterson, Frank B. Pigeon, Kenneth P. Pond, Joseph E. Pooler, David Potter, William G. Powell, Thomas W. Proctor, Thomas F. Quinn, Jeremiah T. Reardon, Albert J. Redway, Jr., Joseph M. Reilly, John W. M. Richardson, John R. Ridlow, Reginald L. Robbins, Harry E. Root, Nestor S. Rowland, John P. Ryan, George A. Sagar, William A. Sargent, Charles W. Sawyer, Richard T. Schlosberg, William J. Schmidt, Edward L. Shaw, Walter H. Simpson, Caleb A. Slade, Charles F. Smith, Stuart P. Speer, Henry V. Spurr, Foster W. Stearns, Howard A. Stevens, Walter P. Stewart, Emmons J. Stockwell, Roland M. Stover, Jeremiah Sullivan, William B. Taylor, Rene P. Thalmann, Gardiner Thompson, Harold N. Tryon, Bayard Tuckerman, Jr., George W. Tupper, Newman C. Wade, John C. Warren, Louis V. M. Washburn, Walter W. Webster, Ashbel R. Welles, Hallock Welles, George D. Wheatley, Horace H. White, Hollie L. Whittemore, Edward B. Wood.



1st Lieut. Lyman Nichols
3d Co.
Assistant Instructor



THE GLORIOUS(!) FOURTH

Looking Back on Three Busy Months—Yarns of Field and Barracks

AS the time drew near when the popular query was, "Who wins the gold leaf?" instead of "Who wins the brown derby?" the Fourth Company gazed back with pride on its record at the second Plattsburg camp.

Whether we go on marching down the paths of glory under the considerable weight of shoulder-straps or not, the three months spent at these barracks form the background of recollections which will remain with members of the company as long as they live.

Unforgettable are those cold mornings that witnessed the collapse of so many excellent resolutions regarding 5 A. M. showers; the rooky C. O.'s who were slow in turning on the lights, thus leaving their bewildered comrades to climb into their warlike raiment as best they could in that inky darkness which is said to precede the dawn; the pre-reveille plaint of "Who started this war, anyway?"

And, ah, distinctly do we remember the beds that had to be made with nary a wrinkle; the floor that had to be swept and re-swept; the omnipresent bologna and the weird-hued coffee; the delectable waffles at the Quick and Dirty; those uniforms which had nothing in common with the contours of our bodies; and the strange commands that sounded like the I. D. R. to none but the rookies that uttered them; the first sergeants who mispronounced so many names; the bolts thrown on the ground at inspection; the wee speck of dust that disgraced your rifle and made it "one of the dirtiest guns in the company."

Just as long will our thoughts hark back to the trenches that caved in; the towering peaks on the parade-ground, discovered only when we took up map-making by ear; reliable Sergeant Hill, who always knew what to do; the broken hearts when the order abolishing valets was issued; the Saturday night church suppers; the welcome boxes from home; the pay day that came at last; the prices that rose automatically when a red, white and blue hat-cord

appeared; the police squad that polished the officers' bicycles; the midwinter club's raid on the mess woodpile; the enemy on the banks of the Salmon River—they are our rosary.

Not all of the men in the company became intimately acquainted with the officers with whom they came in contact in line of duty, but from our far and distant stations we observed them.

Lieutenant-Colonel Wolf was envied for being the only man in camp who could come in late to Saturday and Sunday evening theatricals in the gymnasium and still get a good seat.

Hardly a candidate in the company failed to win at least once the mythical brown derby put in competition by the roebuck squad. The first squad shone almost every day by the gallant way in which it turned a deaf ear to the acting company commander. When it came to singing, the first platoon with its original lullaby, "Ain't you Comin' Home, Nell," was away out yonder in front. What could compare with Phil Hurley's slogan, "Ease Off"?

Big Pevear manipulating the salt and pepper shakers during the week the trenches were built was better than a Bud Fisher cartoon. Pop Houston will go down to posterity renowned for the naive way in which he asked Captain Murphy what that command was he gave at formal retreat.

Braff certainly showed he possessed some of that initiative, judgment and ability that they talk so much about when he told Hap Haley he was thirty-two men and coolly proceeded to capture the pride of the first squad.

Gone but not forgotten by a long shot were Pat Gaudreau with his lame shoulder and Old Man Davidson, who successfully camouflaged his face with a moustache and goatee. The prohibition of gambling probably was the only thing that prevented Kid Lanouette from winning all the pennies in the outfit. Also among those present—



Maj. A. B. Collins, 17th P. T. R.
2d Bn. Asst. Battalion Instructor



especially along about mess time—were General Meyer, chairman of the company's board of directors; Little Oby and his imperial moustache; Young Josh Brooks, formerly of the Springfield First Church Cadets; Red Smith, who would even chew P. A. in a pinch; Grandma Middleton, who said it would be easier to mark targets if they would use larger bullets; Bill MacKenna, who claimed he could call the battalion to attention without raising his voice; Herb Guenther, who told Captain Murphy the position of attention was not a comfortable one; Chauncey Batchelor, the champion knitter; and Reg De Lacour, the sugar king.

Honest John Verbeck won the company no little notoriety during its stay in the trenches by getting lost in No-Man's Land. Trench life certainly went far to make men of the Fourth Company candidates. It cured Jarge Morris of talking about the prowess of his brother Tom, much to the delight of Elpy Reed, who, in consequence, agreed to abandon the 750-page military manual which he had planned for the guidance of the Peperell police force.

The only mutiny in the company during the camp was broken up at this time by the judicious assignment to the mess can detail of the ringleaders. After that little occurrence Gertrude was known by his right name, Fitzy, and for a while Ham Hammons and Bob Kelleher thought of inviting him to one of the weekly \$7.50 meals they used to alternate in buying for the big fellow in their squad.

Glancing over the roster it was easy to get the impression that the Fourth was composed entirely of famous men. No Fourth Company man would deny the soft impeachment. And when a company admits it's good you have to watch it. As Tommy Shea was fond of saying: "If a man will bet \$5 he can do a thing, he can do it." Judging by the number of Liberty Bonds sold in the company, \$5 to back themselves against the world didn't mean any more to the men than a joke did to Beri Berry or a new pronunciation of his name did to Waw. Waugh.

The carpenters almost always helped out with some inapropos remark. Occasion-

ally sleepy-eyed headliners getting material for their evening turns would appraise us critically. A regular little Eva bloodhound nearly put the whole company to flight the Saturday after the Post Exchange was broken into. Another advantage was the head start the Fourth Company had in any race for food between and after meals. Furthermore, the barracks were accessible to the latest rumors, which helped out considerably the last month.

Co. 4, 17th P. T. Regiment

Norman I. Adams, Jr., Maynard R. Alexander, Albert E. Anderson, James S. Armstrong, Frederick M. Atwood, John W. Baker, Frank M. Barney, Chauncey C. Batchelor, Frank E. Bel, Charles R. Bell, William P. Berry, Joseph F. Blake, Carl H. Blocklinger, Joseph Bower, Mitchell Braff, Philip H. Brass, Lawrence L. Brooks, Arthur J. Bryant, Howard L. Butler, Wilber D. Canaday, Bernard L. Chapin, Henry Chapin, Roy W. Chase, Robert R. Clark, Donald S. Clark, Albert G. Clifford, John A. Connell, John Coonan, Howard S. Crane, Isaac A. Crapo, Lorne L. Cupples, John G. Daiger, John C. Dalglish, Eugene M. Darling, Reginald B. DeLacour, William T. Donegan, Charles Douglass, Herbert C. Eggleston, Walter A. Fanning, Max C. Fisher, Stephen S. Fitzgerald, John J. Flynn, Frank D. Frazier, Patrick J. Gaudreau, Arthur W. George, John T. Gibbons, Earl W. Gooding, Roger F. Goss, William T. Granfield, John W. Grant, Bruce J. Graydon, Herbert F. Guenther, Stanislaw A. Gutowski, Bartholomew J. Haley, Everett A. Ham, Russell L. Hammons, Henry B. Harris, Willard H. Hasey, Weston B. Haskell, Ernest R. Hedstrom, Clarence P. Houston, Cyril M. Hollander, Charles J. Hurley, Jr., Philip Hurley, Robert G. Hutton, George E. Ingram, Edward N. Jesup, Harold T. Johnson, Robt. J. Kelleher, Edgar O. Kennerly, George P. Kimball, Ronald M. Kimball, Durant F. Ladd, Kenneth H. Lanouette, Joseph A. Levy, James M. Lenahan, Charles J. Lennihan, Felix Lepage, Theodore R. Lockwood, Thomas C. Lull, Herschel Lutes, Donald S. Mackay, William S. Maulsby, Thomas F. McCarthy, James McDonnell, William J. McKenna, William N. MacKenzie, Albert C. MacLellan, George V.

L. Meyer, Jr., Alexander C. Middleton, Stuart Montgomery, George W. Morris, Perry J. Moynihan, Warren H. Munsell, Armand L. Murdock, Leo M. Murphy, Joseph Meyerscough, Joseph G. Nathanson, William J. Nolan, Ralph M. O'Brien, Raymond M. O'Brien, Richard J. O'Brien, Robert P. Osborn, Chase K. Pevear, Shepard Pond, Vincent F. Pottle, John H. Pratt, Jr., Joseph R. Proctor, Donald Ramsay, Leslie P. Reed, Roger S. Robbins, William H. Russell, George S. Ryan, Thomas P. Shea, Edward O. Shepard, William J. Smith, Lewis W. Spaulding, Wesley A. Sturges, Wyckliffe O. Sullivan, Wendell P. Turner, Harvey C. Waugh, Hobart S. Weaver, Caleb West, James F. Winston, Franklin Wyman, Roland H. Verbeck.



Capt. F. M. Sawtell
4th Co. Instructor



Capt. J. C. Shaw, Jr.
4th Co. Assistant Instructor



THE FIFTH TO THE FRONT

*A Company of Varied Types and Training that Took to
Trenches as Aptly as Stoves*

ALL along the line—from Murphy's weather bureau at Eastport to Parson's California gold mine—they came, these men of Plattsburg's Fifth. Leaving plow and plane, bar and barracks, desk and dinner coat, a company of varied types and training made their way here, zealous to acquire that military bearing and education which would mark them as leaders in this effort to restore an "organized living together among the nations."

Candidate Joyce scaled his straw Kelly into the lake; "Pop" Barrows shed his green silk shirt; Candidate Crehore compared Plattsburg with the medical corps of the army; and then Sergeant Brown marched the company to Barracks 7, where it assumed its real entity, reporting to Captain Alexander Kendall and Captain Robert H. George, with Capt. J. P. Cole and Major Oliver J. Schoonmaker commanding the Third Battalion.

It was a hard blow to leave Fifth Avenue, but to be in the new barracks was a great stroke for Middlemass. The mess shack was hard by, and the breezes from the lake afforded him an early opportunity to bring into play his aeroplane nightcap.

The peaceful cadence of the first few weeks in the army was immediately and ruthlessly shattered with a three-time prophylactic deployment against typhoid and smallpox. Being in a "colyum" of squads, the company posed for the artists of the medical department and then passed on to the needle. The pepper market fell off perceptibly during the next few formations—Bill Lynch faltered for a moment, a dozen others came out in sympathy, and the result was that he who encroached beyond sighting distances of a left arm—well, he was out of luck, that's all. One old army veteran thought he knew army life, but these tactics were too much. "This ain't no military

post; it's a madhouse," he said. But Rucker didn't know; he never fought with Sherman.

The business end of military training began with a scientific treatment of the U. S. Magazine Rifle, Model 1903. Captain Griffiths furnished a few salient facts, but it took Squire Pierce of Woodstock, Vt., to furnish the flowers. His discussion on making the piece his pride and joy, tucking it under the sheets and kissing it "good night" carried an embellishment of diction that was the last word—one might say the period—on the nomenclature and care of the rifle.

The plus and minus of the rifle was thrashed out by Captain Lang and Candidate Hurst. After a word on the hat-cord and an assurance that no man would gain belt territory in this camp, the captain allowed Hurst to illustrate the trajectory and the jump of the bullet. It developed into an argument, and Hurst "guaranteed" he was right.

Why the I. D. R. is revised from time to time might easily have been realized at any drill conference. When Ainsworth succeeds in guiding the company on the rear squad, and if Donovan and Candidate Maginnis leave anything at all, Jim Gillen will add another volume to his military library, besides the work to be published by Charles Parsons on "Daily Hints on Cleaning the Springfield." This same collection, however, has been seriously threatened around pay day. Five to one Mr. Gillen cannot pick the day, is some wager, and a rumor here is a bad hunch even if the band does break the day with "Under the Double Eagle."

Many a wonderful dream of a week successfully completed was proved a flivver by a speck of dust on Saturday morning. It failed, though, to agitate the serenity of Charles Blanchard. Captain J. P. Cole, the battalion instructor, observing his toil-worn leggings, remarked,



Capt. J. P. Cole
3d Bn. 17th P. T. R.
Asst. Senior Instructor



"Those leggings are pretty dirty, Mr. Blanchard; haven't you got another pair?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why didn't you put them on for inspection?"

"Because they were fully as dirty as these, sir," said Charlie, without batting an eyelash.

A rigid inspection was in order for that day all along the company. Candidate Volkmann, the first man in barracks, was spotted by Captain Kendall. "What are you doing with that heavy sweater in your equipment, Mr. Volkmann?"

"It's not a sweater, sir," said Volkmann, "it's a pair of socks." Next Bunk.

For a time after the stoves became a part of company home life, inspections came so often that one was hardly prepared to greet the inspecting officer with due courtesy and honor. Now, Charles Parker Howard, for instance, might be called the last candidate in camp who would fail to pay honor where honor is due. But a burned hand is a burned hand, and Candidate Howard could hardly be blamed for warning an officer of imminent danger, even though the choice of words was not consistent with his professorial dignity.

The simple, frugal tastes of week days, broken only when Johnny Butler got a package containing some of Mrs. Thomas's Willowmead cookies, faded away with the boiled dinner on Saturday noon, and after the dying cadence of the last mess of the week dissipation was in order, ranging from the Greasy Spoon to the Presbyterian suppers.

Lads of the Fifth may have been shy on bologna, mulligan and scrambled eggs, but they were strong on Presbyterian suppers. With Wesley Earle Barrows to drum up trade and carve the ham, with Harold Bates to supply the missing 50 per cent. efficiency, and Mr. "Twitch" to pour, no New England Plattsburger felt the lack of his beans on Saturday night. As a matter of fact, carving for so many persons carried "Pop" right off his feet, and he was forced to lie low in the hospital a

week or so to recuperate, "for the first time in forty-two years."

Trench warfare, the method pursued "Over There," was presented to the Fifth Company in a manner that left no doubt of its reality. The engineering side of the war was "indubitably" manifested, and after the novelty of the first few twenty-minute shifts had worn out, how some of those boys did camouflage!

Co. 5, 17th P. T. Regiment

Glenn M. Ainsworth, Ellis J. Bardsley, Cadella I. Barrows, Wesley E. Barrows, Harold M. Bates, Max A. Bengs, Jos. B. Bisbee, Jr., Chas. B. Blanchard, Walter L. Bouvé, Chapin Brinsmade, Philip M. Brown, Ray W. Bryant, Fred C. Bubier, Morris E. Bumpus, Harry E. Burroughs,

Edwin G. Burrows, John G. Butler, Daniel J. Canty, Jas. H. Carroll, Roland H. Cobb, Sheldon C. Collins, Roy E. Connor, Lincoln B. Copp, Thomas L. Cornell, Wm. B. Cornell, Maxime J. Cornellier, Wm. E. Crabtree, Morton S. Crehore, Jr., Martin L. Curley, Jr., Harry H. Denning, Clifford E. Dennis, Dwight C. De Yette, Lloyd J. Dill, Harold M. Donovan, Wm. T. Dooley, Philip Doremus, Arthur R. Ellis, Harold G. Elrod, John F. Fenton, Geo. O. Ferguson, Harold F. Flynn, Arthur E. Gardner, James M. Gillin, Nathaniel J. Glover, Ivers A. Hackett, Alfred Hansen, Harold G. Harman, Thos. L. Heffernan, Ralph H. Higgins, Chas. P. Howard, Edward Hurst, Robt. E. Jackson, Ralph E. Jones, Thos. F. Joyce, Winthrop W. Kenny, John C. Ketcham, John M. Kingsley, Frank Lambert, Royal Little, Wm. R. Lynch, John H. Maeck, John H. McCabe, Bertram T. McCarter, Raymond A. McDonald, Francis E. McGuire, Henry P. McKean, Arthur H. Middlemass, William M. Milliken, Langdon E. Morris, Louis Moore, John J. Murphy, Geo. E. O'Brien, Edward J. Owens, John M. Parker, Chas. Parsons, Walter C. Peck, Loren R. Pierce, Harold L. Pinkham, Ellsworth J. Piper, Walter F. Pond, Arnold S. Potter, Robt. E. Price, Lyle M. Prouse, Frank E. Punderson, Howard R. Randall, John Arnold Regan, James J. Regan, Donald L. Richards, Ralph P. Robinson, Edwin S. Ross, Ernest B. Rowe, Geo. W. Ryley, Ralph Sanborn, Lawrence B. Sargent, Lawton G. Sargent, Michael A. Seanlon, Herbert Seoville, Jos. R. Sheehan, Clinton E. Sherwood, Norman A. Small, Francis A. Smith, Robt. J. Snidewind, Fred W. Stafford, Harry Staley, Geo. A. St. Clair, Geo. E. Stephenson, Edward P. Streeter, Wm. H. G. Teague, Robt. J. Thrall, Chas. M. Toole, Erland C. Torrey, Lewis R. Twitchell, Jas. H. Volkmann, Everett E. Walker, Overton S. Webb, Stephen Weiler, Ellery H. Wheeler, Harry F. White, Philip M. Wiggins, Wm. H. Wiley, Kenneth H. Wilson, Chas. F. Winship, Alonzo F. Woodside, Harold P. Wright, Kenneth Y. Wright.



Capt. R. H. George
5th Co.
Assistant Instructor



Capt. A. H. Kendall
5th Co. Instructor



THE STORY OF THE SIXTH

Booth's Bunch of Go-Getters Lined Up

"The Sixth Company is the best company
That ever got ready to lick Germany."

THIS assertion, as expressed in the words of a topical song by Candidate "Bob" Schauffler, is undoubtedly true, because every member of the company unblushingly admits it.

Seriously, the Sixth Company believes it ranked high and gives the credit largely to the company officers. Captain Robert C. Booth, commanding, and First Lieutenant Branton H. Kellogg by their efforts inspired the men with a spirit of aggressive efficiency which drove them onward.

Captain Booth, who is a Plattsburg boy, 23 years of age, is a real "Go-Getter." To see him leading a bayonet drill would fill a lazy person with dismay.

Captain Booth graduated with honors from Yale in 1916, studied law for a time, and after service in the Plattsburg camp in August, 1916, was commissioned a second lieutenant, U. S. R.

He did duty in the Third Company, First Provisional Training Regiment, and on August 14, 1917, was commissioned captain.

Lieutenant Kellogg graduated from Williams, where he was a football star, with the degree of A. B. in 1912, and from Harvard Law School in 1915. He was commissioned a second lieutenant of infantry, August 14, 1917.

Lieutenant Kellogg showed his ability to get all the men had when, in the trench work, his platoon was adjudged to have the best section of trenches in the C company sector by a board composed of Captain J. P. Cole, 59th U. S. Infantry, Major Oliver Schoonmaker, U. S. R., and Lieutenant Poiré.

The lieutenant was assisted in commanding the platoon on this occasion by Candidate John K. Howard, of the H. T. C., acting first sergeant.

Speaking of shooting, which no one was, we respectfully call attention to the fact that the Sixth Company has been at the head or thereabout in all range records. In this connection, "Hen" Rising, youthful candidate, in the vulgar parlance of the day, was there like a tent. His score was only 48 out of a possible 50, but we have it on reliable authority that he was suffering from a severe cold which inflamed one eye.

"Sniper" Loughlin, the much-medaled former member of the Massachusetts State Rifle team, and Smith, a marksman of parts, also turned in high gun marks.

Modesty forbids us to speak of our shooting with guard cartridges, despite the fact that some dastard slid a service cartridge into "Eddie" Quinn's second clip, thereby causing him to shoot a high three. However, "Pop," who as a state of Maine sheriff possesses an iron nerve, rallied immediately and finished strong.

An innate and abiding love of truth compels us to admit that a number of weekends at Lake Placid were indefinitely deferred as a result of a slight unpleasantness at inspection following the first day's shooting with service ammunition.

The Sixth Company men were not only "Go-Getters," but they were also tough. Physically tough, we hasten to add. Less than a dozen men sought hospital treatment and a number of those were afflicted with ptomaine poisoning. We are ashamed to confess, however, that some of the men, including Walter Kelly, an old Brown man, and C. Baldwin Peck, left the hospital with reluctance. They said the food was wonderful.

Also at inoculation time, when members of other outfits were dropping on all sides, not a man of the Sturdy Sixth went down.

The only men who seemed to enjoy map-making were Hoyt Sherman, a man who held the rank of second lieutenant in the Harvard Training Corps, and Corporal Downes of the same corps, who learned how to judge



Major O. J. Schoonmaker
3d Bn. 17th P. T. R.
Asst. Battalion Instructor



contours while driving an ambulance in France. Virtue being its own reward, they were later permitted to map the entire trench system, together with "Ordnance Expert" Bump.

In bombing the company did well, under the able instruction of "Jess" Willard, ex-Dartmouth pitcher and company balladist; Newhall, H. T. C. and Rhodes scholar, and others who struggled manfully to displace the baseball throw by the overhand heave. It is true that Supply Sergeant Oscar G. Beckert, an old cavalryman of many years' experience, on several occasions had great difficulty in finding all the bombs.

The men were so enthusiastic over bombing that a number devoted a cherished Saturday afternoon to digging trenches, bossed by "Alderman Bill" Sanborn from Portland, Me.

In the bayonet work "Bud" Frost came into his own. A cadet captain on the staff of Captain Louis Keene, of the First Canadian Expeditionary Force, on instruction service at Dartmouth College and to the New Hampshire militia, and just 21 years old, he sure put pep into drill when he took charge. Of the drill, "Young" Damon, who is nearer 50 than 20, said sagely, "It's a horrible business, but we must make the most of it."

The company had a nucleus of about 75 per cent. of experienced men from regular army, militia and college training corps. Among the ex-regulars were Captain William Murray, a former cavalryman and machine-gun expert; Company Clerk Milburn, the busiest man in the outfit, whose particular bane was the collection of laundry bills; and "Smiler" Hickey.

The militiamen included C. E. Patten, familiarly known as "Pat," champion woodsman of the company; Percy E. Inman, and also Albert E. Kellogg, who for two years was a teacher of English in a military academy near Tokio, Japan.

In the "Irrepressible First" squad, which divided honors with the "Scrappy Twelfth" for continuous fighting, was Captain Charles E. Bacon of the Quartermasters' Corps, who sought a transfer to the line.

Captain Bacon was a publisher, world traveler and sportsman before the war. As announcer to the first platoon, he was always on the job with "First platoon, all out in two minutes. Overcoats."

How different was the polite invitation employed by Wiggin, familiarly known as "Waxedo," because of his waxed mustache, the only one captive in the camp.

Co. 6, 17th P. T. Regiment



Lieut. B. H. Kellogg
6th Co. Assistant Instructor

Hector P. Auray, Norman A. Aldrich, Charles E. Bacon, Capt., Q. M. C.; Elmer R. Baker, Oscar G. Beckert, Harry A. Benwell, Albert E. Binks, Lawrence R. Bowler, Nelson P. Bump, John J. Burns, John T. Brandt, Royal W. Caldwell, Leon S. Cohen, Arthur C. Cole, Thomas T. Conway, J. C. Corliss, Charles R. Crossett, James E. Cumiskey, Frederick B. Cushman, Frank C. Damon, Ripley L. Dana, Earle B. Dane, Carlton P. Davenport, George L. Dermier, Roy W. Dickinson, Karl E. Dimick, Malcolm Dodd, Jerome I. H. Downes, Lorenzo Doten, Archibald S. Downey, Edward C. Dufficy, Gustavus A. Dunshee, Wendall J. Dunston, George H. Eggleston, Alcott F. Elwell, Walter L. Estabrook, Mervyn F. Falk, Frederick J. Flaherty, Bernard A. Flynn, Melvin D. Ferguson, James D. French, Carlton P. Frost, George W. Furbush, Jr., Samuel B. Gildersleeve, James B. Gillen, Earl C. Goodwin, Harold M. Gore, John M. Gorman, Edwin H. Grater, Frank E. Greenhalgh, Joseph H. Hagar, Daniel I. Hayes, Jesse B. Hannon, Walter L. Hardenbrook, Walcott B. Hastings, Kenneth M. Hartman, Thomas F. Hickey, Clark Hopkins, John K. Howard, William C. Hubbell, Percy E. Inman, Charles H. Jacobs, Harold P. Jackson, Frank T. Joyce, Walter E. Kelley, Albert B. Kellogg, Norman H. Kerr, John E. Knotts, Louis U. Labine, Harold M. Lamper, Earl S. Lewis, James W. Linnehan, Alfred E. Little, James F. Loughlin, George W. Lusk, John M. Lynch, Fessenden D. Manson, William T. Maybury, Michael F. McAleer, Frank L. McCarthy, Joseph V. McKenna, Robert W. Milburn, Thomas S. Milliken, Robert M. Moberly, George M. Moore, Lewis E. Moore, Frederick Morris, Jack F. Mullahey, William Murray, Donald V. Newhall, Francis J. O'Brien, Rowland E. Packard, Charles E. Patten, Harold T. Patten, Charles B. Peck, Jr., Charles F. Pelham, Richard C. Piblad, Emmett Pishen, Francis Pooler, Lawrence J. Purcell, Edward J. Quinn, Alfred E. Rankin, Julius F. Ransom, William E. Remby, Herbert M. Rigney, Henry B. Rising, Ernst G. Rowell, Harvey R. Saftel, William H. Sanborn, Robert H. Schaulier, Percy C. Seymour, Gerald H. Segar, Herbert T. Shanley, Allan B. Shepard, Hoyt Sherman, Carlton F. Small, Ralph C. Smith, Winter N. Snow, Charles S. Stanley, Joseph N. Staunton, Arthur E. Stevens, Edward E. Swaim, Edwin A. Thompson, Elisha C. Wattles, George A. Wiggins, Henry M. Williams, Mount S. Willard, John A. Worthington.



Capt. R. C. Booth
6th Co. Instructor



THE SEVENTH—A COMPANY OF VETERANS

Boys of '98 Almost Outnumber Youngsters in Captain Hunter's Command

THE Seventh is a cross section of the best of America in a column in squads. Every man in it helped to make it; not one of its members and makers will ever be convinced that it is not the fine flower of the second camp.

Its smashing record is, of course, accounted for by the character of the officers who wrought its hundred-odd members into a solidly welded, unbreakable company. You see before it a blue-eyed, straightforward figure, Captain D. Gordon Hunter. The best that can be said of the Seventh is that it was worth its commander. He started his way through the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, in the class of 1912. He annexed the Connecticut middle-distance swimming championship for 1914 while making a distinctive business success. In the military game he took a commission as second lieutenant in the Officers' Reserve Corps on November 6, 1916; and after attending the first camp, was promoted to a captaincy.

The company was equally proud of Lieutenant Robert Hammerslag, a New Yorker by residence, an Andover and Williams man. He started as second lieutenant on May 8, 1917; and at the close of the first camp was promoted to a first lieutenant.

The Seventh was scarcely appreciative of its blessings at first. When a bunch of nondescripts from the train wandered into the barracks they were met by a couple of perspiring fellows in khaki. One of them rustled breakfast for the crowd; the other measured feet and shins and necks, and fitted them out with everything from breeches to blankets. You would not have guessed, and neither did we, that the mustachioed candidate who chivvied oatmeal for the greenhorns was Henry C. Bacon, a retired major who had served twenty years in the Massachusetts militia. At that stage of things the Seventh was using a major as a waiter without a qualm. And the perspiring supply sergeant, Candidate Pearce, we learned, habitually handled more employees than we are likely to handle privates.

When we grew better acquainted, we found that three-

quarters of the men had worn khaki before—imperturbable regulars, trained guardsmen from the border, or trim youngsters fresh from the training corps at Harvard or Williams. Candidate Gardner Richardson, who was the owner of an engraved gold watch presented to him by the Province of Antwerp for service on the Belgian Relief Commission, and of an autographed cigarette case handed him by Herbert Hoover, was one of the few Americans who had seen the inside of the Hindenburg line. W. M. Sullivan, a Rhodes scholar, drove an ambulance in Flanders.

Crowley steamed down a gridiron as star end for Harvard several seasons ago, winning a touchdown and an all America place in that Yale defeat.

Some of us had studied under the dean of Shakespearean scholars, George Lyman Kittredge; but we learned more from his son, Candidate Kittredge of "A" Company; and while Thomas Mott Osborne was looking after the naval prisoners at Portsmouth, the heir of his name was attending to the Seventh.

Rantoul was the company child, whose twenty-first birthday clipped the closing days of camp. Read, nearer fifty than forty, looked as young as Rantoul.

Time would fail to tell of Alexander, who struggled to divide three axes among four platoons; or of Rochford, the Spanish War veteran; or Messier, who fought in the wilds of Luzon; of Garrow, an expert

from the British rifle-works; of Murphy, who saw cavalry service at Plattsburg when training camps were undreamed of; of Jacobs, the company clerk, who did everything and knew everything; Sherman, who could dress in cadence in eight motions; or Thompson, who could play chess, edit the *Boston Post*, and study the I. D. R. with equal excellence.

These men were meeting a concrete situation with speed and skill. Not infrequently they had to do so in strange ways. We spoke of Rantoul. Now it chanced that Captain Lough wandered into barracks at supper time to inspect bunks while the men were at mess. One unfortunate had left his laundry spread over his bed



Capt. M. S. Lough
4th Bn. 17th P. T. R.
Asst. Senior Instructor



in ways not approved by headquarters, and trouble was in sight. Captain Lough saw the laundry, but Rantoul saw it first. He cleared six bunks at a bound. He sat before the laundry; he commenced to fold a pair of errant pajamas, never indicating that they were not his own. Captain Lough hove alongside. "Good evening, sir?" says Rantoul, saluting imperturbably. "All in good order to-night?" "Everything fine to-night," said the captain; and passed on.

There are questions which one might ask. When and when only, for instance, is the supply sergeant squelched? No one knows, unless it be when assistance in multiplying three times two is needed. Nor has any one been able to discover why no one burst his buttons on the famous day when, the C. O. for the day having forgotten to wind his watch, mess call was mistaken for assembly, and the company stood at parade rest to the clarion of the Y. M. C. A. victrola, and snapped to reverential attention as the chap in the next barracks in measured cadence played "Good Bye, Girls, I'm Through." And at the last note of that classic the officer snapped down from his salute, and imperturbably dismissed the company.

Two monuments to the company remain for after generations. In our system of trenches here is Burnes' Bridge, the meeting-place of the reserves, built of solid timber which would survive shelling; and not far off is Richardson's Crossing—built by Candidate Captain Richardson, to span the Rams Horn Boyau, which leads to concealed pits of death under urbane names like "The Chinese Restaurant," "Madison Square," and "Rams Horn Inn."

Perhaps the most picturesque of our group was Wainwright—scion of a fighting line, who left Dartmouth to go abroad upon ambulanceservice in France; left that in turn to join the famous Foreign Legion and after sterling service, joined the Royal Flying Corps. He served his turn in America also—a long summer on the border, with the National Guard.

There were two companies—"A" and "B"—the long and the short, respectively. They shot against each other. But when it came to the greater things, there was no division. When subscriptions were asked

for Liberty Bonds, we took the loan and it was ours—one hundred and nineteen men, three officers and two janitors, comprising everybody connected in any way with the outfit. We mention the janitor advisedly; for not a man but remembers Sergeant Sullivan with pleasure.

The flag dips at the closing chord of the anthem; the khaki-clad ranks fade into October dusk; the major stands at the angle of the road and dismisses the companies as they pass; and finally the Seventh aligns in its company street.

"Every man on the job to-morrow—all the time," says Captain Hunter, out of the gathering darkness. "Dismiss the company."

Co. 7, 17th P. T. Regiment

Chas. W. Alexander, Henry C. Bacon, George V. Baker, John M. Bartlett, Adolf A. Berle, Jr., Thomas C. Bradford, Maurice T. Bresnahan, Eugene E. Bryant, Warren H. Buffum, Charles C. Burke, Harry A. Burnes, John D. Clarke, Paul L. Coble, James E. Cogan, John J. Cooley, Charles F. Crowley, Frank A. Deroine, Albert T. Dewey, Rowland S. Dodge, Kenneth C. Downing, Harold R. Drew, Laurence Emmerton, John H. Field, Jr., Raymond G. Flynn, Clement R. Ford, Henry A. Garrow, Warren F. Gould, Stephen H. Greene, James F. Herlihy, Kenneth D. Hinds, Leonard C. Howe, Thomas F. Jackson, Dwight I. Jacobs, Kenneth C. Johnson, Clifford G. Kershaw, Robert P. King, William F. King, Henry C. Kittredge, Phillip H. Kron, Napoleon A. Langlois, Josiah Lasell, 2d, Cyril M. Littlejohn, William F. Littlejohn, Fred W. Lounsbury, John C. Lynch, Albert W. McCarthy, John F. McCormick, Donald R. McIntyre, Joseph H. McNally, William W. Macrum, Joseph H. Main, Herman F. Mann, Charles E. Mason, Gardner C. Means, Auguste A. Messier, Harold A. Miller, Benoni Moore, John T. Morris, Henry L. Morrissey, Dennis P. Murphy, Jonah J. Newton, Horace C. Nowlin, Frank T. O'Connell, Patrick J. O'Reilly, Robert K. Osborne, Whipple H. Parker, Roland H. Peacock, Charles H. Pearce, Stanley F. Pelechar, Louis A. Perkins, Albert W. Perody, James P. Pinkerton, Samuel D. Pope, Paul Potter, Charles P. Purdy, Eugene P. Ramsay, Endicott Rantoul, James H. Ray, Franklin S. Raynes, Norman B. Read, John H. Reed, Norman Renne, Joseph Riseman, James L. Rochford, Leland L. Rowe, Carl J. Sandberg, James M. Scheley, Jr., Malcolm C. Sherman, Walworth Simpson, Francis B. Small, Alfred D. Snivley, Walter B. Spencer, Henry A. Starret, Louis C. Steady, George R. Stevens, Jr., Winthrop A. Stiles, Arthur W. Sullivan, William M. Sullivan, Jireh Swift, 3d, Samuel S. Swift, Fred H. Thompson, Cushing Toppin, Clarence W. Trendell, Arthur G. Upston, James E. Vance, Charles E. Van Riper, Carl A. Wainwright, Byron B. Walker, Frederick J. Warnock, Herbert L. Wayman, Simon D. Weissman, Kyle C. Westover, Merle M. Weymouth, Eugene L. White, Paul A. Wilks, John H. Winslow, Arthur D. Wood, Clarence I. Worcester.



Capt. D. Gordon Hunter
7th Co. Instructor



Lieut. R. J. Hammerslag
7th Co.
Assistant Instructor



THE UNFAILING EIGHTH

Wonders at Trench Digging and Other Things—Read This and Believe

"I'M sorry I didn't have you boys build the first line of trenches," the French lieutenant supervising the work said after inspecting that section of the support trenches constructed by the Eighth Company.

And with such leaders and instructors as Captain Clarke and Lieutenant Lowrie, the Eighth could not help being in the forefront. They set a strenuous pace.

What Captain Charles Kennon Clarke, commander of the Eighth, lacked in height he made up in sinew and muscle. By profession he is a civil and construction engineer. He was graduated from the Virginia Military Institute in 1913 at the age of twenty. He is now twenty-four.

He was commissioned Second Lieutenant, Infantry, U. S. R., April 18, 1917, and on August 15, 1917, was commissioned Captain, Infantry, U. S. R.

When Lieutenant Garth M. Lowrie, giving bayonet instruction, sprang into the "on guard" position with a "look mean" expression on his face, the boys little thought that he had obtained his menacing appearance from actual experience. Although only twenty-seven years old, the wiry lieutenant had a record of nine years in the regular army. He was five years in the Philippine Islands, and took part in skirmishes against hostile Moros in Jolo, Davao, Ganasi, Cotobato, Lanao, Kiethley, etc.

He was commissioned First Lieutenant, Infantry, U. S. R., May 25, 1917. Incidentally, the lieutenant is an expert rifle and pistol shot.

Aside from the knowledge gained, the week of trench-digging left many indelible impressions on the minds of the boys of the Eighth. For instance, after a ten-minutes' rest, R. T. "Wallingford" King, who might be described as "section boss" of the company, would say:

"Come on, fellers, this will be the half hour in which we break the Kaiser's back."

Then King would assume a "d-e-e-lighted" pose on the edge of a trench and give the boys the "Dooley."

The expression "Giving him the Dooley," meaning "once over" or close scrutiny, originated in the Eighth

Company when a certain dapper little sergeant stood in front of the company and, without turning his head, rolled his eyes, first to the right, then to the left, exclaiming: "Easy on the right! Up on the left!"

"Corporal" Walton "All-round-man" Greene was a stickler for "fire direction" with shovels. Observing that one of his "sappers" was spraying each shovelful of dirt all around the horizon, Greene rebuked him by saying, "Good Lord, man, that isn't a hose. It's a shovel!"

"Statistician" Roger U. Allard took time enough off from figuring the days, hours and minutes to the close of the camp, to compute that the Eighth used sufficient timber in revetments to keep every family in Plattsburg in firewood for six days, twenty-three hours, forty minutes and thirty-two seconds.

"If you doubt it, figure it out yourself," said Roger.

"Wally" Almeda claimed the distinction of missing the target in rifle practice more times successively than any man in the company. After describing four misses to "Rosebud" Dolan, he said:

"So on the fifth shot, I took 1,200 yards' elevation and seven points' left-windage, put the front sight dead into the bull's eye, and fired."

"And you hit it?" asked Dolan, breathlessly.

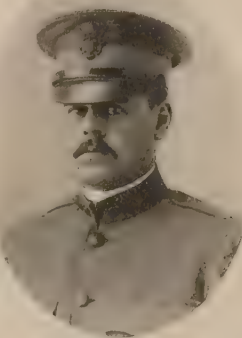
"Sure, I did—right in the same place," replied Almeda, disgustedly.

Notwithstanding occasional low scores, the Eighth, on the range, ranked well up in the list of companies. Paradoxical as it may seem, the novices, in the majority of cases, outshot the "non-com." instructors. The captain and the lieutenant, both crack shots, got "fives" almost at will.

While explaining work on the target range, the lieutenant was asked if a ricochet hit counted.

"It would if it hit you, wouldn't it?" smiled the lieutenant.

Marching at attention, the Eighth was frequently complimented. At "route step" the boys usually fulfilled



Major R. Lowell
4th Bn. 17th P. T. R.
Asst. Battalion Instructor



requirements, but one day—only one day, understand—they performed wonderfully. None but a wonderful company could have marched so many different ways.

Perhaps the most popular equipment issued to the Eighth were the little sheet-iron stoves. On cool evenings the stoves were social centers. Around them gathered the company celebrities.

Cappe, once left "guard," told about "famous ball players I have met." Barry related border romances. Clement incessantly forced wood into the stove, and whenever he burned his fingers "Pop" Andrews said "Ding it!" for him. Cafferty demonstrated his famous laugh—"Har, har!"

Athletically, the company excelled at baseball, its teams trouncing teams representing the Ninth and Second companies. Sleeping, the company barred none, the twelfth squad being particularly good. Several squads had snorers they were willing to back against any in the two regiments.

And the company inspections. A word about them. They undoubtedly will always have a place in the memories of the men. They inspired poetical effusions by "Sam" Kelley and Warren Clear. Sergeant Watson, too, will never forget the day he snatched his expert rifleman medal from his breast just thirty seconds before the lieutenant told him he had "a dusty chamber and dirty screwheads."

The night of October 18th, spent in the trenches, will live long in the memories of the boys, not only because it was the first experience of the kind for nearly all, but also because of the many humorous incidents.

The stories of that wonderful night were often told during the ensuing days of the camp. Several will bear repetition:

One candidate, whose name is withheld, to save him future embarrassment, halted a suspicious-looking person and asked for the countersign.

"Sir, may I pass without the countersign?" meekly asked the stranger.

The plea softened the stout-hearted sentinel who forthwith replied:

"You wait here until I go and ask the countersign."

Harry Glover, while on his way to bring up the mess for supper, thought it would be a good idea to call on the fellows in

the various dugouts en route. Of course, he had to have an excuse, so in each dugout he announced that he had been detailed to take measurements for ventilators.

The company history would not be complete without a word of Harold A. Gibbs, the even-tempered, mild-mannered sergeant on detached service from the regular army. Without fear of contradiction it may be said that Gibbs was one of the best-liked men in the company.

In conclusion, it should be recorded that the Eighth was, like all other companies, fortunate in having good instructors. Captain Clarke was in command all the time, and he had able assistants in Lieutenants Louis Stone and Lowrie.

Co. 8, 17th P. T. Regiment



Capt. C. K. Clarke
8th Co. Instructor

Harold V. Adams, Roger U. Allard, Walter B. Almeda, Francis L. Andrews, George W. Andrews, Donald G. Babbitt, Harold G. Baldwin, Robert J. Barr, John Barron, John J. Barry, Charles H. Barton, John W. Brewer, Harold L. Briggs, James S. Brooks, Harold S. Brower, Fred N. Brown, Harry D. Brown, Edward S. Burns, Jr., Edmund J. Cafferty, James Callahan, Benjamin H. Cappe, William W. Carman, Jr., Arthur F. Carter, Frank W. Chapman, Gerald Chittenden, Warren Clear, Roger C. Clement, U. Samuel Coan, Ralph Cobb, Orville T. Colby, William C. Collins, Paul G. Courtney, Wayne W. Cowan, Benedict A. Coyle, Fred J. Cummings, J. W. Cummings, Frank E. Cutter, Harold P. Dahlquist, Sidney I. Daniels, Harvey B. Davenport, George De Merell, Thomas W. Desmond, Leonard C. Dewing, John A. Doherty, Edward F. Dolan, John W. Dole, James Dooley, Carroll K. Dunham, Francis S. Dunn, James W. Dwyer, H. Leslie Eddy, M. G. Estabrook, Jr., James B. Felton, Clarence M. Finch, Francis M. Flanagan, Charles K. Flanders, Edward L. Ford, Alvin E. Foss, James G. Geddes, Harold A. Gibbs, James W. Gibson, Harry E. Glover, John K. Gowen, Jr., Walton A. Green, Francis X. Hagerty, Henry S. Hall, Jr., Leo McA. Harlow, Philip C. Hawley, Griswold S. Hayward, William P. Hemenway, Carl W. Hill, Ulmont W. Holly, Neale W. Hooker, Paul Hughes, William Hurlin, Constantine Hutchins, Arthur Irish, Raymond T. Jones, Levi R. Jones, Thomas J. Kavanagh, Frank R. Keating, Samuel J. A. Kelley, Edward L. Kickham, Raymond T. King, Frank L. Klingbeil, John H. Larned, Reginald D. Leach, Herbert A. Lewis, Freeman Light, Edwin L. Lindman, Charles A. Lodge, Wallace W. Malley, Alan R. Martin, Ralph G. McCarthy, Arthur W. McFarland, Harold E. McGaffey, Joseph G. McGeer, Samuel Mixer, John M. Morrison, Frank E. Noyes, Norman N. Pearson, Harold A. Peckham, Samuel N. Pierson, Harold L. Porter, William L. Raymond, Harold L. Reed, Jackson L. Reynolds, Robt. L. Richardson, William H. Robinson, H. F. Roche, Edwin A. Russell, Edward G. Shepherd, George W. Smith, Harold G. Soule, William W. T. Squire, Walter A. Stoddard, Jacob C. Stone, Thomas E. Sullivan, Charles B. Thompson, Fred H. Warner, Jr., Ernest A. Watson, Vernie E. Weymouth, Edgar J. Whelpley, Myles S. Wikler, Ralph L. Willner, Charles P. Winsor, Edward A. Winsor, Clyde H. Witham, Fred P. Woolley, Jr., Robt. J. H. Worcester.



1st Lieut. G. M. Lowrie
8th Co. Assistant Instructor



NOW COMES THE NINTH!!!

A Company of Spirit—Its Tale One of Interest

COMPANY spirit is just what its officers make it, and the Ninth Company was fortunate in having captains who fostered that feeling of mutual helpfulness which was so essential to the full development of Plattsburg opportunities. From the first day the men were made to feel that their officers had the interests of the candidates in their company continuously at heart.

Captain Higgins, who had had four months' soldiering on the Mexican border as a climax to seven years of military life, was commissioned a captain of infantry at the first training camp. Captain Warner was commissioned a captain of infantry at the age of twenty-one in August, 1917, at the Plattsburg camp. Previously he had received military training at Williams R. O. T. C. Captain Boschen, who rose from the ranks, had seen active service in Cuba, the Philippines, China, Alaska and Mexico before he was ordered to Plattsburg to help train reserve officers.

Let us take time to cite you a bit of company nomenclature by way of proving that the Ninth Company was a thorough-going mixture, when you come to survey the stock from which it sprang. Snatching at random, you couldn't miss the solid Irish strain in Flanagan, Geehan, McGahhey and O'Leary. Neither is there a chance to overlook the Grecian trace in Aristides Phoutrides, the company bard.

Charles Dennett McDuffie was ye bonnie Scot, and what cognomen is more purely sprung from merrie England, and real Plymouth rock stock than Winthrop B. Tewksbury? Of course Lloyd B. Vanda Linda sounds enough like the dikes of Holland, and Schier and Spickelmire smack of dating back in the dim and misty past even unto the land across the Rhine.

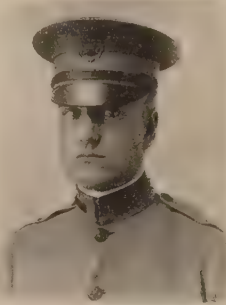
And speaking of names, the Ninth Company claims a distinction peculiar without doubt to itself. Consider the Rogers Boys. Not the famous duo of musical comedy fame, but "Boston" Rogers and "Bridgeport" Rogers. In both cases Francis Aloysius. Of course if the coincidence had been Tom Brown, John Smith or Bill Jones, nothing would have been thought of it. But

Francis Aloysius Rogers twice in the same place. Distinction, what? But enough.

Hardly had the rumble of the D. & H. train died away before the deep bass voice of Big Vars began rolling out cordial greetings, to the newcomers, and Lester Jenks was rattling the bones of his bunkies before the night was over.

And these new arrivals, they were of all types, from Judge Malone to Jailer Jeffers. They were long and lean, short and sometimes rotund, merry and melancholy, with a liberal representation from the Harvard O. T. C., including such luminaries as Nichols, Welch, Moore and Macurda.

There was no lack of variety. There were Savage, the disciplinarian; Langley, the Eat-'Em-Alive boy; Foss, master of dissertations; Wilkie, the strong man; Hersum, the Way-Down-Easter; Ebbs, the irrepressible; Gould, the patient; O'Gorman, the witty; LaVigne, the pessimist, who always saw the hole in the doughnut; Neilson, the candid; Kileski, the generous, and Palache and Harbison, lapping over from the first camp.



Capt. A. G. Warner
9th Co. Instructor

Here are a few highlights from the daily doings of the ninth.

Sunday morning roll call, acting-sergeant calling the roll: "Skinny" Austin."

(Weak voice from a little six-foot-four boy in glasses—you'd never think he shot a possible). "Here, sir!"

Acting Sergeant: "Stop laughing Jenks and take that tree out of your hat, or the squirrels will get you."

"A. K. W. E. Barrows! Just one man answer."

Evarts at this point answers "Here!" His mind is in the clouds.

Candidate Eastman continues playing the title role of "If the Fatimas Don't Get You, the Camels Must."

The acting sergeant having finished the roll call, hands out a bit of friendly advice.

"Flanagan, in shooting, keep your hat on straight, and sight on only one target."

"Grimes, don't continue dancing after I call the company to attention."



"Major, jump into this. It's 1917, and not 1898, and we're in a real war."

"Langley, let me compliment you on your even disposition. It's always sour."

"Lanier, your sound-off is good, but where do you get that, 'hup, hup, hup'?"

"Lewis, execute this movement a la Plattsburg, and forget about North Haven."

"MacFarlick," don't climb up that piece. Keep your three paces behind the lieutenant, and guide right. Bellamy will be with the reserves."

"Linehan, please give us a talk on platoon movements, remembering the posts of the platoon leaders are on the main street."

"Judge Malone, thank you for voicing your opinion so fully in conference. You're two jumps ahead of the battalion commander now."

"Macurda, if asking is learning, Solomon isn't ace-high to you."

"O'Leary, after the gaff you've stood, shell song will be sweet music."

All of this advice is duly digested. Let's put on a new record.

Of all the rapid boys in the Ninth, Potter and Moore were the real Mercuries. They never executed any movement except in double time. Parker, film favorite, hadn't pulled a fitting cue when camp closed, but was still hoping. As for Phoutrides, he was still figuring just how much the Marathon had to do with the cause of the war.

Savage was a good man with a tough job; we wonder what he did with his spare time. Also how did Sampson get away so strong with his hair cut so short, and we never could figure out why Sawyer spelled his name Sohler. Tewksbury failed to find enough to keep him busy in the regular course and took on a lot of odd jobs for The Plattsburger.

Welch had the high-low cadence. He walked well but different; Kelly, ditto. As a song writer Worthley was a flivver, but my what a trench digger. As for Johnson and Bellamy, Tom and Jerry, the boys were clever but had poor pedal extremities.

The Ninth Company found early enough subjects and matters full and sufficient to detract attention from such minor matters as a name. What's in a name, anyway?

If there was anything that the Ninth Company missed, the sleuth who detected it, is urgently requested to come forward and submit his report. From the time that

we formed in line and charged the Quartermaster and Ordnance officer right along through the course we missed nothing. Physical torture—I mean physical culture—strained our muscles and creaked our joints until we were almost ready to make a noise like an accordion and collapse. At the rifle range we sat, stooped, and stretched over cold ground and wet, the while we plugged away at the distant disks that showed just how good or bad we were.

Co. 9, 17th P. T. Regiment

Earl Dudley Austin, Kenneth Nott Bailey, Paul Russell Baird, Ariston K. Barrows, Chas. J. Bellamy, Robert Everson Briggs, Willard E. Barrows, John Edmond Carney, Truman F. Chipman, Francis Wm. Clemmey, Frederick H. Cogswell, Carroll A. Cole, Joseph Wm. Cummings, George B. Currier, George Henry Daniels, Frederick Byron Dight, Henry Weston Earle, Chase Eastman, Laurenceck, Ebbs, John Spalding Elliott, Jeremiah M. Everts, Leland Leroy Fitz, John Joseph Flanagan, Leon Frederic Foss, James Aloysius Geehan, Paul Lawrence Gould, Chas. P. Greenough, 2d. Frank Edward Grimes, Charles A. Hagman, Cecil John Hall, Ernest James Hall, Amos F. Hamburger, Francis D. Harrigan, Alexander W. Harbison, George E. Hayes, Rousseau Forby Haynes, John Blackmar Healey, Lawrence Hemenway, Harold Dunn Hersum, John Tuttle Hubbard, Leon Henry Jeffers, Arthur Jenkins, Lester Adelbert Jenks, Russell C. Johnson, Rolland Frederick Judd, David R. Kearney, Philip John Kelley, Frederic G. Kileski, Ernest S. Knowlton, James McL. Langley, Lyman Jefferson Lanier, Jerome Robt. LaVigne, James Abram Lewis, Frank J. Linehan, Jr., Rodney M. Lowe, Arthur Kenney Lowell, Amherst R. Macartney, William A. MacFarland, Paul Gardner Macurda, Arthur Madison, William John Malone, Ralph Monroe Manter, Charles Holley Martin, Richard Gage Mattice, Robt. Baker McDowell, Chas. Dennett McDutlie, James Thos. McGahhey, Thos. Stratton McGinley, Chas. R. McKenney, John Thomas Melville, Ed. Knox Mitchell, Jr., John Arthur Moir, William Moore, Eugene Evans Morton, Charles Ralph Myers, Wm. A. Neilson, Jr., John D. Nichols, Theodore Millard Noyes, Clarence Percy Oakes, Wm. Slocum O'Gorman, John Joseph O'Leary, Jos. Henry O'Neil, Jr., Gordon Dickson Orr, James Palache, John M. G.

Parker, Reginald S. Parker, Joel Earist Pentfield, Aristides E. Phoutrides, Francis Wilcox Potter, Herbert Sears Potter, Francis William Pratt, Milo Ambasa Putnam, H. K. Raymenton, Horace Robt. Reynolds, Forbes Rickard, Jr., Francis Aloysius Rogers (Boston), Francis Aloysius Rogers (Bridgeport), Harrison S. Royce, Edwin M. Sampson, Chas. Whitney Savage, Victor R. Schmidt, Vernon L. Spickelmire, Squire Afleck Sharpe, James Henry Shortell, Procter Smith, Wm. Davies Schier, Jr., Kenneth George Stone, Henry Joseph Sullivan, John Sunderland, Jr., Ralph Lee Talbot, George Wilson Taylor, Winthrop B. Tewksbury, Eugene L. Tougas, Lloyd B. Van Da Linda, William Ward Vars, Melvin Wallace, Frank Spalding Welsh, Lewis Grant Whipple, George Monroe White, James R. Whitmore, Wm. Fred Wilkie, Jr., Pett Sawyer Willand, Shepard F. Williams, Allan Sheldon Willis, Basil Gilson Woods, Harlan Noyes Worthley.



Capt. J. E. Higgins
9th Co. Asst. Instructor



REGULAR WORK



OFFICERS 18th PROVISIONAL TRAINING REGIMENT, NEW YORK

STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT

1st Lieut. Sta. Nye	Capt. Burdell	Capt. Foss	Capt. Wallace	Capt. Olyphant	Capt. Lang	Capt. Bennett	Capt. Hedges
Capt. Pratt	Capt. Fleet	Capt. Lehmkuhl	Capt. Newson	Capt. Harrington	Capt. Stilwell		

SITTING, LEFT TO RIGHT

Capt. Shell	Capt. Draper	Capt. Bowman	Capt. Ware	Capt. Shaw	Capt. Ewell	Capt. Shortleff	Capt. Viller	Capt. Williams
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OVER THE TOP WITH THE TENTH

A Company That Hurdled Every Contour and Then Dug In

THE Tenth Company has been complimented upon many of its achievements, but its greatest virtue might be set down as a fine human feeling among the men and the snap and spirit of organization. This was due largely to the work of the officers, Captain Ewell, the first battalion commander, followed by Major Carroll Hodges, and of Captains Wallace and Olyphant, the senior and junior instructors. Major Hodges, the present battalion commander, has a brilliant service record, his latest feat being the mobilization of the National Guard of New York State without a hitch. Captain Wallace entered the last camp as a captain of cavalry in the U. S. R. He is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and saw border service with Squadron A.

Captain Olyphant entered the last camp as a first lieutenant in the Reserve Corps. He came from the Harvard Regiment and was a member of the 1918 class, answering the call to the colors before receiving his diploma. He was the youngest captain in the regiment, and took the place of Captain Draper, who was ordered to the Seventeenth. Captain Draper will be remembered by members of his old company whenever a bayonet glistens or a sonorous "In cadence exercise" disturbs the atmosphere.

Of the Tenth's military activities, the trench-building was of such a quality that Captain Shaw, the regimental commander, ordered a picture taken of one of the sections constructed. Scott and his squad of sand hogs, including Trainor, Finnerty, who wished it said in his favor that he was a lawyer practicing in Tulsa, Oklahoma, McGuire, Elser and Lewis, gave the nearest imitation of a Panama steam shovel that will ever, perhaps, be seen in action. But Scott was an army sergeant and he not only

had to uphold the reputation of the Tenth but of the regulars as well during the week. Campbell, Legate and Richards completed the roll-call of the army sergeants.

It would be quite appropriate to assign Campbell to the Rainbow Division. He sports one—a rainbow, not a division—across his chest. Bill McGeehan, who is going "over there" under any circumstances, is also well decorated.

The Tenth had its share of guard-house lawyers. Among the by-laws that governed the fraternity, so Senter believed, was one that called for discussion of no point until taps had been blown. Perhaps Dougherty started matters with his immortal "Sound off." Derby for some reason or other couldn't settle matters with his daytime air of finality in these discussions.

When the long-awaited O. D.'s were issued the movie man should have been on the job to catch Singleton, Sizer and Conger at their business of measuring. "A fine fit," Singy would say as he grabbed the slack in the parade ground during physical drill when the company was going round and round in column of twos. It was about the 197th trip and Bennett sighed to Thomas, "Some one ought to get the brass ring this time."

The elusive contour furnished a mixture of humor and tragedy. Before the Tenth was through that awful week they would swear to a man that the country was named after the road and not the road after the country. On Hill 230 Eylers remarked that all that would be necessary to win the war would be to give the Germans a map of Peru Road and let them attempt the fateful task of fighting on that ground, as



Major J. F. Ware, 18th P. T. R.
1st Bn. Asst. Senior Instructor



Major C. B. Hodges, 18th P. T. R.
1st Bn. Asst. Battalion Instructor



mapped. Harbeson agreed. All he had to do after a week of contour chasing was to see the road again and quietly retire to the hospital.

Some squads quickly established names for themselves. The Fourth was regular clear through, every member coming from the military. Johnson was a member of the New York State rifle team. The Fifth went by the happy monicker of Keystone, derived from the sunny presence of Arbuckle, who doesn't want to try any bear walking through the woods during the hunting season. The Snappy Sixth under the able leadership of Corporal Sumner lived up to its name by carrying off the first marching contest for a silver salver offered by a member of the company for the best all around squad. The Third would have been known as "Thrushes" if Willard had

been able to teach what he knew about chest heaving.

The Boy Scouts made up for their lack of inches by the amount of noise they managed to create under any and all circumstances. If one section wasn't singing and the other howling it down, the other was howling down the other's singing. They were the despair of Van Suydam's tenor-like soul, and Macduff's mandolin. "Sandy" Falconer, so Moyse declared, could beat some of the song-birds with his snore sonata in A minor. But Captain Hodges had no fault to find with them.

When the Tenth got word before leaving for the twenty-four hour stretch in the trenches that some officers would try to break through the lines, it was Verdun all over again. Woodbridge got busy with his strings and soon after nightfall there was a string to everything in the sector occupied by the company. For three days after strings were being combed from leggings. Woody wasn't stingy with his cord and by the same token the men weren't stingy with their expressions when they got all wrapped up like parcels to be sent a long ways. Riley, on guard at the junction of Italy and New York, said the password wasn't always "Grant."

Well, they didn't get through the Tenth's lines that

night and the wire fence rattled more than once from a hasty retreat made to avoid a patrol doing its work and doing it well.

In concluding what is not history of the Tenth but a few jottings of its happy spirit, the only words to be said cover our thanks to our officers and the wish "Here's luck to ourselves."

Co. 10, 18th P. T. Regiment

Ralph R. Adams, Richard J. Ambler, Charles S. M. Asinari, Walter E. Baker, William Baunet, John D. Bennett, James A. Blakely, William D. Boykin, William W. Byrne, Arthur C. Busch, Victor N. Camp, George A. Campbell, Thomas L. Casey, Marcus L. Chasins, Charles W. Comiskey, Frederic Conger, James H. Cooke, Derby Crandall, Jr., Walter F. Cunningham, Charles Cutajar, Jefferson Deevy, Jr., William J. Deevy, Herbert C. Dickinson, Edmund L. Dougherty, Clinton S. Downes, Francis L. Durk, Maximilian Elser, Jr., John D. Eyler, William G. Falconer, Hilary F. Farrell, David F. Finnerty, Edwin S. Frost, Jr., William L. Gay, Rufus W. Gaynor, John J. Gleason, William L. Glenn, John J. Gorman, Poultney Gorter, Laurence H. Green, Dayton K. Haight, Allen H. Hall, Robert A. Harbeson, Thomas J. Harding, Alfred J. Hayhurst, Ludwig B. Heeren, Carl Helm, William M. Herz, Herbert Hilder, Albert J. Hoffman, Cyrus W. Horton, Jr., Charles F. Hughes, William E. L. Hunter, Edward A. Hurd, Howard W. Hyne, Henry Iselin, Frank H. Johnson, Henry E. Kelly, Harry S. Kelly, John C. King, Karl B. King, Roland W. Kluepfel, Thomas P. Knapp, Leo G. Kney, Merle L. Langel, Anthony B. Langer, Thomas H. Lee, John W. Legate, William Lentz, Ernest F. Lewis, Henry E. Loney, Louis Lorch, Jr., Douglas Macduff, Thomas R. MacFarlane, Maurice J. McCarthy, William O. McGeehan, John J. McGuire, Frank B. McKee, Samuel McKee, Jr., Walter J. McLaughlin, Robert P. Manly, John S. Martin, John Melcher, Charles E. Merrill, Jr., Joseph F. Mollere, Luther E. Morrison, George E. Morrissey, Isidor K. Moyse, Russel Murray, William P. Murray, Arthur T. Noone, Jacques C. Nordeman, Jesse Oppenheimer, Henry O'Reardon, John E. Peters, Kenneth V. Preston, Franklyn L. Rabineau, Maurice S. Revnes, Maxine E. Richards, John A. Riley, William D. Riley, William F. Rodihan, Paul L. Russell, Thomas J. Ryan, Amos C. Schermerhorn, George S. Scott, Irving P. Seery, Carl A. Senter, James H. Shipley, Jouett F. Singleton, Robert R. Sizer, Jr., Conrad F. Sjoberg, Willett D. Smith, William H. Smith, William C. Steinmetz, Richard E. Sumner, Wilfred A. Surber, Harold S. Thomas, Roberts B. Thomas, Francis C. Trainor, Edgar V. Treacy, Evelyn E. Valentini, Beverly M. Value, Henderson E. Van Suydam, Edward C. Wagner, Oliver L. Walsh, Cresap P. Watson, Frederick H. Werrin, John Willard, Frank Willetts, Louis A. Withers, Francis Woodbridge.



Capt. L. G. Wallace
10th Co. Instructor



Capt. J. K. Olyphant, Jr.
10th Co. Asst. Instructor



THE LOG OF THE 'LEVENTH

*Mr. Service is Out of Luck in Not Having Looked this Crowd
Over Before he Wrote his Poem*

Oh, we're booked for the Great Adventure now, we're
pledged to the Real Romance;
We'll find ourselves or we'll lose ourselves somewhere
in giddy France.
We'll know the zest of the fighter's life; the best that
we have we'll give;
We'll hunger and thirst; we'll die—but first, we'll
live; by the gods, we'll live.

—SERVICE.

IT would seem that the author of the
above had written it expressly to
depict the spirit of the men in the
Eleventh Company. We have been fortunate
in having strict disciplinarians as instructors
and consequently our company
was regarded as one of the best-drilled
companies at the camp.

Captain Wilhelm Henry Bennett, instructor, was born in New York City, March 15, 1892. In 1912 he enlisted in the 7th Regiment N. G. N. Y. and became first sergeant of the Machine Gun Company. He attended the Government Machine Gun School at Harlington, Tex., in 1916 and was made a first lieutenant O. R. C. in February of this year, being ordered to active duty on June 20, while at the first Plattsburg camp. There he earned a captaincy. Captain Bennett has a dynamic personality which kept the company on its toes and working hard all of the time. We will always remember him by his, "Stay with it!" "Hold it out there!" "Heads up!" and many others.

Captain Theodore Berdell, assistant instructor, was born in Barkston Gardens, London, on October 22, 1888. From 1910 to 1912 Captain Berdell was a member of Company I, 7th Regiment N. G. N. Y. When war was declared he was commissioned a second lieutenant O. R. C. and attended the first Plattsburg camp, where he earned his present commission.

In September the company was organized and the following committees chosen: Executive—William O. Cooley, John Philip Benkard, Thomas J. Lewis, Edmund

Maurice Burke Roche; Financial—Edward Estey Stowell, Charles E. Norlin, James A. MacIlvaine; Athletic—Charles K. Niblack, Andrew B. Kelley, Francis P. Walsh; Music—Arthur S. Hyde, Otto Kinkeldey, James F. White. A company fund has been raised.

Many of the men in our company held prominent positions in civil life before coming to the camp. Captain E. Alexander Powell is a noted war correspondent. As such he has served with all the belligerent armies and is the author of several books on the present war.

Thomas J. Lewis, Vice-President of the National Reserve Bank of New York City, was responsible for having moving pictures taken of our trench-digging and camp life. With Captain Powell, he organized and directed the military tournament on October 13, and guaranteed the grand challenge cup and prizes.

Harold G. Webb is an architect and a member of the Board of Directors of Pratt Institute. W. Kenneth Watkins is the company artist. Andrew B. Kelley is the national champion in the 100-yard

and 300-yard dash, but he did not try to do "squads right" in nine and four-fifths. John W. Daly was the short man of the company and is about as big one way as the other. Francis P. Walsh was for two years coach of the track, football, and baseball teams at Fordham Prep. James F. White was our song writer and tried hard to bring out something that would "take" better than the camp vaccination. Arthur S. Hyde, formerly organist of St. Bartholomew's Church in New York City, applied his sense of rhythm to close order drill. Otto Kinkeldey is a composer of music and has also composed some intricate formations on the parade ground. After every formation David Ely might be seen headed toward the bath-house with more toilet articles than the rest of us knew about. It takes all kinds of powder to make a war.

Most of the men had previous military experience. Among these are John Philip Benkard, who served one year as captain of the United States Volunteers in the Spanish American War, and fourteen years in the N. G. N. Y., the



Capt. W. H. Bennett
11th Co. Instructor



past two years as major. Frank J. Wagner served ten years with the 7th N. Y. Regiment and was a sergeant major in the Mexican border service in 1916. Thomas W. Rikeman served three years with the 23rd Regiment and is a warranted sergeant. William S. Doscher was a member of the 23rd for eighteen years. James D. Gabler served in the Spanish American War and for the past five years with the 7th and 69th Regiments. John Henderson Servis served eleven years with the 7th Regiment. Edward E. Stowell has been in Squadron A for the past ten years. J. F. Crawford was for three and one-half years a member of Company F, 7th N. Y. Regiment. John Curtain enlisted in the 13th N. Y. Infantry in 1896 and served in the Spanish American War, resigning in 1906 with the rank of second lieutenant. Harry West served five years with the 3rd Pennsylvania Infantry and two years with the United States Marine Corps. Roland B. Gordon served in the Regular Army seventeen years and became a sergeant during the Philippine insurrection.

There is no better place than the drill ground for demonstrating the originality of some of our platoon leaders and company commanders. Vern Priddy repeated a popular command as: "On left into front."

During one of the well-known battalion movements, Captain Bennett called out, "Where are you taking your company, Mr. Clock?" Answer: "I don't know, sir." "Why don't you give the command, 'Squads right about' in executing that movement?" Answer: "Well, we'll try it, sir." "Why don't you get out in front of your company so you can see where they are?" "I can watch them better back here, sir."

In the Study Hall: Captain Bennett—signaling increase at fifty-yard range: "Mr. Wagner, what would you do?" Wagner (probably just awakened from a dream of four aces): "Er-er-raise you fifty."

Kinkeldey (serious as usual): "Question, sir. I was left guide to-day; the platoon was here" (pointing on the board). "I was here" (pointing to a different spot). "Where was I supposed to be?"

Paul G. Mahlin has no rival as a snorer.

Captain Berdell (after a chorus of "yohs" in answer to roll-call): "If you can't say here here, you won't be able to say here there."

"Archie" Hughes (admiring a well-built section of trench): "That trench was my idea." Voice: "Whoever died and left you an idea?"

Captain Hodges was standing on the edge of the trench. Diefendorf was working below but did not see him. Diefendorf: "Hey, you up there, get off the edge of the trench. This is no public playground."

Siegel (after giving "squads right" in platoon drill, the platoon having moved off in the new direction for some distance): "Kum-pan-nee, Kum-pan-nee, I said Kum-pan-nee, why don't you stop when I say Kum-pan-nee."

And soon a continuous procession of joys and glooms until the eventful day when we learned our fates.

Co. 11, 18th P. T. Regiment



Capt. T. Berdell
11th Co. Asst. Instructor

John F. Adams, Simon Allen, William D. Allen, Jr., Oscar H. Baker, Roy G. Baker, Fred W. Beck, Donald Beers, John P. Benkard, Howe Bennett, Julius Bien, Jr., Warren Bigelow, Robert B. Bloom, Gordon Boyd, Edgar B. Bronson, Jr., Herbert S. Brussel, Francis A. Busby, Frederick W. Busk, Harry F. Cahill, Philip G. Cammann, Duncan Campbell, Alfred H. Chappell, Herbert W. Clock, James W. Cobb, Edward Collins, William O. Cooley, John F. Crawford, Henry Cunningham, Jr., John Curtin, John W. Daly, Arthur Y. Dalziel, Frederick P. DeLemos, Warren E. Diefendorf, William S. Doscher, Donald Durant, David J. Ely, Joseph M. Fallon, Jr., Sidney W. Fish, William L. Forrest, Montgomery L. Francis, Frank A. Fritz, James D. Gabler, Curtis W. Gates, Frederick L. Gayton, Roland B. Gordon, William F. Gorman, Carl F. Greene, Ernest N. Hall, John T. Harman, William H. Hayes, Warren B. Heilman, Gerard J. Hernon, Charles R. Hickox, Arthur J. Horton, Archibald Hughes, Earl C. Hughes, Arthur S. Hyde, Clarence E. Johnson, Wilfred G. Johnston, George B. Keeler, Andrew B. Kelly, Charles P. Kelly, John F. Kelly, Jr., Joseph D. Kidder, Frank P. Kieser, Thomas F. Kilroe, Otto Kinkeldey, August Klipstein, Jr., William H. Knight, Harold S. Lasell, Mario Lazo, Thomas J. Lewis Albert C. Lord, James A. MacIlvaine, Henry J. McCadden, William L. McCarty, Herbert McDermott, Jr., Morris H. McIlwain, Arthur J. McSherry, Peter Malah, Luther B. Marchant, Lawrence N. Martin, Alexander A. Martiney, John F. Manly, Paul G. Mehlin, Donald Moffat, Claude E. Moore, Walter J. Nally, John Nelson, Charles K. Niblack, Charles E. Norlin, Edward G. O'Neill, John N. Outwater, Charles D. Parker, Harry O. Payne, Harold C. Perry, E. Alexander Powell, William H. Pratt, Vern Priddy, Joseph Quittner, Isaac B. Reinhardt, Henry Reynaud, Thomas W. Rikeman, Edmund M. B. Roche, William B. Roe, Hervey L. Russell, John H. Servis, Roger Sherman, William S. Shipman, Hyman Siegel, Harry Dew Slater, Walter Smithers, Lloyd R. Stark, Charles W. Stephens, Edward E. Stowell, Paul D. Surber, Frank S. Thomason, Sanford M. Treat, Peo Ughetta, Cecil K. Van Auken, Frank J. Wagner, Francis P. Walsh, Walter K. Watkins, Harold G. Webb, James McB. Webster, Robert M. Werblow, Jr., Harry West, James F. White, William F. White, LeRoy M. Wightman, William Wildfeuer, Colley E. Williams, Carl W. Wirths.



THE TWELFTH—TRIED AND TRUE

A Truthful Historian Pictures Its Trials, Tribulations and Eventual Triumphs

THE Twelfth Company at times doubted its superiority. Map-making week was one of those times, and so were those days on the range when the red flag waved across the targets. Nor did Captain Schell's comments on the company line at retreat parade increased our belief in our magnificent estate. But such disturbing incidents fade rapidly in the busy life at Plattsburg, and we think we belong at the top.

There are any number of reasons why the Twelfth was the best organization on the post, and three of them were: Major Henry W. Fleet, U. S. A., battalion commander and senior instructor; Captain Frank R. Schell, U. S. R., company commander; and Captain Milton G. Bowman, U. S. R., junior company commander.

Captain Schell and Captain Bowman lost no time between reveille and taps, week in and out, in hammering into us that "precise and soldierly" bearing of the I. D. R. Did we lag ever so little on the parade ground! "Hut! Hut! Heads up!" snapped our peppy junior commander. Did our company front persist in shaping itself like a corkscrew? Then the senior captain could express his opinion of the alignment in such a way that each of us felt responsible for the entire muddle.

The roster of the Twelfth is an interesting document, interesting in the light of experience; because it shows what a diversity of men have been living together with so little friction that we can dismiss the thought with a dozen words. H. Gordon Chasseaud's spats with Albert Wertheim don't count; they occurred too regularly. This life is strong in democratizing influences; it is surprisingly easy to find something likable in a man whose gun was as dirty as your own at inspection, and when you find a candidate who is always confusing "On right into line" and "Right front into line," you have a bond of common interest that civil life could never duplicate. Our general inability to appreciate beans, bologna and jelly has also helped unite us.

Some of us were able to overcome the handicap of a uniform that so completely

enshrouds a man's personality. There's Feiger, for instance; always imposing, particularly in his intrenching uniform, and immortal since the night when, as N. C. O., he ordered all windows to be opened after taps, and had to come in and open his own. Bill New, late of the stage and still later of the "Fighting Sixty-ninth," goes down to fame for his famous right leg hitch; Chapin, of the Belgian Congo, for his taps-time stories; Lloyd for his Allied accent; Bergman for his close-cropped hair; the Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Squads for the amazing frequency with which they drew comment from the company commander when the company was marching in line; Quinn for his famous baskets from home; Carney for his white leggins and soft voice; Dead Shot Davis for his hardware; and Old Dave Wallace, who used to be W. A. Brady's literary impresario, for the way in which he combines war and the theatrical business. We will match Stansfield against any man who ever bankrupted a church supper in Plattsburg; and in Joe Francis, the handsome Dobbs Ferry blade, we believe we have a candidate who received more boxes of fudge and cake than any two Romeos on the post.

We might go on indefinitely and tell about Perrella, who spent twenty-two months on the Western front with the Royal engineers; and of Henry, the model bayoneteer, of Damon Rachek and Pythias Feiger; of Bill Constable and Horace Brinckerhoff, two other crack performers at church suppers, and Robinson and Olhaber and Griffith and Johns and Meads and Mills and Malone and Upham and Eustis and so on through the roster, for the peculiar virtue of the Twelfth is that we are all good.

The positive note of optimism which pervades these paragraphs doesn't mean that we haven't been out of luck at any time. We lost a few men on physical examination, and sent a sizeable detail on a second visit to Major Gregory. The fact that the noted specialist was more interested in "nerves" than in "nuts" didn't console any of us, especially the detail. We have messed up our drills and consistently



Major H. W. Fleet, 18th P. T. R.
2d Bn. Asst. Senior Instructor



gone off the targets on the range and produced a large quota of dirty guns at inspection, and just barely made formations and bungled simple questions at examinations. We've done all these things and more, until we have been nearly convinced that our place was with the Home De-

fense League. As for contours, we had a trying time with them. There is something mysterious about contours. They appear tame and harmless enough on paper, but they weren't a bit like that when we trailed them on the Peru road.



Capt. F. R. Schell
12th Co. Instructor

street will be better able to keep his nerves still and his eyes to the front when he goes over the top.

And speaking of going over the top, we didn't talk much about the war in the Twelfth. In fact, we talked about it so little that every week or so, when we found time to skim through a newspaper, we experienced all the sensations of discovering it for the first time. Even now, some of us aren't quite sure whether Riga has been taken; and as for following Haig's progress on the Western front, we were far too busy studying the advances and retreats, deployments and reconnoiterings of mythical troops on the map of Gettysburg.

It isn't that we didn't look upon the great war as a serious affair of considerable consequence to us, but that while we were at Plattsburg the most serious and consequential affair was getting ready for it. The one time that the war came vividly near us at Plattsburg was on that memorable night in the trenches when we suffered everything, short of casualties, that soldiers suffer in active service. What with bayonet drill and Captain Bowman's physical exercises and studying in the evening when every nerve in our body fairly howled for sleep, we thought we knew something about war and the hardships of the soldier. But one night in our trenches on the Peru road showed us that there were things in the military that

we had never dreamed of. We never knew that rain could be so wet, nor nights so dark and long, nor dugout roofs so porous, nor food so hard to find, nor comfort so completely out of reach until the night we played at war as it is fought in France.

We'll soon have the real thing, but it can't be much worse than that famous night. That was the climax of an eventful existence.

Co. 12, 18th P. T. Regiment

William L. Adams, Joseph B. Armstrong, Floyd B. Augustine, Frederick S. Bain, Warren R. Baldwin, Ben M. Barron, Louis M. Bautz, Carl Below, Helmer W. Bergman, George W. Bishop, Wayland P. Blood, Ferdinand M. Blun, Raymond W. Bowdoin, Donald E. Boyle, Horace E. Brinkerhoff, John B. Brittain, Herman Brower, George C. Buchtenkirch, James A. Burton, Harry B. Campbell, Daniel J. Carney, William F. Carroll, Edmund R. Castellucci, James P. Chapin, Herue G. Chasseaud, Samuel J. Chesebro, James N. Clinch, William Constable, Wallace E. Cox, Gaston E. Crosby, Wm. D. Cunningham, Joseph A. Davis, Stephen W. Dawes, Maurice B. Deschler, Peter W. Dornhecker, Donald D. Duncanson, Elmer T. Eustis, Thomas H. Ferriss, Henry J. Feiger, Donald Ford, William A. Fox, Joseph A. Francis, Thomas S. Garrett, Alexander J. Gillespie, Frederick Gilman, Harry R. Gordon, Wilbur M. Griffith, John J. Hanrahan, Gardner L. Harding, Jeremiah J. Hayes, Percy R. Henry, Thomas Henry, Walter H. Hick, Gardner B. Hoyle, George H. Hubner, Edward B. Johns, Michael A. Kiely, Robert N. Landreth, Loyal Leale, Isaac H. Levy, Julius G. Levy, Llewellyn Lloyd, Joseph B. Locke, Edward A. Lyon, Peter J. McCoy, Jr., John C. McNamara, Jr., Harold L. Mahon, Nathan Malefski, Austin M. Malone, Laurence G. Meads, Vincent D. Mee, Harold P. Mills, Louis H. Millsaps, Russell D. Morrill, John O. Murphy, Joseph M. Murphy, William W. Neilson, William New, Leonard D. Newborg, Ellis A. Noland, Jr., Robert R. O'Keeffe, William M. Olhaber, Victor G. Paradise, Charles E. Peck, Americo C. Perella, William R. Quinn, John Racheck, Archibald Reid, Curtis D. Richards, Harold Riegelman, John W. Reily, Harry D. Robinson, Stephen W. Royce, Henry J. Rusk, John H. Ryan, Albert E. Scarlett, Joseph E. Schader, Frank G. Schrenkeisen, John M. Schwerin, Edward A. Segaitz, Lawrence H. Shepard, Romaine Shepard, Malcolm R. Sills, Leo Silverstein, Harold V. Smith, Walter E. Soltmann, Leon A. Stansfield, Charles H. Stoddard, George T. Stokes, James S. Sullivan, David S. Tait, William H. Taubert, Hugh J. J. Teaney, Rufus S. Tilden, Peter A. Tulp, John J. Tuohy, Moore C. Tussey, Ralph T. Tyrrel, Francis B. Upham, Jr., Edward C. Viner, David H. Wallace, Ernest T. Warshaw, Frederick D. Wendel, Albert Wertheim, Parkhurst L. Whitney, Walter G. Wiechmann, Walter Q. Wilgus, George R. Wilson, Chester B. Winans, William K. Zucker, Manning G. Williams.



Capt. M. S. Bowman
12th Co. Asst. Instructor



THE LUCKY THIRTEENTH

Its Junior Instructor Won a Bride and the Candidates Helped Captain Adler Disprove an Old Superstition

THE Thirteenth Company accomplished at least one thing distinctive and individual. It routed an ancient moth-eaten superstition clean off the reservation. Any one who thinks that misfortune follows in the wake of the number thirteen need only read this simple, unadorned fact to be convinced of his error:

First Lieutenant Francis Eagan, ex-amateur soloist and our snappy junior instructor, won himself a bride while engaged in the arduous task of helping Captain J. O. Adler teach us the art (!) of soldiering. Whether his soldiering or soloing had most to do with his success we never ascertained.

If Old Man Superstition had a breath left after this body blow, the finishing touches were put by the company's record of achievements (we bow) and the character of the officers who commanded it. Any candidate who didn't know the meaning of the word "pep" before he entered camp didn't have to go to the dictionary after Captain Adler and Lieutenant Eagan got through with him. Or if he did, Captain Fleet, our Battalion Commander, caught him before he left the firing line.

Captain Adler, a leading newspaper executive in New York, sampled all the brands of ginger they have across the pond and all over these United States. He used some of it at the Plattsburg Training Camp in 1915 and 1916, saved a dash for Princeton boys as a military instructor in Manhattan, but reserved a large enough supply for the favored Thirteenth to make all other condiments entirely unnecessary. He's a cavalry captain and once bucked horses out Wyoming way. It is said most of the horses quit—and we believe it.

Versatility was the Thirteenth's strong suit. In Freddie Garnjost it boasted the only soldier geologist in captivity and a man who eats contours alive, while in Bob Warwick and Jack Deveraux it had two honest-to-goodness actors who preferred the manual of arms to the star role in Hamlet. The company's standard of manly beauty may be judged from the fact that so imposing a figure as George Bickelhaupt was voted, by acclamation, its homeliest man. George is unquestionably the handsom-

est homely man on record, easily outdistancing Henry Seaton and Battling Jake Balluski in the company poll.

The Thirteenth boasts also the long distance record in the consumption of mess. Blindfolded and with one hand tied, Candidate Empie could outeat any man in the regiment and ask for more.

Work was, of course, the keynote of the Thirteenth's career, but the course failed to provide enough to keep two or three men entirely occupied. Old (in service only)

Sergeant Rink, everybody's big brother, Supply Sergeant Cain and Elsworth H. Dederer were helped out of this sad predicament by the obliging C. O. When Captain Adler wasn't supplying ginger he was dealing out labor and between the two there was little chance for mischief, except for such an expert as Jim Dorsey. Jim's continuous and unending complaint with the company was that it couldn't keep step with him, and his complaint was well founded. He took his vengeance by backing his skill as a rifleman with real kale, and as a result Lewis Van Wezel, Edwin A. Wetzler, F. W. Garnjost, Jack Deveraux and Thomas F. Gury will eat in Delmonico's when they get back to Manhattan—free.



Capt. J. O. Adler
13th Co. Instructor

The Thirteenth's long point was bayonet work. Realism was its motto, and at the end of the first charge over the obstacle course, numerous casualties—to bayonets and breeches—were reported. Many of the men obtained a high degree of efficiency by imagining that they were thrusting at their particular bane of existence. Thus the inhabitants of the third platoon bunks pictured before them the forms of John Bellinger, Gordon Sholar, Walter Hamilton and Bill Berry—all singing "Old Black Joe" in varying keys—and achieved extremely realistic results. But there were no mental first aids needed in Captain Adler's course. If the rest of the companies feel like the Thirteenth, the bayonet will be the favorite weapon of a good many regiments in France.

Not that a number of other weapons were not equally loved. Despite the handicap of expert baseball players like Frank Currier and Bill Lewis in the first platoon the company finally managed to throw bombs accurately



enough to wipe out one or two German squads in—well say a regiment—given time and the proper kind of trenches. The trouble with bomb throwing is that they make a lot of rules telling you how to do it and then construct a lot of trenches not adapted to the rules. Iron Jaw John Henno, soldier by trade and explorer by profession, tried to remedy this by having his section dig their trenches six feet wide, but the idea, strange to say, didn't make much of a hit.

Besides eating at the Hostess House and trying to figure out what was in Lieutenant Eagan's little black book—not to speak of the captain's big one—hunting contours proved one of the Thirteenth's most popular diversions. To this day—and this is a secret—there are more than a few who are not certain whether the contour is a wild or a domestic animal or a vegetable. Wood Ray, who was the best sergeant, the best captain the regulars ever had, said he had never encountered one in all his fifteen years' experience. Phil Clark, who served with the ambulance corps over there, was equally sure none were to be found in France.

The advent of the company piano, by a strange coincidence, brought on an epidemic of pugilism. The Goddess of Harmony had to take a rear seat before the shrine of the squared ring, and when such professionals as Garrity and Smith, G. L. and Balluski and other bandits of the first platoon were finally ruled out some lively boxing bouts developed. Vincent Dunne managed to escape the horrors of the trenches as the result of an encounter, and Ringgold wiped out his reputation as an exponent of mollicoddleism by holding Davis to a draw. Even so mild mannered a warrior as Gardner Coogan and a lover of ease like Ackerman donned the gloves, and if the manly art were to decide the scrap over there, the Thirteenth could assure Alsace-Lorraine its liberty tomorrow. Range practice was to the Thirteenth as to most other companies, the most thoroughly enjoyed feature of the training course. The scores made were astonishing in the degree of individual versatility displayed. Thus, Adams made a perfect zero shooting at the camouflaged target at 100 yards and the very next day ranked with the leaders high up in the forties.

As for the trenches a few words will suffice for that infamous night of horror in the "black holes of Calcutta." The Western front can hold nothing worse in the opinion of Eddie Wetzler, Jim Craft, Pop Clark, Tom Twomey and even the suave Livingston Platt.

Turning to a new reel in this kaleidoscopic review of

the Thirteenth's activities, it is safe to say that not a man of its 134 would have exchanged the view of Lake Champlain for the vista at Times Square at any stage of the game—except maybe on those cold October mornings just before we got our stoves. There were mighty few of the men that were not benefited by the course in renewed physical vigor and added mental alertness.

And the heaven for the necessarily strict discipline that prevailed was furnished by the atmosphere of absolute fairness that prevailed at all times. Especially was this manifest in the company councils inaugurated by Captain Adler at which Old Man Grouch had his innings and soon fled amid a chorus of good-natured laughter.

The spirit that pervaded the Thirteenth at all times was a good reflection of the assertion that this is a war for democracy.

Co. 13, 18th P. T. Regiment

Edwin DeW. Ackerman, Charles L. Adams, Frederick M. Allen, Sanford T. Anderson, Lorenzo M. Armstrong, George Irving Bailly, Charles D. Baker, Jr., Henry J. Beggins, John B. Bellinger, 2d, Elliot Stuart Benedict, John H. Bennett, William P. Berry, Walter Hough Bertron, George Bicklehaupt, Ernest W. Blackburn, Robert P. Bliss, Jr., Paul S. Brinsmade, Charles B. Brodrick, Frederick A. Brooks, Jacob Jac. Bullusky, Byron Turner Burt, Albert F. Burton, Bernard Cain, Edmond N. Carples, Charles R. Carruth, Jr., Morris Skinner



1st Lieut. F. Eagan
13th Co. Asst. Instructor

Clark, Rhodolphus P. Clark, William B. Clayton, Michael D. Clofine, Gardiner Coogan, Joseph Patrick Corboy, George K. Cox, Sidney Hayes Cox, James Charles Craft, Frederick G. Cunningham, Frank P. Currier, Herbert R. Davis, Elsworth H. Dederer, Jack Devereaux, James E. Dorsey, Albert A. Dunn, Vincent L. Dunne, George Eichelman, Jr., David S. Eitzel, Hjalmar A. Ekman, Carlos DeVere Empie, Walter G. Evans, John Fagan, John B. Ferris, Thomas S. Fillebrown, Harold C. Finn, Robert B. Fisher, Irving Folks, Samuel Frindel, Jr., Frederick W. Garnjost, George F. Garrity, Joseph S. Gillow, Max Ginsburg, Homer K. Gordon, Martin Groves, Thomas F. Gurry, Jr., Walter A. Hamilton, Thomas J. Hanley, John J. Hannigan, George T. Hawxhurst, John Henno, Wilmer E. Herr, Joseph G. Holcombe, Jr., Frank Robert Howe, Charles A. Hoyt, Andrew J. Hudson, Samuel B. Jacobson, Andrew B. Johnson, Edwin Kane, Charles R. Kearr, Daniel H. Kiely, James B. Kilburn, John J. Krieg, John A. Krug, Gabriel A. Landry, Sidney P. LeBoutillier, Walter S. Levy, William Lewis, George A. Linton, Harold B. Logan, Joseph M. McAndrews, Sydney F. McGreery, Donald S. McNulty, Leon Malraison, John J. Monohan, James A. Moseley, Harry Murray, Harry B. Nassoit, Norman November, Samuel O'Keefe, Jaffrey Peterson, Livingston Platt, Joseph W. Powell, John H. Quirk, Wood L. Ray, Carleton Reynell, Murray Ringold, Royal E. T. Riggs, Joseph W. Rink, Francis G. Russell, William T. Ryan, Milton Samuels, Archibald Scrymgeour, Henry Seton, Leroy F. Sineath, Frederick J. Sheppard, Gordon W. Scholar, Frank V. Smith, Gordon I. Smith, Theodore I. Smith, Jr., James I. Sweeney, William W. Stark, Ellsworth A. Stone, Clarke S. Sutherland, Edward Stephens, Thomas A. Twomey, George B. Van Buren, William H. Vollmer, Robert Warwick, Louis C. Wagner, Jr., Edgar A. Walz, Jr., Lawrence A. Wechsler, Charles A. H. Wennerholm, Edwin A. Wetzler, Henry J. Whitehouse, John A. Willers, Kenneth B. Wood, B. Clark Wright.



FOURTEENTH CLAIMS VERSATILITY PRIZE

Score In Many Lines

WITHIN a day after they had come together to keep busy and somehow tidy in Barracks 30, the men of the "Fighting Fourteenth" were as one in drill, study hall and play. The nickname must imply no internal dissensions. Fourteenth clung closely throughout all the weeks of its Plattsburg experience to the enthusiasm and fellowship which spell company spirit. Speaking I. D. R.-ly, it was for every member of its roster the fixed pivot upon which all Plattsburg turned; and it never once missed step, faltered or betrayed the line.



Capt. H. H. Pritchett, 18th P. T. R.
3d Bn. Asst. Senior Instructor

The Fourteenth was, if nothing else, a well-balanced company. Wise old seers, already at that stage of life where they had to be careful what they ate, divided numerical honors with slim and scarcely mustached youths. Athletes, past and present, to the tune of a score or more were counterweighted by an unusual number of men whom literary New York knew fairly well. Judge and lawyer stood side by side

in ranks. Architect and engineer were there. Stage and studio gave their artistic quota. Business houses sent their representatives. The army had its squad the navy its welcome intruder. Company Fourteen was woven of a hundred different threads; but it was woven firm and smooth.

To the weavers—if, for the sake of continuing the simile, we must place our officers at distaffs—will go all credit. What, at the beginning of September, was a well-intentioned but embarrassed series of awkward squads became within a short time a disciplined, instructed, self-confident company of potential officers.

In charge of the battalion which we and the Fifteenth Company formed was Captain Harry Hall Pritchett, U. S. A. He is a graduate of Hamilton College, and was appointed a second lieutenant in the regular army

in 1906. His military record includes service in the 5th, 26th, 13th, 24th, 30th and 37th Infantry. Recently he has been on training camp duty, and was an instructor at the first session at Madison Barracks.

Of our two company commanders, Captain Charles Sumner Williams, Jr., U. S. R., was born in San Francisco, Cal., in 1889. He attended the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Harvard, and, until entering military life, he was in the motion-picture business. He attended the Plattsburg Camp of 1916; was commissioned a first lieutenant in the Reserve Corps on April 14, 1917; attended the first R. O. T. C. from May to August, and was awarded his captaincy in the middle of the latter month.

Our other company commander was Captain Charles Mason Harrington, U. S. R., of Plattsburg, who was born in Peru, Clinton County, in 1890. Until the beginning of the first officers' training camp of this year Captain Harrington practised law in Plattsburg. At this first camp he gained his commission in the Reserve Corps. At Cornell he was a member of the University Regiment, and served as captain in his senior year.

A good many members of the company were in a position to instruct and set an example from the start. Militiamen of former high rank were among us: a major, and at least three captains. Many of the National Guard regiments had given us their pick; the Seventh, perhaps, more than any, and the Twenty-second Engineers. The Seventy-first sent us a favorite sergeant, the Signal Corps of Brooklyn a wig-wagger of good cheer; Squadron A dismounted a few for us. Even ex-Annapolis came. And the regular army, of course, had Sergeant Nolan and other experts in the niceties of the manual among us.

But Company Fourteen's energies were by no means confined to the military schedule. Wherever some scheme was afoot to quicken the life of the post, our men were represented strongly. Our baseball team was among the first to organize, with Edward T. Doyle, a former Dartmouth pitcher, as its captain, and William J. Henel its manager. Teams from the Hospital Corps, the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Companies were among our victims, and only a heavy rain spared the Sixteenth.

Our work on the ranges gained us a match with the crack shots of the Fifteenth, as well as whipping up a



brisk intersquad competition. We helped out strongly in the Y. M. C. A. Our Liberty Loan Committee, of which James Imbrie was chairman, collected dollars and enthusiasm as it went. THE PLATTSBURGER has a good percentage of Company Fourteen men among those who made it possible.

A week without music was a week lost, and Joseph Trounstone helped to cheer the chills of undressing or the long last mile. Thanks, indeed, to his inspiration, the entire regiment was soon craving vocally, if not always musically, for "A Kiss by the Numbers."

Company spirit reached its climax, doubtless, at the Fourteenth's dinner to its officers on the night of Saturday, October 13th. Close upon the heels of the military tournament of the same afternoon, this banquet was arranged by a committee of which Harold T. Edwards was chairman. Skits, songs and speeches spun the evening out in pleasure.

One hundred and thirty-three men were in our company at the beginning, and this number did not vary much until the end. The first military honors went to A. J. Donniez who, before the course was half completed, received a first lieutenancy in the Engineers' Corps, while B. J. Scott followed, only a few days later, with a captaincy in the same branch of service.

We began our military career in little groups of eight men each. We ground patiently through the facings and the manual. We budded into company, blossomed into battalion drill. We flung out into extended order. We sowed the parade ground with red and white flags, and learned the mysteries of signalling. We tossed the gentle Mills No. 5 from string to string, and dodged it with an equal quickness. We rehearsed the pantomime of bayonet work and thrust out at imaginary Wilhelms. Alidade and compass had us striding and guessing. Pick, shovel and bolo became our weapons until we had razed forests and dug and fortified our man-deep trenches with a gusto which seized even the company's prize idler. Our patrols learned everything from flora to fauna of a ten-mile radius, while in classroom we gave the famous Sergeant Hill his due and direction.

The hike and the history, for most of us, have just begun. Both will probably end across the sea. But there, as here, it will be "best o' luck," and a remembrance of the old Elizabethan witch's words:

"Fourteen is no gentel number
Stirreth heart and waketh slumber:
Seek a man of sword and spleen,
You shall find him marked fourteen."

Co. 14, 18th P. T. Regiment

Reub Abrams, James G. Affleck, Jr., Lawrence J. Ayers, Malcolm B. Ayers, William Bailey, Peter Van O. Barkelew, Henry D. Barmore, Othel Baxter, William W. Bell, Stuart Benson, Alexander Black, Herbert G. Blankfort, Louis B. Bock, Russell Bonyng, James L. Bresnan, Harlow B. Bristol, Robert Rea Brown, Edward L. Burrill, Jr., Osborne C. Butcher, Charles S. Butler, Howard L. Campion, James J. Carpenter, Joseph C. Chamberlain, Charles J. C. Clarke, Allan F. Cohn, Bernard F. Connolly, Robert S. Cooke, Maxwell B. Coorman, Albert S. Cummins, Combs O. Davis, James F. Delany, Guy M. De Mauriac, Henry V. De Montguyon, Henry H. Dimon, Edward T. Doyle, Felix Halpin Duffy, William H. Dwyer, William Eastman, Harold T. Edwards, Warren H. Emens, Kenneth B. Erkenbrack, Morris Fellman, Joseph P. Fleming, Benjamin Frank, Mortimer E. Freid, Gilbert W. Gabriel, Edwin S. Gard, Jr., Robert S. Gill, Charles R. Goddard, Irving E. Goldsmith, Ernest P. Gosling, Gordon M. Grant, William J. Greene, Ludlow Griscom, Marshall B. Hall, Joseph B. Handy, Benjamin S. Hart, Herbert S. Havens, Birch Helms, William Henel, Jr., Edwin Hess, John C. Hildebrand, Jr., Charles M. Horton, Harry Hosford, Douglas H. Hilliker, James Imbrie, Christian A. Jacob, Jr., Harry P. Jaenike, Joseph P. Jeffords, Henry F. Kane, William H. Kelleher, John M. Kelly, Chester M. Kerr, Carl G. Kinscherf, Frederick L. Kopff, Joseph I. Lawrence, William Lazriovich, Winfred F. Lent, Oscar Levine, Jesse A. Levinson, John J. Lilly, Emanuel J. Livingston, Devereux Lord, Edmund J. MacIvor, David N. McCauley, Jr., Henry M. McCormack, Edward J. McLaughlin, Wm. H. McIntyre, Jr., John A. Magee, Joseph J. Marino, John W. Masterson, John Miller, Ellist Van Z. Montague,



Capt. C. S. Williams, Jr.
14th Co. Instructor



Capt. C. M. Harrington
14th Co. Asst. Instructor

Louis F. Morse, Thomas F. Mulvey, Jackson B. Nelson, Charles Nemser, William Nicoll, Charles J. Nolan, Walter E. Ogilvie, Jr., Charles M. Pendleton, David H. Picker, Harold R. Pouch, Jonathon D. Reed, Stanley L. Richter, Paul C. Rock, Charles R. Rowland, Carl O. Sayward, Basil J. Scott, Louis W. Severy, Jerome G. Sewell, Lawrence D. Seymour, David J. Sheeran, Romer L. Silleck, Chester W. Spaulding, Herman Stennkamp, Schuyler B. Sterling, Spenser J. Sutherland, Otto F. Taylor, Harry Titlebaum, Arthur R. Tritschler, Joe F. Trounstone, John M. Van Horson, Richard A. Wagner, Richard E. Warfield, Charles D. Weed, Philip H. Welch, Karl R. Whitmarsh, Gordon Williams, David S. Wilson, Cecil D. Wilson, Burnett B. Wright.



IN THE FIFTEENTH DUGOUT

They Were All Kinds, but They Pulled Together and Well

THE Fifteenth Company was like other organizations in camp, a melting pot, and it took pride in the way it developed that American institution of "mixing." No sooner had bunks been assigned on that all-eventful day when camp opened than the spirit manifested itself. Veterans of former campaigns—Cuba, China, Mexico, Porto Rico, the Philippines—were swapping experiences. The Moon Fixers (the tall) and the Boy Scouts (the short); lean and stout; men with post-graduate university degrees and men who had been glad to get away from books after common school was finished; all these men were here in the one cause, and they were settling down to work together. Before many days had passed the "Misters" were eliminated and everybody was known as Tom, Bill or Jim. They were ready to stand shoulder to shoulder, back to back, to fight for common principle.

How successfully the Fifteenth was inoculated with the virus of ambition and pep was shown in the results of the big military tournament. That was undoubtedly the high spot of the Fifteenth's existence, for in an extremely keen competition it carried home the honors and became the color bearers of the brigade.

Fleet-footed Joe Higgins of course contributed largely to the result, romping in a comparatively easy winner in the mile and half mile, but it was the general team work of the company that enabled them to score enough points to get the coveted silver cup. With Captain Newson's constant encouragement the best talent was brought out for the various events. Eighteen men tried for places on the tent-pitching team, Harry M. Brown and William R. Tullis finally being chosen and capturing second place in the tourney. Ludlow Bretz beat out ten men for pentathlon representative and got a third prize.

With the entire brigade standing at attention, the Fifteenth's representatives were presented the coveted trophy on Saturday, October 26th, by Colonel Wolf, who congratulated them on the honor they had won and

declared it exemplified the best in army sportsmanship. No matter what's in store over there, no man in the Fifteenth will have a prouder moment than that which came as Old Glory was borne down the field by its own. Harry Grant, formerly of the Seventh Regiment, was the color sergeant and C. W. Tobin and J. J. Hennessy the color guard.



Capt. H. D. Newson
15th Co. Instructor

The event was fittingly celebrated with a dinner at the Masonic Hall in Plattsburg, at which officers of the Bolo Battalion were the guests of honor. Bolo—intended as a jeer—had by this time become a nickname famous in the barracks as synonymous of zip and ginger. The only speakers not strictly limited to rapid fire time were Captains Pritchett, Newson, Williams, Shurtleff and Harrington. On all others the target was pulled down promptly after two minutes and his firing was over. Only one exception was made—General James V. Reddy, of the thirteenth squad, the best loved man in the company, was allowed to speak as long as he pleased. The cup guard was Higgins, Bretz, Brown and Tullis, and they guarded

the chalice zealously although it was innocent of any alluring beverage. The police squad, Grant, Emery, McMillan, Whitcomb, Thorn and Hughes, penalized fourteen candidates for using mess hall manners at company banquet. The menu included everything from roast turkey to sarsaparilla.

Undoubtedly a large part of this esprit d'corps came from the instructors of the Fifteenth Company, for both Captain Horace Dorsey Newson, U. S. R., and Captain Harold R. Shurtleff, U. S. R., represented in themselves that translation from civil life into officers which is the spirit of Plattsburg. Captain Newson, after an education abroad which had included work at the Academie Militaire in Paris and considerable outdoor life with the Hudson Bay Company through Canada, passed his examination for commission in November, 1916, and was made a second lieutenant of infantry at that time. He came to the first camp and won his commission as a captain on August 15th. Captain Shurtleff, assistant instructor, had been a member



of Battery A in Boston, and Squadron A in New York, and won his captaincy in the first camp.

In the first brigade followed seven brokers led by a banker. On the right flank thirteen lawyers tried in vain to join this squad, which contained a bona fide financier, but were restrained by the commander's orders, and were held back with the support. Three policemen marched at attention behind them, a position which enabled them, fortunately, to keep their eyes on the lawyers. A railroad man also traveled along in this aggregation.

On the left flank the Fifteenth carried seven merchants, three managers and three manufacturers whose products in times past used to include such interesting and profitable commodities as "undies" and automobile tires, but who devoted every energy to keeping up with the column.

At the proper distance—any candidate can tell off-hand the number of yards between advance party and support—is a line, which, if not in uniform, might be called heterogeneous. It included three journalists, four publishers, three pedagogues, a stage director, a private secretary and a treasurer. An explorer had behind him in file an archeologist, and then three actors. They and three insurance agents were among the leading sufferers from a grand old army rule which required silence in ranks, but others near them found it had compensations.

Along in the line were two contractors who were always glad when they had an opportunity to entrench. There was a produce broker also who went to mess hoping always for a corner in fresh eggs, but realizing gradually that he never, never would find even one—fresh. The produce dealer was followed by a fireman, an interior decorator, a buyer and an importer, a securities man and four bank clerks.

A landscape artist marched alone followed by four camouflage artists, a rare profession until recently, but still they claimed it.

The company has twenty-one god-sons and twenty-one god-daughters, which included one pair of twins. There are thirty-nine married men in the company. The fourth squad holds the record for progeny, possessing three sons and nine daughters.

Strange to relate, I. D. R. was not the most popular book. "Short Rations" took that honor. The favorite movie actress was Marguerite Clark; the favorite legitimate

actress, Marjorie Rambeau. The company was divided equally as to what its choice was in drinks—Tom Collins and Mamie Taylor having paced a dead heat. The answer to the question, "What is your favorite drink now?" was, "Same as before, but it is no longer obtainable." In its absence, "Plain soda with a wink." The favorite food was hash; the favorite indoor sport, bunk fatigue; the favorite outdoor sport, baseball.

The Fifteenth also boasted a candidate who lost so many clothes that he was known as Annette Kellerman. If he ever gets into the cavalry he will be known as Lady Godiva.

Co. 15, 18th P. T. Regiment

Charles R. Ace, George T. Ade, Olly E. Allard, Milton J. Ayers, Francis I. Berry, Robert W. Blair, Gustave J. M. Blessman, Hanson Booth, Ludlow E. Bretz, Harry M. Brown, Percy St. G. Browne, Clinton S. Burr, James W. Burrows, James Butler, Jr., Edward Carpenter, Noel Chamberlin, Peter W. Coleman, Elvin H. Church, John N. Connolly, Alonzo M. Covert, Joseph F. Cunneen, Henry F. Davis, Arthur J. Delany, Lambert Dorfing, James A. Doyle, Walter F. Dyett, Henry K. Eilers, Thomas Emery, Frederick J. Esteves, Robert S. Farley, Sidney E. Fletcher, Leroy E. Gahris, James B. Gallagher, David M. Goodrich, Vance A. Goss, Harry E. Grant, John H. Greenwood, Leslie H. Groser, Otho Hamilton, Joseph F. Hanley, Arthur E. Hartzell, James J. Hennessy, Joseph T. Higgins, Alfred R. Hofer, Edwin K. Hollinger, Justus A. Hovey, Scott Hughes, Royston Jennings, Harold D. Johnson, Robert N. Kastor, Herbert B. Kennedy, Joseph A. Keyes, William H. Kirk, Frederick Kopper, Jr., Edwin F. Korkus, Herman E. Krauss, George W. Krug, Paul A. Kleinfelder, Robert C. Latimer, Howard G. Lambert, Maxwell F. Lawton, Morton W. Leon, Chester C. Levis, Martin S. Lindgrove, Henry H. Livingston, Robt. H. Loughborough, Charles E. Lynch, Harry A. McCorry, Daniel S. McMillan, Francis J. McNamara, Edward E. McNally, Clyde F. Marion, James C. Marks, Charles A. Marshall, William Matthews, Alfred L. Maurer, Gustave A. Messall, Leo E. Miller, Samuel R. Morse, John L. Mousley, John J. Murphy, Laurence I. Neale, Robert P. Nessler, Raymond A. O'Brien, Eugene R. O'Connell, Remsen B. Ostrander, Russell M. Page, William E. Palmer, Roy K. Patterson, Edward H. Pearson, Winfred K. Petigru, Charles L. Phillips, Garrett C. Pier, George H. Pigott, Russell Pope, Ernest A. Powers, James V. Reddy, George A. Reeder, John B. Reynolds, Julian A. Ripley, Walter G. Robins, Edwin D. M. Rowland, E. Lawrence Sampster, Jack Sanford, William J. Scanlon, Arnold Schmidt, William W. Schneebeli, Leslie P. Scott, Edwin D. Shaw, Charles F. Shields, Kenneth L. Sills, George R. Smith, Henry R. Stern, Patrick J. Sullivan, Eli L. Sutton, William B. Taylor, Henry C. Thorn, Jr., Clark W. Tobin, William E. Trubee, William R. Tullis, Alfred Tyson, Homer L. Van Aken, Alfred Van Horn, Jr., H. Barentson Van Inwegen, Richard R. Vincent, Frederick G. Wagoner, Richard H. Waldo, Fred E. Walker, Harvey T. Warren, Robert B. Wheelan, Frank J. Whitcomb, Arthur Whitney, Jr., Virginius V. Zipris.



Capt. H. R. Shurtleff
15th Co. Asst. Instructor



THE CHARGING SIXTEENTH

"Yes, You Have Guessed It, They Have Achieved a TEAM"

THEY gave us the right of line, these far-seeing army men who have been putting us through the big mill, and why and how we have held it will herein appear. In the first place they gave us, as battalion commander, Captain John W. Lang, who had some lively experiences with the little brown brother in the Philippines, had held down his share of the Canal Zone, and still found time for crowded hours as an instructor at West Point. In the second place they gave us, to have and to mold, Captain John Stilwell, who had stepped the cinder path route in fast company at Yale, was an able hand at the military game, and was and is the high priest of the great god Pep. Shoulder to shoulder with them came Captain H. W. Lehmkuhl, apostle of zip in the form of physical culture, veteran of much Y. M. C. A. muscle building and master of india-rubber rallantando.

Now the prophet has it that a quick getaway is much to be desired, but it is of record that the bacon is gathered only at the finish, and in these days the bacon hangs high. Maybe we didn't throw into high with tumult and with shouting (thereby failing perhaps in emulation of our brother organizations). We were too busy a bunch of acrobats. We didn't lift the first lilt in the camp singing, we didn't spot the first bull's eye anything. We didn't do a lot. But when the old co-ordination did come we began to notice ourselves, as well as we could, being on the inside looking out. It was contagious. The scorers began to notice us on the range. Whether digging in the trenches or doing a little artistic retvetting enlivened by the chatter of the humor squad, we were seen if not overheard. In the darkness and the dampness of the dugout or wending our way through the devious boyau we slithered and slid, and watched and rose at "stand to" as one man. And we have kept coming all the time.

Yes, Rollo, you have guessed it—
WE have achieved a TEAM.

Yes, we admit it. At first we were distinctly not IT. But the makings of IT were there all the time. We had among us merchants, lawyers, grayheads, youths

with down on lip fresh from gridiron. All of us had SUBSTANCE of some sort. Not a few of us wore it about the waist line. Now and then we discovered it in our heads. We maintain, with due diffidence, that we have eliminated all that alike from midst, periphery and belfry; and that we shall need no pouring into our new uniforms. We are already poured. From the grenadiers at the right of our line to the great little men on the left we are fit.



'Capt. J. W. Lang
4th Bn. 18th P. T. R.
Asst. Senior Instructor

Now to the roster. Quiet and unpretending as we were, we soon discovered a real major in our ranks, one Livingston, who served five years in the British army (leaving it as a second lieutenant after the Boer War), and who was also fourteen years in the Philippine constabulary. He was excelled in point of service only by Hamblen with twenty-four years in the New York militia to his credit, while Vega, with seventeen years in the 23d Regiment, was not far behind. Our four regular army sergeants became our special tutors in the early days of benighted ignorance. Marsh's nineteen years in China, the Philippines and Arizona; Burke's eight and a half years in the Eleventh Cavalry and at Fort Slocum; Rowe's seven years at Slocum, and Stewart's three years of varied service stood us in good stead in this, our pin-feather time.

As for the rookies who endangered each other's heads in the first days of the manual of arms and bayonet drill, many could boast of big deeds in other fields. Few would surmise that the platoon leader of such ministerial bearing was ex-Mayor Lindsley of Dallas, Texas, who was promptly made chairman of the company council, and later became our chief engineer of the "Liberty Loan," or that the recruit with the steel-gray hair and bone-rimmed glasses was Herbert Reed, the sports writer, better known as "Right Wing." As chairman of the committee on athletics he presided over the paraphernalia while the Hot-spurs of the diamond ably led by Deuchar, a young man with a rare combination of speed and control, Drake, something of a wizard around the third sack, and Galloway, with his big bat and ambidextrous first basing, together with certain other of the acrobats, notably Gott-



schaltdt in the outer gardens, Reimuth at second, Donnelly at short, and E. T. Smith, the waltz-time outfielder, annexed a clear title to the camp championship. In beating the Seventeenth, the Fifteenth, and the New York Regimental team, which had already taken the New England Regiment into camp, they whipped the cream off the baseball potation. (Note to Sporting Ed. We don't seem to find any challenges on our desk. What?)

Wickes, with seventeen years of legal practice, and Briscoe in reserve, guaranteed immunity from breach of promise suits, while Hopper and Jones stood ready to lure the shekels of pay day rarity into the coffers of the Guaranty Trust Company or elsewhere. For the gumshoe patrol we had Sherman Burns of the Burns Detective Agency, who managed to keep his identity hidden until the famous William J. himself appeared on the scene for a week-end to visit his son, and Mulvey, formerly detective-sergeant in the New York Police Department.

For mental diversion there was always available a vaudeville stunt by Halls, a film scene by R. W. Tucker, or a journey among the fossils under the guidance of T. L. Shear, associate professor of Greek archaeology at Columbia, though it must be said that Shear, like Pott, adjunct philosophy dispenser at the University of Virginia, very much belied the stereotyped notion of a desiccated college professor. Satterlee, who supplied the architectural genius of the company, nearly lost its goodwill by immediately attempting to dismiss it when it had just formed for breakfast. However, he restored the company's good humor at the end of the day by the lucid series "Squads left, company halt, march; first sergeant, front, dismiss the company." He has since happily recovered.

The Sixteenth included in its number the youngest man in camp and one who ranked with the oldest in age and the youngest in physique. Besides being the oldest young man in the company, Hoppin is among the few who have already served as officers, having been second lieutenant in the Fifth Infantry in 1898, as well as a member of Squadron A.

The Sixteenth also defied competition in its orderly room detail. From Eagle-eye John, supply sergeant, of "all accounted and present for" fame, to genial little Nicoll, it boasted genuine efficiency. Nightcap Price saw the boys to bed so well that he was favored with a nightly feast of sweets, cakes and what-nots.

There are other lights no less lustrous than these who may be said to have been giving us flair, cachet, or what you will, notably Compton, whom the Governor greeted as a long-lost friend; Blandy, the debonair; Brandon, of the pink pajamas; Wiechers, the immaculate; Bonnar, the irrepressible, and so on, but space compels us to leave them to that sparkling future of which they are so certain, and to bid them bon voyage (literally, we hope) that the lilies of France may grow again some dewy morn where they plant out starry banner.

Aloha!

Co. 16, 18th P. T. Regiment

James R. Agar, William E. Annin, Robert P. Babcock, Elbert H. Bagley, Paul J. Banker, Samuel W. Barkelew, William R. Bell, Walter G. Berger, Frank A. Bernero, Daniel J. Birmingham, William H. Blandy, Patrick A. Bolger, John F. Bonner, William McK. Brandon, Chesleigh H. Briscoe, Roger M. Brown, John J. Burke, Grant Burns, William S. Burns, Pierce H. Butler, Storrs W. Butler, Edward H. Carle, Merriam O. Chadbourne, Watt W. Clinch, Robert L. Coleman, George B. Compton, Kevork Costikyan, George M. Davis, Jr., George H. DeKay, Alfred P. Delcambre, Chas. D. Deuchar, Charles F. Donnelly, Boswell J. Drake, John T. Eagleton, Robert H. Eaton, Allyn McC. Eddy, Carl B. Erck, Lee V. Farnum, Sidney B. Fitzgerald, William A. Flanigan, Colman D. Frank, Albert C. Fredman, Judson P. Galloway, Robert D. Gibson, Thomas F. Githens, William H. Glover, Aaron N. Goldberg, Maurice A. Golden, Allan C. Gottschaldt, Eugene G. Grant, Henry B. Greisen, Robert S. Grinnell, Frank L. Halls, Arthur J. Hamblen, Robert A. Hastings, Louis S. Higgins, Albert Hoffman, Everett D. Hood, Gerard B. Hoppin, Wycliffe C. Jackson, Arthur R. Jones, Francis P. Kenny, Philip C. Kerby, Frederick H. Koschwitz, Stephen McM. Lee, Henry D. Lindsley, Henry G. Littau, Charles E. Livingston, Andrew W. Loebl, Arthur C. Lowenthal, Abraham A. Lustig, John W. McCabe, William F. McClelland, Paul A. McLaughlin, James N. MacLean, John W. Marsh, Geoffrey C. Maxwell, Hyman S. Miller, Joseph P. Mulvey, Robert R. Nelson, Edward H. Nicoll, Richard B. O'Connor, Donald O. Page, William N. Paine, Jacob O. Parissette, Joseph D. Peet, Benjamin W. Pelton, William S. A. Pott, Auguste R. Pottier, Edward J. Price, Herbert Reed, Lynn P. Reed, Charles H. Reimerth, Clarence Renouard, Lawrence Richmond, Charles E. Roach, John N. Roach, William J. Robertson, Clarence S. Roome, George L. Rooney, Robert Rosenbluth, Allen C. Rowe, Edward Saphir, Edward L. Satterlee, Frank Isaac Schechter, Carleton B. Seofield, Paul G. Schuman, William Shea, Theodore L. Shear, Arthur H. Smith, Edmund T. Smith, Chester G. Stewart, Frank M. Stewart, James S. Timothy, William Tinsley, Owen C. Torrey, Thomas E. Tousey, Albert J. Tucker, Richard W. Tucker, Tracy E. Tuthill, James A. Vaughan, Rafael Vega, George S. Walden, Thomas W. Warfield, Irving Weintraub, Walter M. Weis, Leon H. Wheeler, Watson White, Forsyth Wickes, Manolo M. Wiechers, Albert B. Wilson, Thomas H. Young.



Capt. John Stiwell,
16th Company
Instructor



Capt. H. W. Lehmkuhl,
16th Company
Asst. Instructor



THE SEVENTEENTH—LAST BUT NOT LEAST

Being a Dramatic Narrative in Two Scenes and an Epilogue of a Company That Sang and Worked—Hard

SCENE I.

PLACE: *Plattsburg Barracks. Time: 5:30 A. M. Scene: Interior Barracks 35, revealed in the chiaroscuro of autumn dawn. Soldiers asleep; snores. First Call sounds off stage; alarum within.*

FIRST SERGEANT (in a raucous voice as he flings open Orderly room door): "All-l-l up!"

VOICE (from an unidentified bunk): "Hey, that blamed bell's going to wake somebody up the first thing you know." (Lights. Forms under blankets begin to stir and move about.)

FIRST SERGEANT (harshly): "Up an' out!"

CANDIDATE (voice muffled by covers): "Whazzat?" (Sitting up, he views the situation sourly and observes feelingly): "Hell."

SECOND CANDIDATE (threateningly): "Where's my socks?"

THIRD CANDIDATE: "On your feet."

SECOND CANDIDATE (on the defensive now): "Well, Meredith sleeps in his leggins."

MEREDITH: "They did it at Valley Forge, didn't they? Have the boys at Valley Forge anything on us?"

CANDIDATE (singing):

"You're in the army now,
You're not behind a plow . . ."

VOICE FROM WITHOUT (briskly): "Star Hand Laundry, gents; Star Hand Laundry."

FOURTH CANDIDATE (from upper bunk): "Black Hand Laundry, gents; Black Hand Laundry."

FIFTH CANDIDATE (always willing to go his bunkie one worse): "Short Hand Laundry, gents; Short Hand Laundry."

SIXTH CANDIDATE (never willing to let bad enough alone, and who got back a table cloth last week in place of a sheet): "Sleight-of-Hand Laundry, gents; Sleight-of-Hand Laundry."

SEVENTH CANDIDATE (with acerbity): "Brundage Steam Laundry, gents; Brundage Steam Laundry."

CHORUS OF CANDIDATES (allies of Brundage, no doubt): "Aw, lay off, Burgomaster."

(The laundry witticisms achieve no particularly side-splitting effect, yet it is evident that they do somewhat improve the early morning morale of the platoon. A man may be condoned for stretching a point to afford an excuse for a laugh at 5.30 A. M.—dissenters see Par. 4, I. D.

R. Candidates struggle into their government clothes, but before all are dressed three short alarms within.)

Reveille without.

EIGHTH CANDIDATE (unable to find his pants): "What would Sergeant Hill do in a case like this?"

FIRST SERGEANT (fiercely, as he strides down the aisle): "Hout s-s-side!"

EIGHTH CANDIDATE: "That isn't answering my question."

CHORUS OF LATE CANDIDATES: "Have a heart!"

CORPORAL FIRST SQUAD (relentlessly): "First Squad, outside. Come on

there, Friday."

CORPORAL SECOND SQUAD: "Second Squad, outside! Who's the last man? Where's Val Lese?"

(Continued off stage to Sixteenth Squad. Candidates crowd toward door in the inefficient haste of drowsy men, buttoning, hooking and lacing various parts of their warlike panoply as they go. Exeunt.)

SCENE II.

Company street, outside Barracks 35. Time: 5:45 A. M.

FIRST SERGEANT (impatiently): "On the line, there! . . . Snap it up!! . . . Close in to the right!!!" (Men hasten to their places. Assembly without.)

FIRST SERGEANT (With a business-like air): "Flynn! R'port!"

The line freezes to attention.

CORPORALS (in turn, beginning with a rich, booming bass on the right and ascending to a clear, lyric soprano on the left of the line): "Aw presn't!"



Capt. W. P. Foss, Jr.
17th Co. Instructor,



FIRST SERGEANT (about faces and passes out a perfunctory salute in the direction of the Acting Officer in Command): "Sir-aw-presn't-or-'count'd-for."

ACTING C. O. (returns salute with great punctilio; surveys his command with an estimating eye; fixes a chilling stare upon Candidate X, whose top blouse button is shirking its duty; starts to frame a withering reprimand but covertly glances at his own blouse before he delivers it; notes his own upper left pocket is unbuttoned — x — x x x!! — — !!; gets flustered; feels about as inconspicuous as the Woolworth building on an Oklahoma prairie; tries to think of something impressive and important to say; can't; registers dignity silently, clears throat and commands with gusto): "Dis-miss the com-pan-y."

FIRST SERGEANT: "'Smis!!!"

Men fall out; exeunt with dispatch in the direction of barracks and bath house.

ACTING C. O. (in a solicitous stage whisper as he runs to overtake bunkie who is racing toward bath house with a towel over his shoulder): "Hey, Bill; how'd I do? Huh? How'd I make out? Did I get that rising inflection on my commands like Cap Lang does? What's your honest opinion?"

Exeunt, Acting C. O. still pouring his entreaties into Bill's deaf ear. QUICK CURTAIN.

EPILOGUE.

Imagine, kind reader, that these scenes have been enacted with complete cast, faithfully as narrated above and in full view of the audience. Visualize in the places of the mustard-clad men of the dramatis personæ a few ordinary figures of your civilian existence. The First Sergeant, say, is a lawyer friend of yours; the august Acting Officer in charge, a receiving teller at your bank; the others, let us assume, number an architect, a detective sergeant, a civil engineer, a bond salesman and a Methodist minister.

On August 23, half of the company arrived at this post, and under the old scheme of organization the men were assigned to the First and Second Companies of the 18th Regiment. Two days later another string of troop trains slowed to a lumbering halt on the track abate the barracks. Another collection of sleepy civilians piled from their bunks, I mean berths, and beheld their future homes for three months, an ensemble of pine shacks rising row on row on the brow of a slope to the west.

Hectic days were those first ones.

About the time it looked as though things had begun to simmer down and folks were beginning to feel at home along came another upheaval. On August 29 the old First and Second Companies were split up to form the Seventeenth.

The officers were Captain Wilson P. Foss, Jr., and Captain William H. Draper, Jr. That afternoon Captain Foss assembled us out on the parade ground and told the men to close in a circle about him.

"Men," he said, "this is the Seventeenth Company. I am in command. Captain Draper is my assistant. This company is going to be the best in the camp—best at drill, best at school, best at everything."

And, if you ask us, we were.

Co. 17, 18th P. T. Regiment

George F. Alces, Ralph L. Baggs, Edmund E. Barrett, Fitzharding Berkeley, Thomas J. Blake, Edward D. Bolton, Ben. J. Breckenridge, Emil Breitenfeld, Leon D. Brown, Paul D. Brown, Albert E. Brundage, Charles C. Bull, William R. Burlingame, Fritz O. Burglund, Robert W. Butler, Howard N. Cappell, Edwin F. Carey, Oscar E. Cartaya, William L. Caten, Jr., Jay E. Cates, Andrew J. Cheritree, Pierson E. Clair, Dorsie J. Clark, John L. Clark, Walter M. Collins, John J. Cullinan, George A. Currie, Justus S. Davidson, Carl H. Davis, John B. Delehanty, Matthew W. Del Gaudio, Benjamin H. Dobbin, James H. Donaldson, Frank S. Donnelly, Emlen M. Drayton, Charles Drechsel, Bernard W. Druillard, Percy J. Ebbott, Frederic W. Ecker, Benjamin M. Edgerton, Roy R. English, Doddridge Farrell, Thomas J. Farrell, Harry J. Fee, John J. Fitzgerald, James E. Fitzgibbon, J. Wesley Flamman, Benedict Fox, Duncan Fraser, Wm. F. Gallagher, Jr., Herbert B. Glover, Samuel I. Goldberg, Gullie B. Goldin, Stanley J. Grace, Arthur W. Graef, James B. Graham, John E. Griffin, Thomas F. Griffin, Herbert Groesbeck, Jr., Lorenzo F. Hagglund, John B. Hahl, Roy E. Hallock, Milton C. Ham, Lewell W. Hammon, Joseph F. Hanrahan, Leigh W. Harrington, Willard C. Hatch, Albert H. Henderson, Charles A. Hill, Gerald T. Hills, Elbert C. H. Hoag, Bayard C. Hopkin, Philip K. Houston, Robert I. Huyler, Charles C. Jabureck, Lester Jacobson, Marquis James, J. Curtis Joyce, John B. Judson, Jr., Martin J. Keogh, Jr., Edward L. Killion, Cortlandt K. Krams, Arnold E. Kupfer, Charles W. Kusche, Robert B. LaFarge, Douglas E. S. Laughlin, Edward J. LaVoice, Joseph J. Lese, Dudley G. Lester, Edward H. Litchfield, Charles E. Lund, Alexander McClintock, Robert B. McClure, Joseph T. McMahon, John J. McManus, Jay Madden, Jacob Mann, Aubrey R. Marrs, Frank Marsh, William F. Mason, Allen G. Maxwell, Clive B. Meredith, James F. Milde, Ethan A. Mildeberger, Edmund F. Mulholland, Gerard A. Mulliner, Francis X. Mulry, Charles F. Newman, Jr., Nathaniel Newman, Samuel W. Oppenheimer, Carlton B. Overton, Harold D. Ovington, Irving H. Patterson, William J. Pedrick, Jr., Clinton A. Reed, Frederick G. Rita, Harry Rose, Benjamin Rosenberg, Ralph Sanger, Frederick J. Scheld, Harry L. Schoenfeld, Ely T. Scott, Michael F. Scully, Thomas A. Shaw, Joseph Sidorowicz, Alfred W. Smart, Snell Smith, Henry Soss, George P. Southworth, John V. Timoney, George A. Turley, Augustus A. Van Deventer, Jr., Samuel C. Webster, Chester E. Wheeler, William H. Willis, William C. Wrenn.



Capt. W. H. Draper, Jr.
17th Co. Asst. Instructor



THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS





OFFICERS OF THE PROVISIONAL ARTILLERY TRAINING REGIMENT

STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT

2d Lieut. Douglass, Capt. Platt, Capt. Untermyer, Lieut. Bodley, Capt. Gammell, Capt. Barstow, Lieut. Bateson, Lieut. Caldwell, Capt. Vorhees, Capt. Deane,
Capt. Hawks, Lieut. Howe, Lieut. Simmons, Capt. Trumbull, 2d Lieut. Walsh, 2d Lieut. Peppin, Capt. Harwood, 2d Lieut. L. L. L. L.

SITTING, LEFT TO RIGHT

Capt. Gordon, Lieut. Kelley, Major Hadley, Capt. Randol, Capt. Dunnington, Lieut. Chapman



INSIDE STUFF ON FIRST BATTERY

*Exclusive Account of War's Real Cause and a Prophecy
You Can Bet Your Mess Pan On*

THINGS were slow on Mount Olympus, no question about it. An atmosphere of intense silence and cigarette smoke hung over the council chamber that could be cut with a knife. Pluto reached for his derby, started to put it on, then checked the impulse.

"S'matter, old top?" sang out Mars from across the room.

"Matter enough," growled Pluto. "This Olympian dining hall is getting worse and worse every day; nothing but beef stew and O. D. bread for the last week. Something must be done; now I have an idea."

"Shoot, old scout, I am listening."

"You have it the first guess. We will shoot down to earth and start something. Say, a real sure-enough war. I have a few inventions on tap that will make things buzz."

"Y-yes, that sounds good," put in Mars doubtfully, "but whom have you on your staff that will do the job in true Hades fashion?"

"Never heard of Cousin Willie over in Germany, have you? Well, he is my trump card. When he starts, I'll close up Hades and give the imps their first real vacation."

"Fine so far, very fine, indeed," replied Mars; "but it seems to me we are giving Cousin Willie a little too much rope. Once he gets started, how are we going to stop him?"

"Ah, that will be up to you, my dear Mark. First, get the United States into the war. Next, organize a series of reserve officers' training camps at Plattsburg. At the second camp get together a unit that will bring Cousin Willie to terms. Put these men in the artillery and call them Battery One."

Mars stepped across the hall and held out his hand. "Shake, Pluto, you are a wonder; have a Fatima!"

Pluto raised his eyebrows. "If it's the same to you, Marco, I'll pass them up. Those are joss sticks down home."

Three years later Mars called for his reconnaissance officer, Mercury.

"Lieutenant, what's the news from Plattsburg?"

"Sir, the second camp is well under way and the 1st Battery established. Here, sir, are the details of organization."

Mars looked over the report with a smile of satisfaction.

"Mercury, you have done very well, indeed. But how did you camouflage yourself to get this information?"

"Easiest thing on earth, sir. I disguised myself as a native and peeped in the barracks windows, yelling: 'Out-going laundry, Diamond Hand Laundry,' and they never suspected a thing."

MERCURY'S REPORT

Captain F. V. Barstow, in command of the battery, became active with the National Army two years ago. At the last Plattsburg camp Captain Barstow served as a first lieutenant under Major Moretti.

A stickler for snap and accuracy, Captain Barstow out-Moreties Moretti.

Lieutenant Norris P. Walsh began his army career in the National Guard of the District of Columbia in 1903. In 1912 he resigned his position as captain of 1st District of Columbia Infantry and enlisted in the 6th Field Artillery. In June of the following year he was wearing a regimental sergeant major's chevrons in the 11th Field Artillery. On June 30, 1917, he was appointed temporary second lieutenant, and on July 13th commissioned as second lieutenant of the Philippine Scouts. Lieutenant Walsh was with the Pershing punitive expedition in Mexico.



Capt. F. V. Barstow
1st Bat. Instructor



Lieutenant Charles L. Pepin enlisted in the regular army in 1911 and began his service with the 5th Field Artillery. For five years army life with the 5th was just one chevron after another until 1917, when the Government gave him collar ornaments.

Fred E. Gignoux, first sergeant, candidate instructor, entered the army at Carson City, Nev., at the outbreak of the Spanish War and subsequently was thrice commended for bravery and action. He perfected the "range-rig," now used by the Government in coast artillery work to spot shots at target practice.

* * * * *

At "retreat," one night, when the candidates had nothing to do but stand at attention, Sergeant (Mother) Hecker delivered an eloquent address on "How not to sneeze," or, "When you must cough, don't cough, but wait until next week."

* * * * *

Kent, when acting chief of section, called his own name at roll call and, hearing no response, reported himself "absent."

* * * * *

Old One-Hundred-Yard Brackett lives up to his name by making a clean sweep to this distance at every mess. He gets the desired scope at the second salvo, and then walks through while the rest of the crowd are setting their sights.

* * * * *

Battery had small hope at close order drill one morning—hope growing smaller every minute. Sergeant Gignoux faced the west and Hope hoped to draw up his platoon facing the instructor. After three circles around the then dazed sergeant, Hope bawled out "Squads east." This broke up the morning and "At rest" was assumed without further command.

* * * * *

"Your report is comprehensive to the last detail, Mercury," commented Mars. "In fact, it is so interesting that I must know as soon as possible how these men made out. Take a telephone corporal and slip down to the

Delphian oracle and semaphore back the war happenings a year in the future."

With characteristic Olympian speed, Mercury picked up the telephone corporal and was soon flagging back the Delphian forecast.

"Now at Berlin. The band is playing 'The Star Spangled Banner,' and the artillery trains are rumbling down Unter den Linden."

(FIVE HOURS LATER). "All former members of Battery One are commissioned generals. They are lined up in the Thier Garten Platz, receiving their war medals."

1st Battery, F. A.

F. E. Gignoux, Major O. R. C.; George C. Adams, Arthur W. Allen, Harold E. Anderson, Edward B. Anschutz, John L. Aney, John H. Bachelder, Hugh Bain, Raymond G. Bartlett, John H. Beck, S. A. Beckwith, Ralph G. Belcher, Philip Benton, Claudius F. Black, Roy Brackett, Harold A. Braman, James E. Breslin, Harold W. Bridge, Edwin H. Brown, Kingsbury Browne, George F. L. Bryant, Llewellyn M. Buell, George W. Burke, Frederick W. Carran, Sheridan R. Cate, Horace Chadbourne, George D. Chase, Oscar F. Chase, John F. Choate, Alvord B. Churchill, Dana E. Clark, Levi S. Conant, Joseph Connolly, Robert Crosbie, Alfred C. Dalmas, Arthur J. Dalot, Frank H. Daley, Albert W. Davis, Clinton W. Davis, David S. Day, Gerald H. Dempsey, Thomas J. Donovan, Maximilian P. Eames, John M. Elliot, Daniel H. Fenton, Warren C. Foote, Robert T. Gannett, John C. Geran, Lorenzo Hamilton, Clayton F. Hawes, Eugene A. Hecker, Albin Hedlund, John M. Holcombe, Jr., Carl A. Hope, George W. Howe, Edwin H. Jose, Philip W. Joslin, Horace L. Kenny, Robert W. Kent, Edward E. Kern, Hugh J. Kinsman, Joseph E. Kline, Lloyd W. Knight, William W. Little, Chester R. Longwell, Nelson C. McCormick, Harold J. McDonald, Douglas G. McGrath, David H. Maynard, William F. Merrill, Ralph L. Moore, Harry Mosley, Clarence F. Murray, George W. Nelson, Charles W. Page, Jr., Sanford F. Palo, Paul S. Phalen, Edward T. Pike, Frederick C. Polhemus, George H. Pratt, Harold M. Prescott, Milton D. Proctor, Charles W. Quimby, William E. Reynolds, Allen P. Richmond, Edward Risehari, James S. Rodwell, Nicholas L. Rogers, Alfred H. Sharon, Nathan S. Sharp, Maxwell C. Shattuck, David C. Simmons, Perley B. Sleeper, James B. Slimmon, Herbert U. Smith, Oscar T. Smith, Lawrence Southard, Paul R. Squires, Leo C. Stebbins, Harvey L. Thomas, Richard Thomas, John E. Tucker, George L. Wade, Clifford S. Watrous, Donald C. Watson, J. Watson Webb, John L. Weld, Charles F. Weeden, Jr., Harold N. Welch, Eugene F. Wermuth, Arthur F. Whalen, Henry D. Wild, Charles H. Wood, Stanley B. Wright.



Lt. N. P. Walsh, 1st Bat.
Assistant Instructor



Lt. C. L. Pepin, 1st Bat.
Assistant Instructor



SECOND BATTERY SECRETS

An Observant Historian Reveals Some Inside Facts, Serious and Frivolous

EVEN a close observer would experience trouble in recognizing from the 2d Battery the motley assembly which reported to the battery commander late in August to begin the work of qualifying for officers' commissions. Nondescripts they were then from practically every walk of civil life, with here and there a few with previous military experience gathered either in previous camps, the National Guard or the regulars. But a very short time sufficed for a transformation, though the process was prolific of interesting experiences, some comical, others heroic.

Sixteen hours a day devoted almost uninterruptedly to a subject is calculated to produce results. It did with the 2d Battery. The men threw themselves into the work with a willingness and zeal that could not but yield results. The supreme opportunity before them was not allowed to escape unavailed.

In play, as in work, the battery went about the daily routine with a zest. Agreeing with Captain Gammell that "singing soldiers are the best soldiers," the boys quickly installed a piano in barracks, and in leisure hours it was put to good use in keeping up the battery spirit.

Naturally enough, a few mistakes bobbed up from time to time with their humorous sides, putting a laugh on more than a few of the boys. For one thing, certain men found no end of trouble in distinguishing officers in time to accord them the courtesy of a salute. One candidate, who absentmindedly failed to salute, was abruptly challenged for the oversight.

"How long have you been in the service?" queried the officer.

"About three days," answered our fellow student. "How long have you?"

It was the ingenious and resourceful Devine who finally suggested a practical rule for avoiding any oversights of this nature. "When in doubt, salute," was Devine's motto.

The rule worked well enough, but even so there were still some few individual difficulties. For instance, Van

Derveer still insisted upon habitually saluting with one hand in his pocket.

"Shinola" Gozzaldi was the horrible example responsible for our wonderful battery shine record. Gozzaldi was certainly a most shining exponent of the rub and shine. No dust nor dirt lurked on the footwear of those who emulated his example.

It fell to P. C. Lull to lift our standard in another direction. P. C. brought with him from "A" Battery, Rhode Island National Guard, a luxuriant and carefully groomed growth of hirsute adornment "camouflaging" his entire face. All was well until Captain Randal mentioned at inspection the fact that an early haircut was badly needed.

Of course, conference room queries were plentiful and varied. "Candidate Wheeler, sir," easily took the brown derby in this competition. But competition was keen and queries flew thick and fast until a reaction set in. Finally Lieutenant Caldwell was moved at one conference to remark on the fact that few questions were being asked. He assumed, he said, that all the men were readily absorbing the matter at hand. It was Candidate Donovan who corrected the impression with the blunt acknowledgment that he didn't know enough to even ask an intelligent question.

Further evidence of obliquity above the ears occasionally came to light in firing drill. For instance, Candidate Bryant grew so warm about the head that in making his report to the battery commander he blithely announced, "Both bubbles bubbling, sir."

Candidate Mansfield also ran afoul of a disconcerting experience. Though a veteran of the first Plattsburg camp and a member of Major Koehler's throat and lung squad, he encountered trouble in maneuvering around a gun trail. The trail box cover jammed. Kicking it with one foot and awkwardly saluting Lieutenant Caldwell at the same time, he reported with painful exasperation that "this d—n thing never would work, sir."

Emerson R. Newell, of New York and Greenwich, absentmindedly lapsed into the vernacular of a courtroom on one occasion. Engaged in a discussion with



Capt. W. Gammell
2d Bat. Instructor



Captain Gammell, he rather startled the battery when he began: "But your Honor——" The laughter of the battery halted him.

Then, of course, the men found some difficulty in rattling out the proper commands while handling the battery in close order drill. This one got a laugh. With the battery in line, one candidate directed it, "By the south flank, march!" Pretty good running mate for the command of the officer on the Mexican border who ordered his battery to "button up your caissons and go by the northeast flank."

But funny experiences were not limited to the conference room and drill ground. Candidate Saltonstall reports interestingly. It was a down-town drug store and Saltonstall wanted to purchase a quantity of distilled water for automobile batteries. After a bit of mysterious maneuvering the clerk produced it in two green bottles. It was poured into the batteries and the car has been out of commission ever since. A later examination revealed that the bottles had contained beer instead of water. Further detailed information on the incident not available for obvious reasons.

Beginning of lessons in equitation brought a new angle of life to many. For instance, Murphy learned to "post" at a walk. Todd was advised to include a rope ladder in his equipment. Long worked out a detachable windshield for mounted men, as well as handle bars. Professor Perry developed an unusual disadvantage in that he couldn't keep his legs from dragging.

Aside from a circle of "supermen," including Washburn, Taylor, Smith, Mosher and Blumer, Bowman was our stellar performer. He was the real live wire, the Atlas supporting our world of problems and troubles. Like the "movie" news weekly, Bowman saw all, knew all. Bowman rushed in where angels would have employed reconnoitering in abundance. But assurance was his and experience will be.

Among other matters of private and exclusive knowledge, Bowman holds the keys to these mystifying queries: Where did Guild spend his week-ends? Why did Berman miss the hike? What is Yamkipzoa? What did Busby do with his mustache when he went into camouflage? The national anthem of Guatemala? Who woke up the entire barracks one night? What were Rollins' two favorite tunes? Who was the collector who got our coat buttons? When was the forty-yard distance between ranks employed? Can a man in ranks give "rest" when

he wishes to talk? How did Drinkwater come out with the Q. M. department? How many times does a stream cross a given contour line? What is a draft spring?

McRae flashed into prominence as one of the select coterie of "nuts." But nobody would take his suddenly acquired prominence seriously. Everybody figured that "Mac" was kidding the major. However, there is no doubt as to his reputation as a songbird. No sooner had he acquired the regulation hat cord than he started to warble "That Barber Shop Chord."

From the foregoing, it may be seen that the 2d Battery did not miss out on its part of the fun that developed as we drove along through our stay. Neither did it miss out its part of the work. Contributing strongly to this latter was the capable and efficient help afforded by the commanding officers. If there be shortcomings, it was no fault of these instructors. And both men and officers believe that the 2d Battery is as well equipped as any command in the camp for the great and important work which lies beyond.

2d Battery, F. A.

Walter L. Allen, Arthur R. Atwood, Richard H. Bacon, John Baker, Gordon H. Bancho, Henry C. Banks, Francis Barrett, Robert V. Bean, Isaac Berman, Raymond W. Bissell, Maurice A. Blackmur, Charles E. Blake, William W. Blanchard, Thomas S. Blumer, Edward F. Bowman, Newton C. Brainerd, Robert E. Bryant, Robert Burrell, Hibbard S. Busby, Frederick A. Calkin, Richard H. Campbell, Kip I. Chace, Raymond O. Chaffee, C. J. Chamberlain, Morgan G. Chamberlin, Robert K. Chandler, Robert M. Chase, Allen L. Cleveland, Philip P. Cole, Frederick G. Crane, Elton F. Cronk, William G. Cummings, John J. Danaher, Joseph J. Devine, Daniel G. Donovan, Arthur Drinkwater, Norman L. Duncan, Harold R. Espey, Elizur K. H. Fessenden, Philip S. Foisie, Oliver A. Fuller, Albert B. Gardella, Thomas J. Gilbert, Ralph B. Glines, John C. Goldthwaite,

Richard S. Gozzaldi, Charles F. Guild, George A. Hagedorn, Walter G. Hauser, Warren Hayford, 3rd, John A. Heath, Jr., Merrit Hemingway, Edward E. Hildreth, John D. Hogarth, Percy C. Judd, Cyrus S. Kauffman, Milton S. Kimball, John M. Latham, Andrew J. Lloyd, Ernest P. Lull, Richard T. Lyons, Daniel J. Marshall, W. W. Mansfield, Jr., W. R. McAllister, Bernard J. McLaughlin, Donald C. McRae, Samuel G. Mitchell, Ralph H. Mosher, Charles C. Murphy, Walter G. Nagle, Emerson R. Newell, Thomas J. O'Connell, Thomas S. Parker, Sydney H. Perley, Henry T. Perry, Frederick A. Peterson, Jacques J. Pollock, Howard H. Quinham, Charles A. Reynolds, Durell S. Richards, John R. Roberts, William O. Robinson, Francis W. Rollins, Leverett Saltonstall, Willis H. Sargent, Chester E. Sargent, John B. Schmidt, Walter H. Shaw, Reginald Sigel, Curtis R. Smith, John F. Sullivan, Emerson H. Swift, Aldrich Taylor, R. De St. M. Thebaud, James P. Thurber, Francis B. Todd, Waldo Tucker, Henry B. Valieant, T. W. Van Derveer, Peter Viscanti, John S. Voorhees, George E. Washburn, John Wells, William R. Wheeler, Jr., Frazar B. Wilde, Harold Wilkinson, Frederick W. Willey, Henry C. Williams.



Lieut. W. H. Caldwell
2d Bat.
Assistant Instructor



BATTERY THREE IN RETROSPECT

The Leading Lights Shine After Taps is Sounded

BATTERY THREE was perched upon a shifting sand dune on the west shore of Lake Champlain, and a great deal closer to the D. & H. tracks than any station on the line. But we did have just the loveliest sunrises!

The barracks were one hundred and ten feet long and divided into two parts, the orderly room and the rest of the place. In the barracks proper lived one hundred and sixteen men and Freddy Beebe. In the orderly room could often be found such men as Captains Dunnigan, Hincks and Harwood, Lieutenant Kelley and Ted Lilley.



Capt. F. J. Dunnigan
3d Bat. Instructor

There was never a chance to stop "keeping them rolling" with that trio of never sleeping captains always on the job. Utter absence of anything like familiarity with Captain Dunnigan only increased the fearsome respect in which most of us held him, for all those three long months. Any slight defects in us and our military manners—and we sure had 'em—that he overlooked were kindly but firmly called to our attention by the assistant instructors. Captain Hincks has a sense of humor that even military rigidity couldn't repress, but it didn't particularly soften his admonitions if you were unlucky enough to attract his unfavorable attention. Captain Harwood knew his stuff—cold. There was nothing lukewarm about the way he served it either. A spoonful of precision, another of accuracy, a third of exactness, with a handful of ginger and a large dash of "pep"—that was the formula which all the Third Battery's instructors used and it worked wonders on even the most backward patients. Most of the prescriptions were prepared in the orderly room, but on the other side of the partition there was equal activity. No battery barracks held a more miscellaneous mixture of greatness and near greatness, a conglomerate-

tion of ability and other things that attracted even the official "Nut Picker." At the physical "exam." quite a few of the men who expect to be shelling the Wilhemstrasse before very long had a hard time convincing the Nut Picker that they were geniuses and not what he suspected.

For the Third Battery one of the big events of the camp was the hike. Nothing quite so ambitious was attempted at the first camp and it proved a very valuable addition to the course of training in impressing on the candidates that "book learning" wasn't quite all there was to the game. Every youngster knows that it always rains on picnic day and the same holds true of hikes. The afternoon had a disposition as uncertain as a damsel with one suitor in the navy and another in the army. It alternated between rain and near brightness just enough to provide a full measure of discomfort. It was almost as contradictory as the commands Bill Wilson gave every thirty seconds, but eventually pup tents were pitched and the problem began.

The long suffering eighth section provided the kitchen detail and had mess ready by the time we had finished grooming and feeding our horses. The hike proved that the much-abused bean is a food and not a form of inhuman punishment after all. Also it gave the humble "runt" section a chance to put one over, for every man of it got an extra helping with the rest of the battery in entire ignorance of their good luck.

Many of the candidates got their first taste of real hardship in the attempt to sleep on the cold, cold ground under one blanket and an overcoat, and their second when the summons for picket line guard duty came. They all lived through it, but some of them never looked the same.

Camp was broken with a speed that would have done credit to a regular organization. Nobody seemed particularly keen to linger and we were on our way by eight o'clock, with



Capt. C. C. Hincks
3d Bat. 1st Assistant



the barracks for once as attractive as Home, Sweet Home.

"Charley" Lovering (that familiar front is taking a mean advantage of an ex-captain of the troop) was supposed to be a wonderful rider. We could ride, too, if we could cross our feet under the horse the way he could.

Manson Glover pronounced "D-r-r-rill R-r-regulations" and "P-r-r-robability Factor-r-r" in a way calculated to make all the old Anglos and Saxons turn in their graves.

Frank Wall had more call-downs than anybody else, but that was largely because half the battery was Mr. Wall to the officers.

People said that Miles Langley carried contour lines in his pocket without any fear of being attacked. Apparently he had lived among them and won their confidence.

We suspected "Pop" Gleason was a married man, but, of course, he *may* have been scalped in the Philippines.

C. E. Allen may have been a good supply sergeant, but as a left guide—well, the 8th section had tried individually and collectively to solve the mystery of his cadence and failed utterly.

If Pollard buys one more uniform at Gimbel's they are going to give him one for nothing.

What could we do better than nickname George Mather "Cotton" after the great divine?

There were a lot of men who could stay in bed until the last minute, and still make reveille, but they were all up before Drakeley and not in line any sooner.

Somebody woke up one night with a weird exclamation—something like this: "Come and glouskin as ye go on the light fantastic toe."

Brown, A. H. C. had a strut that ought to be worth a majority, and the name of Martin Glynn was strangely familiar—could this be the ex-governor of New York?

Then there were some nameless candidates who had done things to make Battery Three famous. Be sure, it wasn't every barracks that had an impromptu inspection by the cast of "Mary's Ankle."

And now just a word about our *esprit*. We had it, lots of it. Heaven knows why; there wasn't much to have *esprit*

about, unless you call living in a veritable sand-pit, being nearly shaken out of our bunks by the D. & H. freights, and being close enough to shack No. 28 to know the sad truth about noon mess long before 10 o'clock, sufficient reason for loyalty to Battery Three. The real explanation probably is that discipline begets *esprit*, and discipline we certainly had—iron and unrelenting.

The man or men whose duty it was to recommend some and reject others are almost to be pitied. Theirs was the hardest kind of task, for the competition was too keen to make a just selection easy. One thing is sure—commission or no commission, a man who lived through three months of such training rendered no small service to his government.



Lieut. J. P. Kelley
3d Bat. 3d Assistant

3d Battery, F. A.

Charles E. Allen, Warren A. Baker, Charles E. Barber, Louis A. Barcelo, Austin D. Barney, Frederick C. Beebe, Allen H. Boardman, Roland S. Boardman, C. B. Fisk Brill, Amos H. C. Brown, Simmons Brown, Philip F. Broughton, Marshall S. Buell, George C. Cantwell, George C. Capen, Louis E. Carboni, Harold D. Carey, Francis C. Carleton, Howard C. Carter, Joseph S. Carusi, Henry P. Chandler, Richard W. Chapman, King Collins, Stanley W. Colt, Theobald E. Conway, John H. Corridon, Matthew J. Cummings, James W. Cunningham, Daniel J. Curran, Donald E. Currier, Gordon Curtis, Maurice F. Devine, Raymond C. Dimon, Wilfred K. Dodworth, George M. Drakeley, Ray P. Dunning, Norman E. Emmons, Stanton E. Eustis, Harry E. Fannon, William B. Farnsworth, Alfred A. Farwell, Samuel P. Fay, Edward Foster, Bertrand C. French, Clarence J. Frink, Max H. C. Gersumky, Cass Gilbert, Jr., Warren Gleason, Leon E. Glouskin, Manson Glover, Martin E. Glynn, Francis C. Gray, Addison B. Green, Charlton R. Gulick, James Hale, William F. Hallstead, Barge L. Hartz, Arthur W. Hodges, Alexander Holmes, Louis L. Holmes, George F. Holmquist, Roland S. Hotchkiss, George G. Hubbard, Henry C. Hutchins, Carl Johnson, Solon C. Kelly, Jr., Fred. H. Kingsbury, Miles E. Langley, Arthur J. Lesieur, John K. Lewis, Theodore Liller, Charles I. Lovering, George V. Lovering, George C. Mather, Edwin H. May, Arthur M. McCormick, George A. Middlemas, Floyd I. Miller, Howard B. Morse, Hallam L. Movius, Willis Munro, Bartlett S. Norcross, Robert C. Padley, Francis T. Phillips, Frank E. Phillips, Joseph E. Pierce, Theodore B. Pitman, Frederick W. Pollard, Claude G. Prouty, Leon H. Richmond, Eugene B. Ripley, Harold R. Robinson, Preston B. Rowe, Alexander H. Scott, Frederic M. Seeger, Clarence W. Seymour, Horatio L. Small, Albert R. Speare, Milton S. Stearns, R. M. Strickland, Guy A. Swenson, Homer D. Swihart, Charles H. Terry, Theodore L. Tewksbury, Ralph S. Townsend, Herbert A. Trombly, Perley S. Turner, Guy R. Varnum, F. J. Wall, Alan W. Waite, Raymond J. Wamester, Frederick A. Westphal, William J. White, Jr., Emmons J. Whitcomb, William M. Wilson, Victor A. Wolff, Whitney Young.



Capt. J. H. Harwood
3d Bat. 2d Assistant



FOURTH BATTERY—"ACTION FRONT!"

Echoes and Re-echoes From the Gotham Gunner's Shack

THE 4th Battery was composed largely of men who volunteered from the New York district. Although the permanent address of most of them was New York City, their birthplaces ranged from Russia to Honolulu and from Ireland to the Barbados. They were drawn from the infantry units formed when they first got to Plattsburg; and when they were brought together, as a battery, in front of the barracks facing Lake Champlain and the roaring D. & H., all hands had already been disguised in the khaki issue.

Since few had ever seen each other previously in civil life and found but little time after gathering to rake over the memories of a dead past, it may be well to put on record something of the manner of men they were in civil life, so far as records are available.

Of the total, eighty were college men: Cornell contributing sixteen, Harvard fourteen, Yale seven, and Princeton five. Nearly all American colleges and some foreign ones were represented in the list. Eighty-nine had had previous military training, forty-four in the militia, many of whom had served on the border. A few had been commissioned officers. There were seven men from the regular army.

The average age of the battery was twenty-eight, and one hundred and twenty men were married.

As for occupations, law and engineering led with twenty-three men each. Fourteen men had been engaged in mercantile activities. In the realm of printer's ink, there were eight, including publishing, advertising, writing and reporting. Seven brokers and bondmen and six bankers gave up computing interest in favor of deflections, and four architects took their protractors from building plans and set them to work on fighting maps. There were three statisticians, three teachers and three insurance men.

Two men had served in the Navy, seven were Spanish War veterans, four were college undergraduates, one an ambulance driver from France, two were artists, one a zoologist, one an actor, one a cider manufacturer, one a

preacher, and one was, even up to the time of going to press, a comedian.

They came, in short, from all walks of private life. And for the first week or so after their arrival, they continued to come and go with about as wide a variety of walks.

Every acting B. C. had a cadence all his own. They ran the full gamut from a snappy, choppy quick time to a creeping caterpillar crawl. Every third day the battery marched to a new tempo of the Plattsburg quickstep.

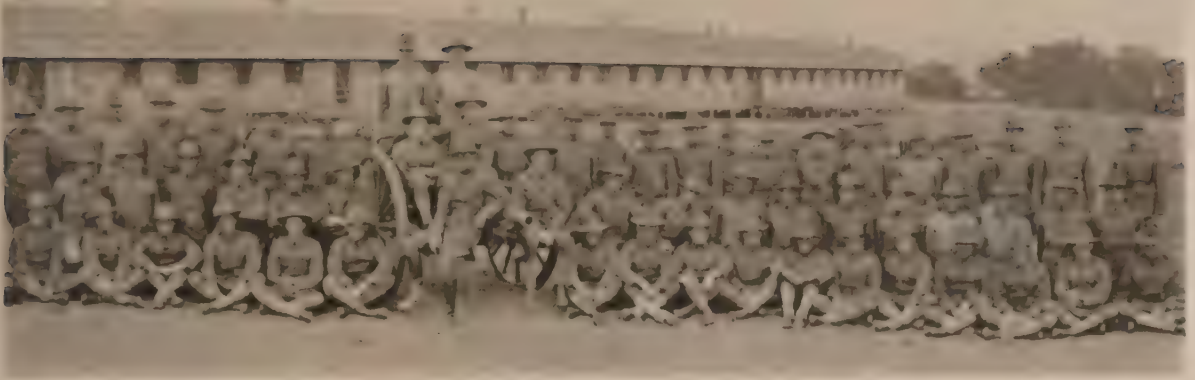
But marching was least of their worries. Mastery of the "hundred and thirty to the minute" was accomplished well in advance of the fathoming of the mysteries of the counter-recoil buffer and deflection differences, to say nothing of the typifying characteristics of a contour or the mental vagaries of "General Z."

From 5:30 in the morning to 9:00 o'clock at night, the candidates studied, drilled and smoke-bombed, sub-calibred, equitaded and sketched, and then drilled and studied some more, with marching, eating, shaving and pistol cleaning in between, for relaxation. And then to bed to dream of firing battery salvos at headquarters. No candidate had ever done so much work before and, what is more to the point, actually learned and become fairly proficient in so much. There were times when, in the privacy of a bunk-to-bunk conversation, after two hours' grappling with 306 of the 8,629 Rules of "Fiah," a candidate might shake his head pessimistically and mutter to his neighbor that the pace was too fast. But discouragement never went much further than that.

When the 5:30 bell rang in the aching cold of the black autumn morning, there always seemed to be some cause for jest and jibes. When the dawn came up like a shower-bath on the shelter-tents of Battery Four, somewhere in Clinton County, and drivers groomed horses while cannoneers groomed everything else, and all rode home in wet clothes, the barometer of cheerfulness did not sink. It was only when examinations made their weekly approach that optimism ran low.



Capt. G. F. Verbeck
4th Bat., Instructor



Then did the chuckling merriment of Upper Fifth Avenue give way to grim foreboding, and grim despair still the customary ribald roar in the Bowery's depths.

Here is a typical day with Battery Four:

5:30—The bell. The frozen darkness. The cold trousers.

5:45—Reveille. The missing leggings. The last button. The snappy roll call. The dash for wash barracks.

6:00—The march to mess. The cold hands. Six spoons in one oatmeal plate. The cold-storage eggs. The pipe. The sweeping. The making of beds. The dust.

7:00—The Holy Writ. The Biglerville Map. The house of J. Musser. "Change Papers." The jealous eye on the next man's corrections.

7:30—Drill. The student B. C.'s under observation. "Now men, snap those heels together." The busy little note-books.

9:00—Sub-calibre. The wrong deflection. The cross-fire. The bawling out.

10:30—The conference. The blackboard demonstration. "Does everyone understand this?" The ambiguous chorus. The foolish questions.

11:30—Physical drill. "In cadence exercise." The goose step.

12:00—The rush for mail. The forbidden food from home.

12:15—Mess. The same old stew.

12:45—The smoke. The shave. The gossip. "Camp moves South next week."

1:30—The double time to the smoke bomb range. "We have put that battery out of commission and now take up an infantry trench to the right of that red barn." The candidate's loud commands. The wrong range change. The quivering voice. The gradual weakening. The complete breakdown. The merry whistle.

3:00—Equitation. The scramble for good mounts. "Now, you man on that black horse, when I give the command right by troopers, gather your horse." Stirrups off. The bouncing trot.

5:00—The protracted grooming.

5:30—The shoe shining. The other uniform. Retreat.

6:00—"Beans."

6:30—The dash for food.

7:00—Study. The scramble for seats. The drowsy students. The group at the blackboard.

9:00—"The Greasy Spoon." Going to bed. The post mortems. The low comedy.

9:45—Lights out. The coughing chorus. The final snort.

10:00—Peace.

4th Battery, F. A.

John W. Grout, 2d Lt., O.R.C.; Leon Abbett, Jr., Benjamin T. Abrams, Howard R. Aldridge, Edmund H. Alexander, Lindsay C. Amos, John T. Anderson, Tristan Antell, Harold E. Anthony, Ralph M. Arkush, Walter J. Barcus, Earle C. Bailie, Harold S. Bareford, Albert K. Barnes, George H. Beardslee, Russell D. Bell, Lee H. Berliner, Mortimer B. Bernstein, Edward Blaker, Thomas G. Brennan, Henry P. Bristol, Richard T. Bright, Richmond L. Brown, Samuel R. Brown, Stanley D. Brown, C. F. Busch, Richard B. Catton, Arthur P. Colligan, Thomas W. Constable, Robert E. Coulson, Richard J. Cullinan, Thomas H. Dugan, Jr., George M. Ferguson, William H. Friend, Arnold S. Furst, Alfred C. Gallagher, Edward W. Garnier, Harry Gertz, Carleton B. Gibson, Jr., Arthur B. Gilkes, H. Gilligan, E. T. Gregory, Hartwell L. Hall, Ralph E. Hemstreet, Isham Henderson, Wallgrem Hendric, Harold P. Hennessy, Earle F. Henry, Lawrence R. Hills, Richard S. Jannopoule, Vitold A. Jasionowski, Henry P. Kirkham, George W. Krick, John J. Kuhn, George S. Laing, Arthur B. Lawrence, Albert M. Levert, Philip W. Livermore, George de Forest Lord, James E. Lunny, Frank J. McConnel, C. P. McMorrow, William F. McMorrow, Cedric A. Major, Norman J. Marsh, Jr., L. K. Marshall, Robert T. Maxwell, Thomas M. Miley, Kirk Moore, Charles J. Moore, Alwin S. Morgenroth, Cornelius O'Connor, George F. O'Connor, Paul G. Pennoyer, John T. Philips, Norman W. Pinney, Samuel G. Rea, Robert J. Reichert, Frank T. Richard, Lloyd Richards, John B. Ridley, Arthur A. Robinson, Thomas L. Ryan, Lawrence L. Shenfield, Carl E. Siebecker, John I. Sowdon, William Spoerle, Walter M. Sternberger, Thomas N. St. Hill, Levi S. Stockwell, George E. Strehan, Theron R. Strong, Henry B. Sullivan, Charles J. Speicher, Frank J. Tappen, Ralph W. Thomas, Henry K. Tootle, William B. Tuerck, George L. Trumbull, Frederick Vieweg, Jr. Frederick W. Wahlers, Ernest Walbridge, Frank Waldo, Joseph B. Wardwell, Paul M. Weidmann, Samuel A. Welldon, John N. Wheeler, Newell B. Whitcomb, E. R. Whittingham, Harry J. Wieler, William P. Willis, Charles S. Young, William Zelenko.



Capt. A. Dana
4th Bat. 2d Assistant



Capt. A. Untermeyer
4th Bat. 1st Assistant



THE CHEERFUL FIFTH BATTERY

Even an Overnight Hike on Misfit Horses in Mud and Rain Held No Terrors for Them

Instructors:

Captain Kenneth P. Lord, 19th Cavalry, U. S. A.
 Captain Alexander Gordon, 306th F. A. O. R. C.
 Captain Allen M. Platt, 306th F. A. O. R. C.

Permanent Organization:

First Sergeant, H. W. Boyce.

Supply Sergeant, R. McC. Marsh.

Duty Sergeant, M. Gordon.

Chiefs of Section:

First, H. H. Nute
 Second, F. M. Stanton
 Third, A. M. White
 Fourth, W. M. Evarts
 Fifth, W. Fleming
 Sixth, T. Sizer
 Seventh, J. C. Heminway
 Eighth, R. Sealy



Capt. K. P. Lord
 5th Bat. Instructor

THE old 5th Battery is ready for action, and it's a good time, as Holton advises, to "Talk it over." Let's begin with the disembarkation in the cold, gray drawn, and that first mess where we made the acquaintance of scrambled egg powder, and learned to take a little milk without water. It was then we realized "You're in the army now—you'll never get rich, you're in the army now."

For a few days life was just one writing your life history after another. Ackerman is reported to have reported his previous military experience as leader of the Camp Fire Girls. Then they sprang the election of the branch of the service on us and it was a problem whether head work or foot work was most to be avoided. We gave head work the benefit of the doubt, and from the day we turned in our rifles we have realized that the boys who chose the doughboy's lot were out of luck.

On the morning that we wandered homeless with barrack bags on our shoulders in search of a resting place and finally reported to Captain Platt, the 5th Battery came into being. And from that morning the 5th Battery has worked with and for its officers. It may be contrary to army regulations to make personal comments, but we'll risk our chances of a commission to say that we've enjoyed working under Captain Lord, Captain Gordon and Captain Platt, that we appreciate their constant labor in our behalf, and that we are confident that no organization in this or any other training camp has had more able instruction or more inspiring leadership.

Our justly celebrated spare moments were for some time employed in fruitless visits to the Q. M. trying to get equipment to fit or match. Even though we learned that a No. 2 legging may cuddle a more capacious calf than a No. 4, some came through with uniforms that even Fowler could be proud of.

Our work as artillerymen really began when we went into instruction in materiel and many made first acquaintance with a three-inch gun at closer range than a military funeral. But we've learned. Though we may not understand the action of the firing pin, we can all explain it; and when a question of location of a part arises, we have Gordon's Rule, applied in the classic instance of the draft-spring: "In case of doubt, put it in the recoil cylinder."

Equitation brought physical torture for some, where the conformity of the man did not permit conformity to the horse. When it came to riding without stirrups, we had the distinction of evolving a new movement which will doubtless be added to the P. D. R. in the 1917 corrections. The command of preparation is, "Assist Lamberton to Mount," and as performed by the Seventh Section Driver Squad, by the numbers, it is a precise and effective movement.

Road-sketching has held no terrors for us since we learned that contouring is as simple as peeling potatoes,



and after reading carefully Colonel Hammond's instructions, we can draw a road map from "Fork of Peru Road, South of Orchard, to Entrenched Ridge" without even going over the ground. But map-reading is another thing again, and though we know the Biglerville map from Granite Rock Station to Guernsey, and from Goldenville to Heidlersburg, we cherish a secret ambition when the war is over to visit that w. k. terrain, climb the summit of Hill 701, and discover whether Hill 566 really is visible.

Sub-calibre and smoke bomb practice are the real bright spots in the schedule. Even the Acting B. C. enjoys a restful afternoon after he's been killed. We needn't mention our close-order drill, except to say that when Sergeant Boyce commands, "At ease" we "preserve immobility but not silence" with complete uniformity. As Christea says, "That's me."

Just as we are beginning to think we'd tried all the new sensations and were becoming a bit bored with inoculations, examinations, inspections, and the eight-ring circus, the hike came along. Gone from our theology is the fire and brimstone Hell. Henceforth our conception of our probable future will include a sea of mud, a driving rain, a cutting wind, and a picket line of shivering, biting, kicking horses, protesting against being harnessed. "All of which we saw, and part of which we were," as General C. J. Caesar almost said. But we finally got started, and, after arriving at camp, nursing the horses and stowing away an army bean, solved our problem by bringing

on the limbers in line of skirmishers, and survived to gather round the kerosene campfire and, through the deluge, sing "How Dry I Am." As to shelter tents, possibly Callahan had the right idea, "Put one-half on the ground and the other half over you." Having the corporals of the guard page their details from tent to tent "every hour on the hour" was successful in attaining the ideal of letting nobody get any sleep. Notwithstanding all of which, the 5th Battery enjoyed the hike and

Then pay-day, begun with rosy anticipations of prosperity as we approached the Orderly Room door, and chastened with prospects of renewed poverty after running the gauntlet of collectors for laundry, books, theatre, pictures, and all the other luxuries we'd enjoyed on tick.

So the camp passed, busily and quickly, every day filled to the limit with work, new experiences, expectations, disappointments and, in the few chinks in the schedule, good fellowship. If the 5th Battery had any distinguishing characteristic, it was good nature and the complete absence of the chronic grouch.

"Data checked. Correct. All bubbles level."

5th Battery, F. A.

C. H. Adams, Lt., O.R.C.; Harmon Ackerman, John Hart Allen, Jr., John P. Allen, C. C. Arthur, Lee Wheeler Baldwin, Harry C. Bates, Herbert Betts, John Bister, Jr., Max Blitzer, Alexander Blum, William Robert Blum, Almon N. Bowes, Henry W. Boyce, Reuben Briney, Charles H. Brophy, Joseph V. Callahan, Walter M. Carlebach, Gordon Case, H. B. Charos, Raymond Chauncey, J. Christea, Mortimer Cobb, Nathaniel R. Coleman, Norman W. Cook, Donald F. Crane, H. C. Dayton, L. J. Dibble, James J. Dooling, Howard E. Duryea, Howard Eisenbach, S. D. Eldredge, Walter E. Ernst, W. M. Everts, A. M. Fillot, Solomon P. Finklestein, Wallace Fleming, Henry N. Flynt, Robert L. Fowler, Oswald Fowler, William F. Fowler, T. A. Fritchey, Jr., M. Gordon, Simon H. Graubard, Donald S. Gray, A. E. Green, T. F. Harkins, James C. Hemmway, Howard J. Herbert, F. C. Holbrook, Wilbur K. Holmes, Herbert M. Holton, James W. Hughes, John A. Ingersoll, Charles R. Jackson, Horace H. Johnson, Robert E. Jones, Lanfare B. Jordan, Walter M. Keenan, John V. Lamberton, James C. Lewis, Jr., Henry Logan, W. J. Logan, John W. Love, Leonard L. Lyons, Leonhard A. Mannhardt, Robert McMarshall, Robert P. Marshall, Chas. E. Martell, Frank W. McCarthy, Patrick J. McNicholl, William S. Mitchell, Lewis S. Morris, Raymond Morris, I. F. Morrison, Harold H. Nute, Carleton H. Palmer, Harry O. Parsons, Edwin O. Perrin, Weyland Pfeiffer, Rollin G. Plumb, Francis L. Plummer, Chester A. Posey, Jos. G. Quinn, John W. Ramsey, Richard Remsen, Stephen B. Robinson, Edward F. Rochester, John Rutherford, John H. Schafer, Ahmand O. Schierenbeck, R. Sealy, Raynor L. Shipman, T. Sizer, Harold A. Smith, Royal D. Smith, Roger P. Smith, Waldo Smith, Francis M. Stanton, Carl G. Stearns, E. A. Sterling, Mark P. Sullivan, Willis D. Sutton, Robert I. Stout, Edward C. Sullivan, Harry C. Tenny, Gilbert H. Thirkield, Dallas S. Townsend, William E. Vogelback, Julius T. Von Eltz, Carl J. Von Kokeritz, Wm. B. Wallace, Wm. O. Walsh, Allen M. White, Robert A. White, Victor G. White, Edgar Williams, Gerald W. Worden.



Capt. A. M. Platt
5th Bat.
2d Assistant



Capt. A. Gordon
5th Bat.
1st Assistant

came back with more pep and more unity than it ever had before, also more mud.



THE SNAPPY SIXTH BATTERY

"They Done Their Durndest—Angels Couldn't Do No More!"

BY the time these simple chronicles flash forth from the printed page to meet the eye of an anxious public the 6th Battery ought to be "swinging through Berlin in double section line." That is, it ought, if prophecies heralded by a battery song frequently chanted by the troops run true to form. However, certain contingencies stand in the way to retard this journey. Wherefore are set forth here a few facts covering what has already been done by that celebrated organization, as a prologue, so to speak, of what history may have to record when that eventful pilgrimage comes off.

Accept it from the personnel of the organization, Battery Six was a top-notch organization. On the first regimental parade, didn't it pass in review before Colonel Wolf and his staff in line straight as an arrow? It did. A member of the command on the hospital list stole a peep to see the procedure, and reports the fact himself.

Here let a word be said of the officers. Captain Trumbull (Harvard '12) was formerly connected with the securities department of Stone-Webster. For two years he was connected with headquarters company of the First Massachusetts Field Artillery, and saw service with his command on the Mexican border. He was attached to the first Plattsburg camp as second lieutenant and was rewarded with a captaincy for his efficient work in that camp.

Lieutenant Bateson (Yale '09) was a commission broker in civil life. He was formerly connected with Squadron A of New York, and took the first training course at Plattsburg, where he gained a first lieutenancy.

Second Lieutenant Clinton Hayward is old in the service. Since 1904 he has served Uncle Sam in the artillery. On June 30th he was discharged to accept a temporary second lieutenancy, and was detailed for service as instructor in the second camp.

Appreciating fully the all-important consideration of discipline in training soldiers and officers, Captain Trumbull began early a policy of driving the matter home to the organization. A well disciplined soldier may not be a good

soldier, but a poorly disciplined soldier will most surely be a poor soldier as his theory. And whatever of credit and glory may come to men of Battery Six in the big fight will surely be due in no small part to the rigid discipline he at all times maintained over his men.

Jack didn't become a dull boy from all work in Battery Six, however. The days that were spent in the camp were not without their humorous features, and numerous were they who contributed to the merriment, voluntarily and otherwise.

Consider the case of Candidate G. Blaine Darrah. Candidate Darrah achieved the distinction of losing a battle, though no more prominent a figure in the maneuvers than a wheel on a reel cart. It is of course pertinent that he was at a particular time quickly transformed into a courier, delivering a message that "dutched" the plans.

Candidate George Gaines established a reputation as the first man in the battery to successfully "bracket a saddle." During jumping exercise at equitation he accomplished this difficult feat by obtaining one sensing "low short," and another "graze over." No ill effects were reported in the horse.

Thoughtful consideration on part of Candidate Henry Bland for the feelings of Captain Dana at a buzzer lecture saved the captain from more or less embarrassment. After the captain had explained the instrument to a squad which included Candidate Bland, he asked whether any present could trace the circuits. Candidate Bland was spotted for the job, and replied, "Yes sir, I can, but I don't think you would understand it." Candidate Bland is an expert in this line, it may be added in toning down the offense.

Candidate Carroll Hayes devised the most unique and at the same time effective manner of getting "next to" Major Hadley at smoke bomb practice. In his anxiety to report promptly and properly as battery commander, he pulled up abruptly at the feet of the major in the exact position of a lizard at rest, after tripping over a snag and doing a header of some ten feet along the ground. We won't take the responsibility of saying which was the more surprised, the Major or the candidate.



Capt. J. C. Trumbull
6th Bat. Instructor



Here are a few more bids for distinction by the boys. Candidate Shons, in charge of a section, held his men at attention for five minutes, until it occurred to him to give them "Rest" in order that they might join in singing a battery song which he had written.

Candidate Cammack showed at inspection one Saturday with a slight trace of egg plastered on his mouth. Asked by Lieutenant Hayward whether he had had eggs for breakfast, he replied, "No sir, on Thursday."

Talking of hippology and facts pertaining to the horse, the statement by Captain Waterman that a horse grazes twenty-two of twenty-four hours, when running loose, provoked the statement by his section that Candidate Falk has a horse beaten. Falk didn't even lose that remaining two hours.

Candidates Beach, Ward and Fixman dodged equitation work one afternoon by putting in the entire time trying to mount their horses after stirrups had been discarded.

Candidate Henry Brainerd admits that when he first arrived and fell in with the battery he reached for his hat, when the command "Cover Off" was given.

Candidate Dunnington claimed that the battery was very poor at keeping cadence at marching. Hardly ever could or would it keep step with him.

Candidate Bud Fisher achieved a reputation as a pistol shot. He claimed to have been the best shot in the Mexican Army at one time. More of that Mex. discount here.

Candidate John Hunt was known as the only man in the battery who sang in his sleep.

Candidate Prime enacted a little stunt of holding the pass at Thermopylae all his own, by blocking the exit of the entire barracks with his ever-present cigar.

Candidate W. J. Buckley was the champion snorer, winning by a faint wheeze over Candidate Cormack. Candidate Cholmeley-Jones held the record for skinning out of his clothes quickest at taps, and Candidate Kilbreth led all at speed in dressing.

The sleep-talking detail was an enormous one. There were Addinsell, Telford, Buell, Leonard, Igoe, Stiles, Cater, Strecker, Farley, Fowler, French, and as many more again.

Candidate Harold Sleeper was the champion wielder of

the broom. In fact, Candidate Hewlett insisted that there was an error in the spelling of his name.

Candidate Cist was the original explainer and clarifier of puzzling problems. Candidate Gerlach and Wilkins were the only titled members, known as "The Duke" and "The Baron," respectively. Candidates D. Milburn and Henry Osborn were horsemen extraordinary.

The list might be stretched on and on, but space is limited. Suffice to say that all told Battery Six was a pretty fair outfit. Perhaps the epitaph inscribed on the modest headboard of a dead cowpuncher by his lone companion best describes their lot. As the story goes that epitaph ran like this: "Here lies Jim. He done his durndest. Angels could do no more."

Battery Six did all of that.

6th Battery, F. A.

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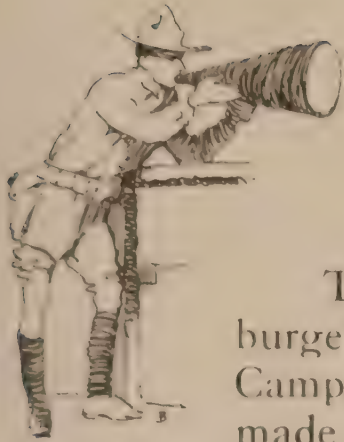
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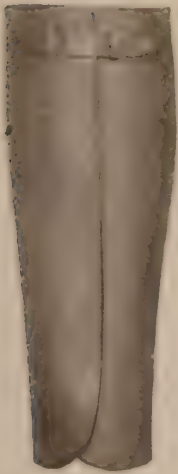
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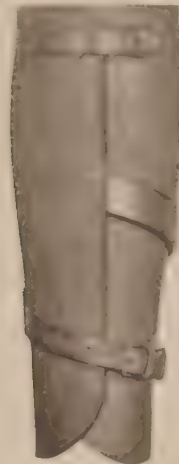
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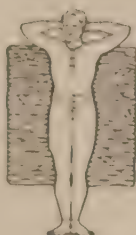
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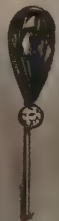
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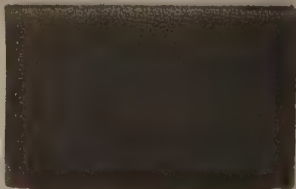
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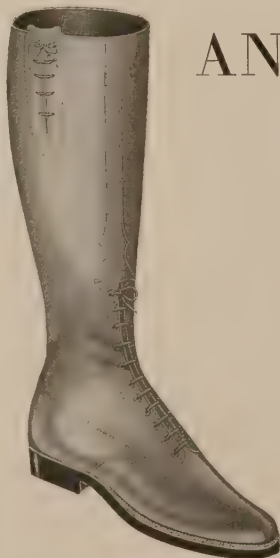
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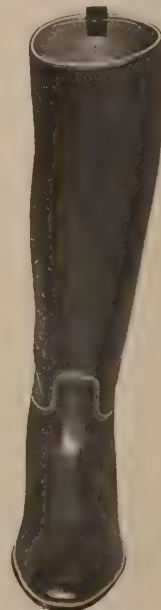
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*For those in the Service—
We are at Your Service*

UNITED
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95 MARGARET STREET
(*Corner of Clinton Street*)
PLATTSBURG

Raynster

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

To Keep You Dry and Dressy

Every army officer should have a Raynster. The Raynster line of storm-coats is made up of smartly tailored garments with positive weather-proof qualities. A Raynster keeps an officer absolutely dry and at the same time preserves his distinctive appearance.

There is nothing clumsy or bulky about Raynsters. They give you the freedom of outdoors and the protection of indoors. They are made neat, trim and durable with the full knowledge of what will be expected of them.

The most determined, driving rain can't make its way through a Raynster. Every seam is sewed and sealed.

Ask the nearest dealer to show you Raynsters for army officers. Or write to us for style book.

When you buy, look for the Raynster label; it is your guarantee.

Look for this label on your coat



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



United States Rubber Company

Clothing Division, New York and Boston

Gimbel Brothers
32nd ST. - BROADWAY - 33rd ST.



Men of Plattsburg!

Gimbel's Have Your
New Uniforms; Ready,
or Made-to-Measure!

We believe the American gentleman likes smart clothes when he goes to war, just as much as when he strolls along the avenue.

Having been the first New York store to sense the soldier's needs, and having served hundreds of Plattsburgers, as well as officers and men of other camps, we are ready to put Gimbel resources at your service.

PLATTSBURG DEPARTMENT

At No. 8 United States Avenue

Plattsburg, N. Y.

Just Opposite Camp

Prices based on three-store immense purchasing power and just the same at Plattsburg as they are in our New York store.

GIMBEL'S Military Headquarters, Fourth Floor



Don't take dynamite. Take Nujol.
It acts gently and surely—makes
your habits as

Regular as Clockwork

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

for Constipation

At every drug store—
sold only in bottles
bearing Nujol trade-
mark—never in bulk.

If you can't get it at a
drug store, send 75c. and
we will ship to soldiers
or sailors anywhere.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

(New Jersey)

Bayonne

New Jersey



The next time you
Select Chocolates

Choose *Samoset* and you will be rewarded by the finest, freshest, smoothest, richest chocolates you ever tasted. *Samoset Chocolates* are from the recipes of master candy makers, and made in immaculate kitchens from choice nuts, fruits, creams and honeys. You will find them featured by the best shops.

CHIEF OF THEM ALL

Samoset
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
CHOCOLATES

The advertisement is framed by a decorative border with geometric patterns. It features a circular logo with a Native American figure in a canoe, a small illustration of a chocolate cup, and the brand name 'Samoset' in a large, stylized script with an arrow through the 'S'.

SUNBURST COVERS

Were used in the making of this book, thus demonstrating their fitness for just this kind of work.

Sample book showing a complete line will be sent to any Army Camp publishing similar books

Manufactured by

Hampden Glazed Paper and Card Co.

HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS

U. S. A.



"Ask any Plattsburg Man"

It's a pretty fine thing to receive approval for a product from such men as are in our officers' training camps.

While many other brands of cigarettes were smoked, the sales figures furnished by the big "smoke stands" at Plattsburg showed Fatima by far the biggest-selling cigarette in camp.

Yet, Fatima should not be considered exclusively as an officer's cigarette. It is for every man who wants cool, smoking-comfort at all times and full, honest value—not "showy" appearance.

If by any chance you have not yet smoked Fatimas—get a package. Prove for yourself how much more smoking-enjoyment you can get from a well-balanced Turkish blend.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette



BARRE GRANITE

is here shown in its native majesty. In the Green Mountains of Vermont are those matchless hills of perfect granite, and in the heart of the district is Barre.

This scene represents but one section of one of the dozen or more productive quarries in the Barre district, yet it shows the splendid proportions of the industry.

Thousands of men quarry the product—other thousands take it as it comes from the hills and shape it for use in the erection of memorials of all kinds and for use in the construction of the finer grade of buildings.

This great granite industry at Barre is but a comparatively short distance from Plattsburg, and tourists and other visitors who are privileged to view the beauties of the Green Mountains of Vermont find the Barre district one of

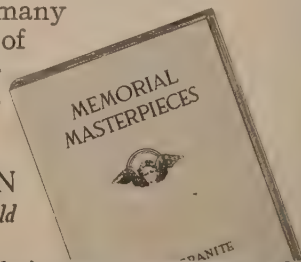
the most interesting spots encountered on their travels.

Barre Granite is easily obtained, being sold by dealers throughout the United States. This industry has become one of New England's great institutions, the name of the Barre product now being recognized as the standard of granite quality and service.

The Barre Quarriers and Manufacturers Association publishes a beautiful illustrated book, "Memorial Masterpieces," showing many splendid examples of Barre Granite treatment. This book is sent free on request.

BARRE QUARRIERS AND MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION
Department E, Barre, Vermont

The Granite Center of the World



EVEREADY DAYLO



*The light that says
"There it is!"*

Running in from an advanced post, at night,

Longshaw R. Pointt, of the American Ambulance Field Service, with two wounded men in his car, traveled a road that was less than a kilometer distant and in full view of the enemy lines.

Suddenly the engine stopped dead. To light a match would have revealed his position, with the result that at any instant a shell might sweep across the road and wipe the car and its two wounded occupants off the map.

But he had his DAYLO with him and, using his hand as a shade, was able to throw light all over

the engine without attracting enemy shell-fire. In half a minute he located the trouble; in three minutes more was on his way to the hospital—SAFE!

And for every need of the night—succoring a wounded comrade, picking your way across ground pitted by shells, or through an intricacy of trench, and for the more common-place uses about camp—Eveready DAYLO is *always* dependable. In dugout or tent it brings a welcome sense of the comfort and convenience of the electric light back home.

Eveready DAYLO is the STANDARD portable electric light of the United States Government. It is made in 77 styles—a style for every purpose—at prices from 75 cents up. (85 cents and up in Canada.) Sold by the better electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods, stationery and jewelry stores everywhere.

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS
OF NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.

LONG ISLAND CITY
CHICAGO

ATLANTA

NEW YORK
SAN FRANCISCO

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON CO., Ltd.
TORONTO

ONTARIO



Don't ask for a "flashlight"—get an Eveready DAYLO

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30 CONGRESS ST.

WASHINGTON ST. BRANCH, 1199 WASHINGTON ST.

CAUSEWAY ST. BRANCH, 105 CAUSEWAY ST.

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INTEREST BEGINS THE FIRST DAY
OF EACH MONTH

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY

CAMPELLO, MASS.

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WHEN you are "somewhere in France" you are cordially invited to visit the Paris Walk-Over Stores at any time, for information or advice of any kind, at the addresses given below. English and French spoken. Walk-Over Shoes are worn by thousands of American officers and soldiers, and no matter where your country calls you there's a Walk-Over store near at hand.

WALK-OVER SHOE STORES

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34 Boulevard des Italiens

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Manufacturers of

UNIFORMS

FOR OFFICERS

of the

Army, Navy and Marine Corps

*The Oldest Uniform Manufacturing House
in the United States*

Main Office, 1424-1426 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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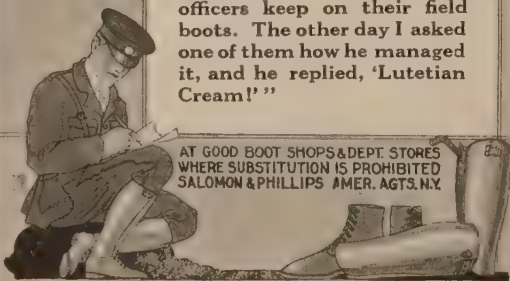
LUTETIAN
CREAM FOR TAN OR OTHER
COLORED SHOES

*This is
what
he wrote*

AN officer, writing from
the western front, said:
"Ever since I came
here I have been struck by
the beautiful lustre that staff
officers keep on their field
boots. The other day I asked
one of them how he managed
it, and he replied, 'Lutetian
Cream!'"

AT GOOD BOOT SHOPS & DEPT. STORES
WHERE SUBSTITUTION IS PROHIBITED
SALOMON & PHILLIPS AMER. AGTS. N.Y.

MELTONIAN
CREAM FOR BLACK, WHITE
KID OR CALF SHOES



Lutetian and Meltonian Creams
always follow the flag, for officers
know the importance of keeping
their boots and saddlery in good
condition.

These dressings are free from acids
and are carefully made of those in-
gredients which nourish, soften and
preserve the leather, maintaining the
original distinctive color of the shoes.

If you can't get Lutetian Cream
near your camp, write the American
Agents, Salomon & Phillips, 174
William Street, New York.

THIS BOOK IS FREE



IT will help to keep Fifth Avenue always within purchasing distance, no matter where you may be stationed. And that means a lot to the army man who wants to send a gift to a brother-officer's bride, or to the people at home on birthdays and at Christmas. We will do everything possible to insure swift, certain delivery or to help you in your selections.

Illustrations and descriptions in the Gift Book tell you about some 200 of the newest and most appropriate gift suggestions at Ovington's. At almost any price you wish to pay—from \$2.50 up into the hundreds—you can find a really handsome present and *know* that Ovington's will execute your order as courteously, promptly and efficiently as if you had walked down the Avenue, to shop in person.

Ask any New Yorker about Ovington's china and glassware, Sheffield, mahogany, novelty furniture, enamelware, lamps, mirrors, clocks, pictures and hundreds of distinctive and inexpensive gift suggestions, and write for the Ovington Gift Book today.

OVINGTON'S

312-314 Fifth Avenue

New York



NO suit or gown, however well cut or costly, can retain its smartness if the clothes beneath it are shapeless and ill-fitting.

A woman designed "HARVARD MILLS" (hand-finished) Underwear. That's why it is so alluringly feminine; why it follows every curve of the body, leaving not a suspicion of a wrinkle; why it is hand-finished and as dainty as the sheerest piece of lingerie.

Medium weights for fall days, heavy weights for midwinter wear, extra sizes for the stout and tall figures—all in the highest grade of materials in a range of extremely attractive prices. Every seam in "HARVARD MILLS" Underwear is finished with the patent "flatlock," so that there is only one thickness of fabric.

When purchasing vests, drawers, tights or union suits for yourself or the kiddies, ask for "HARVARD MILLS" (hand-finished) Underwear. In case your dealer does not carry it, he doubtless handles "MERODE" (hand-finished) Underwear, also made by us along the same distinctive lines. If you wish, write us for the name of your nearest dealer.

"Harvard Mills" Hand Finished Underwear

WINSHIP, BOIT & CO., *Harvard Knitting Mill*

Founded 1888

Wakefield, Massachusetts

New York: 1101-1113 Broadway



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HEALTH SOAP

Nothing so refreshing
Cleanses! Protects!
The odor tells you why

Cable Address: BREECHES, New York

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24 U. S. AVENUE

**The Merchants National
Bank**

Plattsburg, N. Y.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

"A Clean Tooth
Never Decays"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



A RMY regulations require that every soldier have and use a tooth brush. Give him the best — for his health and lasting comfort — the world's standard tooth brush. Always sold in the Yellow Box.

ARE YOU ÆTNA-IZED?

THE UNLIMITED SCOPE OF ÆTNA SERVICE
INCLUDES ALL LINES OF LIFE, CASUALTY,
FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE, AND FIDELITY
AND SURETY BONDS.

FINANCIAL STRENGTH, EVIDENCED BY SIXTY-
SEVEN YEARS OF STEADY, SUBSTANTIAL
PROGRESS, PROMPT PAYMENTS AND FAIR
PLAY ARE THE THINGS THAT BRING
PEACE OF MIND TO ALL WHO ARE

ÆTNA-IZED

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.

THE ÆTNA CASUALTY AND SURETY CO.

THE AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE CO.

of HARTFORD, CONN.

AGENTS EVERYWHERE



ON the Battlefield—In the Preservation of Law and Order—The Protection of Home and Country—Whenever and wherever armies or individuals have had to enforce right with might—COLT'S FIREARMS have been creating, building and maintaining a reputation for merit, efficiency and reliability that has resulted in a position of unquestioned superiority.

You make no mistake when you follow the Government's example and adopt COLT'S for YOUR Firearm needs.

Catalog describing all models—Calibers .22 to .45—mailed free on request

COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MFG. CO.
HARTFORD, CONN.

Gallagher & Cassidy

Military Tailors

Order Now. No Deposit Required

If you do not receive your commission
you are not obliged to take uniform
or overcoat

40 U. S. Ave.

Opposite Hostess House

ELM CITY ICE CREAM

*The Kind That Is
Deliciously Different*

Used exclusively at the Military Training Camps
since they have been established





Officer's Field Service Boot



Regal Service Shoe

For the Feet of the Fighting Man

THERE'S a wide difference between theories of shoe making and the actual shoe that fills the foot needs of the fighting man.

In our Officer's Boot and our Service Shoe are all the vital features—nothing more. We check this against our quarter century experience in shoe making and our actual building and testing of military shoes throughout every year of the Great War.

The Officer's Boot

Upper—Genuine Shrewsbury, full-grained Calf-skin (U. S. specifications).

Double Sole—Two thicknesses Rock Oak, full seasoned hide—the toughest we know.

Middle Sole—A special in-between sole of oiled genuine raw-hide. Absolutely waterproof.

Tongue—Cut full and sewed up each side to shut out water, sand and mud.

Toe—Made of extra protecting leather, sag free, cushioned.

Inside—The insole is specially treated to give the foot

All Sizes, All Widths—We carry a full stock to give every man a perfect fit.

Price \$10.

The Service Shoe

Upper—Tough, pliant, full-grained Calf-skin. An unusual but important feature. (Better than U. S. specifications.)

Sole—Heavy Rock Oak—specially viscolized to make it waterproof. (Better than U. S. specifications.)

Tongue—Cut full and sewed up each side to shut out water, sand and mud.

Toe—Made of extra protecting leather, sag free, cushioned.

Measurements—Specially made to give the foot room

All Sizes, All Widths—We carry a full stock to give every man

the exact fit for his feet.

Price \$7.

Officer's Puttees—Genuine Cordovan, \$14; Imitation Pig-skin, \$8

A Regal Store in Every Big City

REGAL SHOES

REGAL SHOE COMPANY

Headquarters: 268 Summer Street
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

“Get it at Jaques”

Drugs—Toilet Articles Soda, Candy, Cigars and Cigarettes

DRUGS of Guaranteed Purity.

TOILET ARTICLES to suit the fastidious.

SODA from sanitary, up-to-date fountain.

CANDY from Huyler, Whitman and Page & Shaw.

CIGARS and CIGARETTES, well-known domestic
and imported brands.

*One of the Most Complete and Beautiful Drug Stores in
New York State—at Your Service—*

W. B. Jaques Drug Company
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Many comforts
to gladden the
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Liqgett's

Liqgett's Drug Stores

IN ALL PROMINENT CITIES OF THE U.S.A.

The Rexall Stores

With the French Flying Corps

By Carroll Dana Winslow

This is a graphic account of the French flying service—a narrative of personal experiences—by a young American who enlisted in the Flying Corps at the beginning of the war, went through the various schools for aeronauts, and finally flew over the great German offensive at Verdun taking most extraordinary photographs which are here reproduced.

"The simple, straightforward story of his experience while undergoing the training required for war service that Carroll Dana Winslow tells in 'With the French Flying Corps' is not only interesting in itself but puts the book in the pretty limited class that has real and permanent value."—New York Sun.

Illustrated. \$1.25 net

On the Right of the British Line

by

Captain Gilbert Nobbs, L.R.B.



Henry van Dyke says:

"It seems to me one of the very best, most truthful and most moving books on the war that I have read."

At Plattsburg

By Allen French

Somewhat as Ian Hay, in his "First Hundred Thousand," presented the personality and life of the new English soldier, Mr. French, in his delightful blending of fact and romance, conveys a singularly vivid sense of the life of a "Plattsburg Rookie."

"It is worth reading for the sake of the thread of romance, while as an exposition of the real meaning and purport of Plattsburg it is good enough to be commended to every leader in the land."

—New York Tribune.

\$1.35 net



From City Man to Soldier



Why it takes six months or more of hard training

FEW city men are in proper fighting trim. Their muscles are flabby; they are short-winded; they have flat feet; in short, *they lack physical energy.*

HOW CITY MEN ARE SAVING THEIR ENERGY

Some city men still wear leather heels. As a result, they jar energy from their system some 8,000 times a day.

Many, however, have learned that the heels best suited to hard pavements are O'Sullivan's Heels. They absorb all shocks and conserve physical energy.

If the city man has found out this important fact, and is putting it into practice, how much

more important it is for the fighting man to learn the same lesson.

You know the importance of keeping your feet in perfect physical condition. You know how easy it is to waste your physical energy pounding along on hard pavements with leather heels. It is the duty of every soldier to conserve his energy in every way possible. Here is an easy practical way for you to begin. Put O'Sullivan's Heels on your shoes.

Buy your new shoes O'Sullivanized. Good dealers sell the latest style shoes with these heels already attached.



B. Altman & Co.

ARMY OFFICERS' UNIFORMS

(READY-TO-WEAR)

together with the essential accessories of the outfit for camp or field, are assembled on the Sixth Floor.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE REGULAR STOCK PRICES:

UNIFORMS

Of olive drab serge	at \$42.50		Of olive drab melton	at \$35.00
Overcoats of olive drab melton, ...	\$55.00		Fatigue Caps (including insignia)	
Trench Coats 28.00, 35.00, 45.00, 55.00			at	\$4.50 & 5.50
"Sam Browne" Belts	10.50		Tan Cordovan Leggings, per pair	15.00
Campaign Hats	5.00		Tan Cordovan Shoes, per pair	10.00
Tan Cape Gloves per pair			\$2.00 & 3.00	

"Gieve" Life-Saving Waistcoats, Sheep-Lined Coats, Leather Coats, Olive Drab Sweaters, Wool Mufflers, Bedding Rolls, Money Belts, Leather Goods, Hosiery and Underwear.

OFFICIAL INSIGNIA FOR THE DIFFERENT RANKS CAN ALSO BE SUPPLIED

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Riding Breeches a Specialty

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Plattsburg Branch, 28 U. S. Avenue

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Henry A. Ritchie & Co.

Military Tailors

30 United States Ave., Plattsburg, N. Y.

We carry only the highest grade Woolens, Raincoats, Boots, Shoes,
Puttees and general equipment

WE SALUTE THE PLATTSBURG PRODUCT

AND BEG TO REMIND YOU GENTLEMEN
THAT YOU WILL BE TREATING YOUR-
SELVES TO AN AMAZING LOT OF UNDER-
WEAR COMFORT AND SATISFACTION, IF
THE NEXT TIME YOU BUY UNDERWEAR
YOU SEE TO IT THAT YOU GET

Wright's

IT IS NOT AN UNCOMMON THING FOR A
MAN TO GET THREE AND FOUR YEARS'
SERVICE FROM THIS UNDERWEAR.
EASILY UNDERSTOOD WHEN YOU KNOW
IT'S SPRING NEEDLE KNIT FROM THE
WORLD'S BEST MATERIALS, IN ALL
WEIGHTS AND A VARIETY OF FABRICS
IN WOOL AND COTTON.

WRIGHT'S
SPRING  **NEEDLE**
TRADE **MARK**
RIBBED UNDERWEAR

THIS LABEL IDENTIFIES THE GENUINE WRIGHT GARMENT
GENERALLY SOLD BY ALL GOOD RELIABLE RETAILERS EVERYWHERE

WRIGHT'S UNDERWEAR CO., Inc.
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New Cumberland of Plattsburg, New York on Lake Champlain

*American Plan: Rates \$3.50; with bath, \$4.00
Strictly First Class in Appointments and Service
Running Hot and Cold Water in Every Room*

Your comfort and convenience our aim. Garage in connection

R. J. CLARK, Proprietor



The Nettleton Field Shoe Extraordinary,
Made of Plump Tan Grain Calfskin,
with Plain Toe and Two Full Soles.

Officers' Dress and Field Boots; Field and
Plattsburg Marching Shoes; Cordivan, Calf,
Pig and Smooth Grain (Short Strap or
Spring Front) Puttees made by Nettleton.

F. E. BYRNES

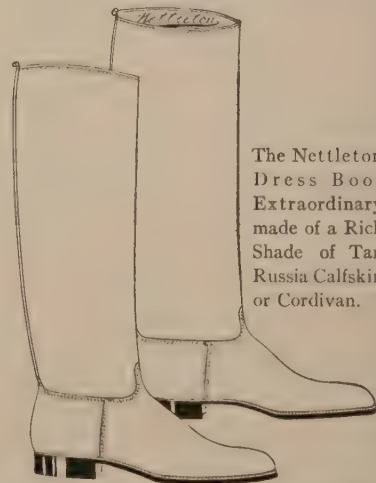
Military Footwear

7 Clinton Street, Opposite Camp Post Office
PLATTSBURG

BYRNES

Nettleton's

Military Footwear



The Nettleton
Dress Boot
Extraordinary
made of a Rich
Shade of Tan
Russia Calfskin
or Cordivan.

"SID SAYS"

BUY THEM —AND THEN BURY THEM



LIBERTY LOAN COMMITTEE

Buy Them—and Then Bury Them

By JOHN M. SIDDALL

Editor of The American Magazine

WELL, you and I must get our Liberty Bonds. In buying them I suppose we think we shall be conferring a great favor on Uncle Sam. And in a way we shall be. But looking at it another way we are just plain lucky—lucky that a situation arises which compels us, for at least once in our lives, to put something aside for a rainy day, and to put it aside in the most conservative and solid form. The rate of interest may not look very big to us—but the principal is safe. That is the main thing. John Rockefeller may lose his wits and his coin and have to go to an old men's home, but those government bonds will still be good. They are backed by Uncle Sam's power to tax the combined assets of the nation. Therein lies the peculiar beauty of a government bond. The Government can do what no private corporation can do—it can go out and compel people to pour in taxes enough to enable the Government to meet its obligations. North America would just about slide off into the sea before anything could happen to destroy the value of those bonds.

The reason I am so emphatic about the importance of a sound investment like this is that I have been thinking about the ordinary man's incapacity in normal times to lay by and hang onto money. A big life insurance company gathered some facts about this not long ago. Here they are:

Take 100 healthy men at the age of 25 and follow them. At 65 here is where you will find them:

- 36 will be dead.
- 1 will be very rich.
- 4 will be wealthy.
- 5 will be supporting themselves by work.
- 54 will be dependent upon friends, relatives or charity.

Or, to sum up, only 5 out of the 64 living will be "well fixed." The rest will either not have saved anything because of their extravagance, or they will have lost their capital through trying to make it yield an absurd return.

In other words, this Liberty Loan is one of the few direct benefits to be derived from the Great War—but a real benefit nevertheless. For it encourages all of us to be thrifty, and to put at least a part of our money into an absolutely safe place—where its protection does not depend upon any individual but is guaranteed by the combined assets and earning abilities of a whole nation.

Thank God, therefore, for the Liberty Loan. Buy these bonds, hide them, and try to forget them. They will be pretty little things to dig up and show to the meat man when you are 65.

The Man Behind the Crops

You have all heard about the Man Behind the Gun, but very little about the MAN BEHIND THE CROPS.

We are behind the Farmer and help him to save his potato and vegetable crop.

We are behind the Grower and help him to save his fruit crop.

How do we do it?

By manufacturing the best Paris Green in the country, the best Arsenate of Lead Paste in the country, and the best Combined Sprays, "ADHESO" and "ANSBOR" GREEN, in the country.

ANSBACHER INSECTICIDE CO.

527 Fifth Avenue

NEW YORK



MENNEN'S



TRADE

MARK

CHAFING! This is the sum of willing bodies plus less willing new uniforms.

There's the combination that chafes.

Sprinkle the sore spots thickly with soothing, healing, cooling Kora-Konia.

Oh, how it takes the fire out of a tortured skin. It makes it feel like skin again—by mousing the chafing is gone.

Keep a box of cooling, soothing, healing Kora-Konia with you. Shake it into your shoes. Use it freely. Any druggist sells it for a quarter.

GERHARD MENNEN CHEMICAL CO.
Newark, New Jersey



—the makers of Mennen's Talcum Powder for Men, Mennen's Shaving Cream and Mennen's Cream Dentifrice.



Trade-Mark

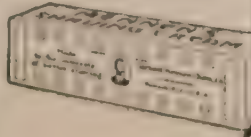


KORA-KONIA



**MENNEN TRYERS
MAKE
STEADY BUYERS**

Those who try Mennen's Shaving Cream are stickers, nearly every one of them. Like tryers generally, they have found something good. They've found a better, quicker, easier way to shave. So they keep coming back for more Mennen's. Your experience will be the same if you'll just try



MENNEN'S SHAVING CREAM

**Try It In
Cold Water**

Compare Mennen's Shaving Cream with other shaving soaps and see how quickly and thoroughly it works.

Gerhard Mennen
Chemical Co.
Newark, N. J.

In Canada:
Harold F. Ritchie
& Co., Ltd.
Toronto, Ontario

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Daily Changes of Photoplays of Class from
the Rialto, Strand, Keith and Loewe Circuits

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PATHE K. E. S. E. MUTUAL
CHAPLIN AND ARBUCKLE COMEDIES

Corner Marion and Clinton Streets

Plattsburg, N. Y.

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The Paramount House

METRO, ARTCRAFT, BLUEBIRD,
FOX, PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Strong Program of Short Reels
and Comedies

BRIDGE STREET

PLATTSBURG, N. Y.



IDEAL GARAGE

EDWARD E. BERNARD, Prop.
25-27-29 Charlotte and 16 Peru Street
PLATTSBURG, N. Y.

LARGEST FIREPROOF GARAGE BETWEEN SARATOGA AND MONTREAL

Special Accommodation for Ladies, Open Day and Night

GASOLINE AND AUTOMOBILE SUPPLIES — REPAIRING AND VULCANIZING

Used by the Soldiers of Uncle Sam



Hoppe's Nitro Powder Solvent No. 9

Trade-Mark Registered

For cleaning High Power (Springfield) Rifles and Firearms of all kinds.

It will Remove and Prevent Rust in any Climate.

Universally endorsed by Rifle, Pistol and Shotgun men throughout the World.

It will neutralize all acid residue of smokeless powder and prevent corroding.

Used by the Army and Navy Rifle Teams in the National Matches since 1904. Authorized in the Small Arms Firing Regulations.

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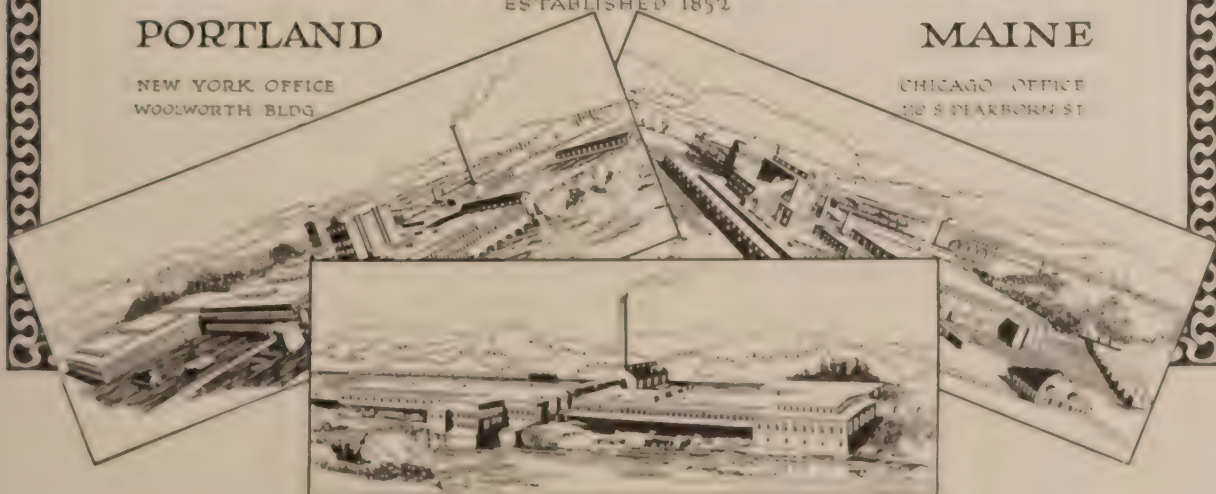
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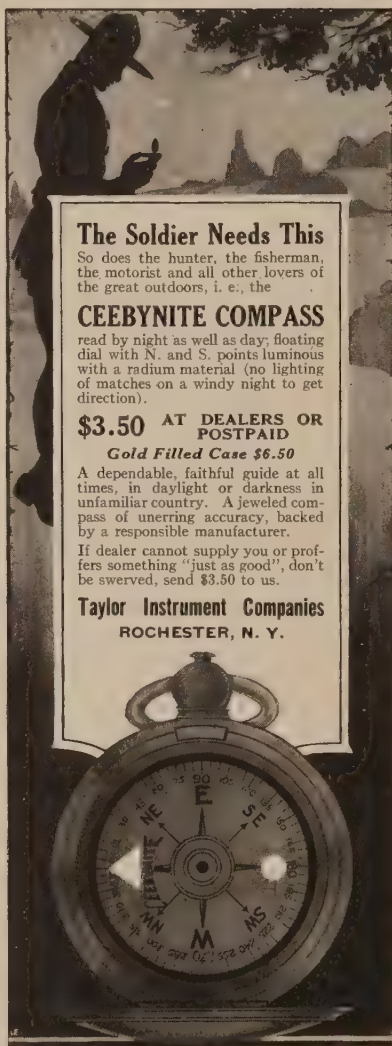
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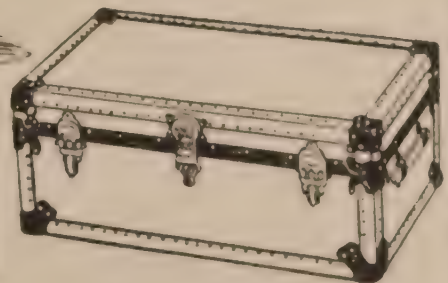
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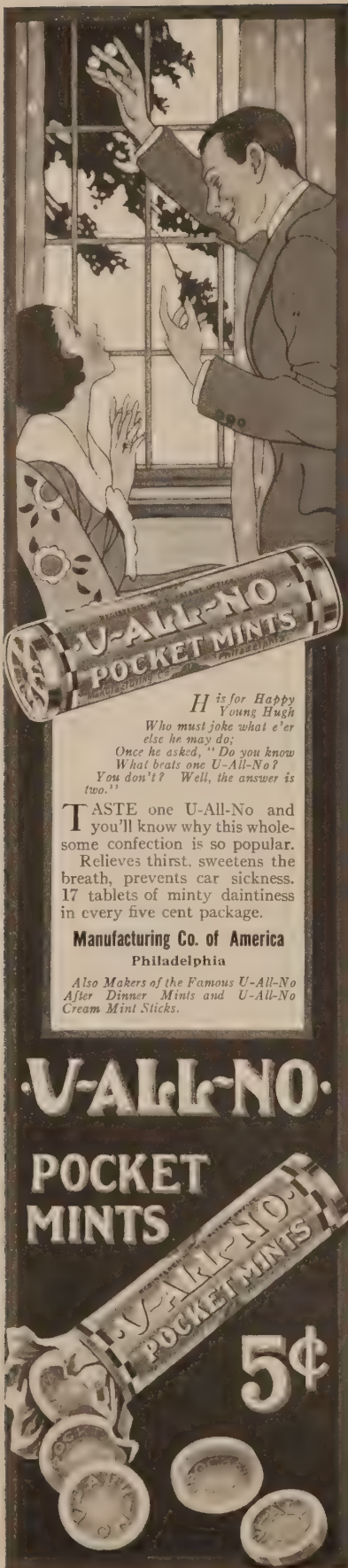
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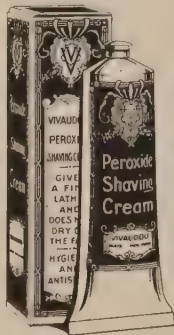
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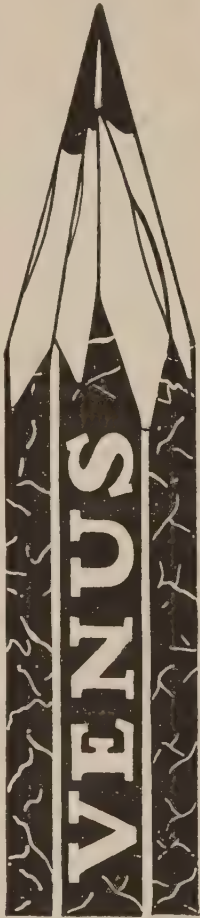
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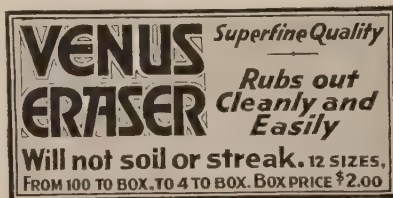
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It means that you have done this voluntarily.

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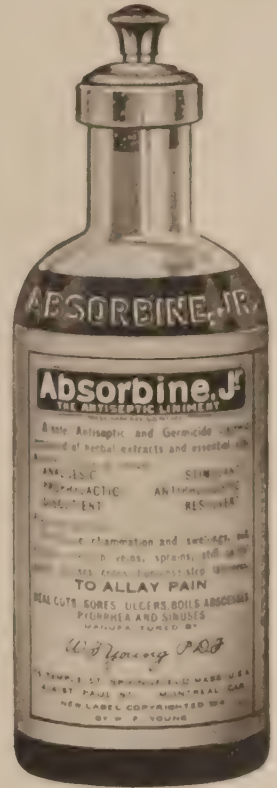


gives prompt relief to muscles and tendons that have been strained or wrenched. It is also valuable for cuts and bruises, as, in addition to its healing properties, it is a positive germicide and prevents infection.

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Absorbine, Jr., is clean, fragrant and safe to use—purely herbal. It is highly concentrated so that only a few drops are required at an application. This makes Absorbine, Jr., especially suitable for the army or navy man.

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Yours truly,

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Vote for Woman Suffrage Nov. 6



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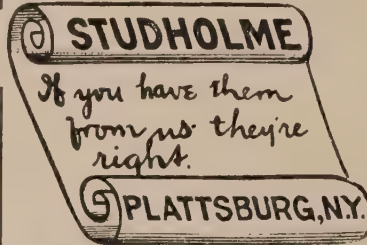
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